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BESTLAFFS
OF THE YEAR

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BESTLAFFS OF THE YEAR
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CHRONOLOGICAL NOTE

IN PRESENTING this treatise on the United States, its people and its industries, an earnest effort has been made to view the subject from the viewpoint of the true scientific observer, devoid of all influence, cold, dispassionate, unprejudiced. And yet, to afford the reader something more than can be found in works of a colorless and encyclopædic nature, we will consider the United States as it seems to be, not necessarily as it is. Dull facts, therefore, will have as small a place as possible in this work; and mere statistics will be permitted to carry little or no weight. It is the Truth we seek, not Facts.

To sweep the astounded reader quite off his feet, we feel that there could be no more fitting point of departure for a work of this title than a résumé, day by day, of the outstanding developments, social, political, and economic, that have taken place in this country in the year of Our Lord 1926.

1st mo.

JANUARY

1926

- 1—All newspapers publish jokes about resolutions being broken; many New Year parties continue unabated.
- 2—General Andrews demands dry-law obedience.
- 3—Chattanooga newspaper publishes most eloquent headline of the year: "Negro Resists Arrest; Funeral Tomorrow."
- 4—Terre Haute stock broker is buried; his tomb equipped with telephone and electric light. Was always a nervous man.
- 5—Bootleggers contemplate forming a mutual protective association; to give annual dance.
- 6—Denial of legal defense to persons accused of violating the liquor laws urged by Iowa Anti-Saloon League.
- 7—Drowning of bootleggers who are not American citizens urged by minister in address before a Bible class in Ohio.
- 8—Good quality gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 9—Man sues employer for damages; he was carrying a heavy piece of wood and dropped it on his foot when the whistle blew for quitting.
- 10—Trouble brewing in the mines; said that the owners want to throw all the onus on the miners and the miners want to throw all the minus on the owners.
- 11—Famous editorial writer demands that women produce more children. He also builds huge apartment house in which no children are allowed.

1st mo.

JANUARY

1926

- 12—Wall street brokerage house clothes all its employes in smocks, and a banker denounces Greenwich Village.
- 13—Charles Schwab says the happiest period in history is right now.
- 14—New York district attorney says that 511 New Yorkers died last year from bad liquor.
- 15—Good quality gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 16—Russia and Turkey sign treaty agreeing not to fight each other.
- 17—General Butler goes back to the Marines.
- 18—General Andrews sees end of bootlegging.
- 19—Rum-running baronet in England loses more than a million through failure to land liquor here.
- 20—Six hundred and fifty law students admitted to the bar.
- 21—Pat Crowe, reformed criminal, admits he is broke.
- 22—“Prince of Wales’ Riding Improves.”—*New York Times*.
- 23—“Mount Dies Under Prince of Wales”—*New York Times*.
- 24—“Prince Falls Again, Second Mishap In Two Days.”—*New York Times*.
- 25—Michael Arlen denies he is going to marry Pola Negri.
- 26—Otto H. Kahn decides on new Metropolitan Opera House, with conveniences for bridge-fiends in boxes during performances.

1st mo.

JANUARY

1926

- 27—Episcopal Church joins with Catholics against birth control.
- 28—Youngster arrested, admits he started twelve fires.
- 29—Vice-President Dawes rebuked by senators for his criticisms.
- 30—British statesman says our officials should wear important robes and wigs.
- 31—Frank A. Munsey, who mentioned a press window for the new Cathedral, in a conversation, did not mention it in his will.

2nd mo.

FEBRUARY

1926

- 1—Former Kaiser celebrates his sixty-seventh birthday.
- 2—Funeral services held for Cardinal Mercier.
- 3—Henry Ford deplores the passing of the old barn dance.
- 4—It is announced this country has more than 100,000 garages.
- 5—Police commissioners defend strong arm methods of police.
- 6—Policeman convicted of murder in the first degree for shooting spectator who criticized him.
- 7—Good Canadian gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 8—Episcopal Temperance Society declares for Volstead modification.
- 9—London dramatic critics think English will refuse to see "*The Student Prince*" because it is German.
- 10—American and German liners rescue seamen from sinking English freighter.
- 11—Peggy Hopkins Joyce acclaimed by columns in screen debut.
- 12—Princeton professor who made marvelous chemical discovery gets one inch of space.
- 13—Police Commissioner says most robberies are committed because of a desire for "soft money."
- 14—Telephone companies admit they make eight per cent without the rate increase they are asking for.
- 15—New four million dollar church to be built on New York's Riverside Drive.

2nd mo.

FEBRUARY

1926

- 16—Mexico begins the nationalization of all church property.
- 17—British merchant advocates the retirement of all men over sixty, by government law.
- 18—Thomas A. Edison busy on new invention; age 70.
- 19—Wayne B. Wheeler charges wets are to raise huge slush fund.
- 20—Good Canadian gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 21—President Angell of Yale condemns standardized education.
- 22—Model university student sent to prison for attempted robbery.
- 23—Countess Cathcart ruling upset in government appeal.
- 24—Gutenberg Bible brings \$106,000 in auction sale.
- 25—General Wood announces Filipinos do not want independence.
- 26—Filipino sent to jail for calling General Wood “a pest.”
- 27—General Andrews proposes that government control all liquor sales.
- 28—Good Canadian gin quoted @ \$60 a case.

- 1—Moral turpitude, practically unknown in this country a few weeks before, is on everyone's lips. On Broadway it is called "*Morrie*."
- 2—All foreign born clergymen barred from Mexico, while blasphemy trial is held in Brockton, Mass.
- 3—Scientist announces that weight reducing has serious mental consequences.
- 4—The Roosevelt boys, Kermit and Theodore, return from darkest Thibet, with load of *ovis poli* and other strange beasts which will furnish names for new cities in Florida.
- 5—The *New York Times* reports that Maya explorers have found figures on columns with hands raised like traffic cops.
- 6—Sons of the Revolution are told Constitution will survive present storm and Good Canadian gin is quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 7—Methodist Bishop prays for enlightenment of New Jersey's wet senators and two mineral water companies declare quarterly dividend.
- 8—Brockton judge decides that Bimba was not blasphemous as he admitted, but was seditious, which he denied.
- 9—Mr. Wayne Wheeler asks why anyone should drink intoxicating liquors.
- 10—General Andrews announces he will quit if he cannot enforce prohibition by November 1.
- 11—Good Canadian gin is quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 12—General Butler puts Marine Colonel under arrest for cocktail party.

3rd mo.

MARCH

1926

- 13—"East Lynne" is revived in New York.
- 14—Five small boys arrested in Queens for robbery and Bishop Manning says revolt of youth is a good thing.
- 15—Yucatan divorce mill under investigation and four American couples get decree in Paris.
- 16—General Andrews threatens bootleggers with income tax.
- 17—Good Canadian gin is quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 18—Seattle woman mayor announces she will clean up graft, and jury awards wife \$200,000 in alienation suit.
- 19—Traveler reports nude chorus girls in European revues and police raid burlesque show.
- 20—Ban on smoke nuisance put into effect by New York city and Jeritza sues cigar manufacturer for using her name on label.
- 21—Red Collins, gunman, sentenced to thirty years and Department of Justice considers quashing indictments against Morse and his accomplices.
- 22—In his contest for re-election, Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania announces he is a law abider but not a dry-cleaner.
- 23—Good Canadian gin is quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 24—Professor William Lyon Phelps, in address at Yale, says New York is a nice place but he wouldn't want to live there.
- 25—*New York Times* refers to Professor William Lyon Phelps as one of America's most original thinkers.

3rd mo.

MARCH

1926

- 26—New York paper carries headline: “22,000, AIDED BY THAW, CLEAR STREETS OF SNOW.”
- 27—Same paper explains next day it meant weather, not Harry.
- 28—Investigation demanded regarding why Countess Karolyi is barred from country.
- 29—Gerald Chapman granted third reprieve.
- 30—Good Canadian gin is quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 31—Brewing company offers to supply congressmen with cases of pre-Prohibition beer to prove it wasn’t intoxicating.

4th mo.

APRIL

1926

- 1—Methodist Conference hears plea for golden rule in our foreign relations.
- 2—Secretary Mellon again insists on payment of foreign debts.
- 3—Pollution in water found menace to whole nation's health, say engineering experts.
- 4—Rev. Dr. Empringham says prohibition is a failure.
- 5—Percentage of childless marriages by Harvard students announced as on increase.
- 6—Department of Education demands inquiry into school over-crowding.
- 7—Poverty threatens America, Social Commission warns.
- 8—March income tax returns ran many millions higher than anybody expected.
- 9—Dr. Rhodes of Cornell discovers method for removing ink from newspapers so that stock can be used again. . . . No assurance, on the other hand, that papers will do any better on second attempt.
- 10—Good Canadian gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 11—Dramatists and producers adjust their differences, and the only thing now needed is a couple of good plays.
- 12—U. S. District Attorney Buckner tells Congressional Committee bootleg liquor transactions total \$3,600,000,000 in year.

- 13—Citizens of New York protest to Mayor Walker against wire fence around reservoir.
- 14—Ford Company does gross business of one billion dollars in year.
- 15—Greenwich Village blacksmith dies.
- 16—Suzanne Lenglen declines offer of \$100,000 to go in the movies.
- 17—Film company which gave Red Grange \$300,000 contract, goes into hands of receivers.
- 18—Good Canadian gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 19—Mr. Buckner declares that one of the great industries of the nation is turning de-natured alcohol into good-natured alcohol.
- 20—Judge rails at madness of jazz and lack of culture.
- 21—Crowded house greets Raquel Meller's American premiere at \$25 a seat.
- 22—Psychiatrist says mass-thinking retards mental development of students.
- 23—Barring of *American Mercury* from the mails upheld.
- 24—Man who gave \$7,000,000 to employes arrested for being in arrears for alimony.
- 25—A man named Browning marries a Cinderella called Peaches.
- 26—Subway construction bound to be slow, transit commissioner warns New York.
- 27—Burglar tunnels under concrete wall in few hours and gets big gem haul.

4th mo.

APRIL

1926

- 28—Charles Evans Hughes speaks of peace for all the world.
- 29—Governor Moore of New Jersey tries to settle textile strike without labor leaders being present.
- 30—Dry leaders insist that votes to repeal prohibition are treason while Coolidge tells D. A. R. failure to vote menaces nation's life.

5th mo.

MAY

1926

- 1—Jury disagrees in the case of Whittemore, the bandit. Crowd cheers.
- 2—Chicago prosecutor is killed by machine gun of bandit.
- 3—The New York *Evening World* offers prize for best suggestion how to dress a modern mayor.
- 4—U. S. Surgeon General issues official report that army officers are conquering obesity.
- 5—Padlock war declared all over the United States on speak-easies.
- 6—Good Canadian gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 7—Young American student in Rome is acquitted of insulting Mussolini.
- 8—Italy floats loan through American banks.
- 9—Bible Conference told crime is due to parental neglect.
- 10—Police Widows Association holds a dance.
- 11—SINCLAIR LEWIS refuses Pulitzer prize award.
- 12—*Hod-carrier accepts craftsmanship prize for not watching clock.*
- 13—Striking furriers demand forty-hour week.
- 14—Mrs. Stillman announces that divorce is a failure.
- 15—Evelyn Farris, former Follies girl, announces her fifth marriage.
- 16—National legal association deplores “deterioration of the bar.”
- 17—Good Canadian Gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 18—Commander Byrd crosses North Pole in his air-

5th mo.

MAY

1926

ship, *Josephine Ford*. Short stay said to be due to inability to find parking space.

19—Compulsory chapel abolished at Yale, but students will get all the sleep they need in classroom.

20—Firpo considering a come-back fight.

21—President-elect of Brazil may ask for American loan.

22—Disarmament conference begins in Europe.

23—Six hundred are killed during French bombardment of Damascus.

24—“No NECKING” signs posted on New Jersey highways.

25—Traffic report in New Jersey urges greater use of ferries.

26—Mexican property discrimination against Americans is protested by State department.

27—Agreement of Washington property owners against selling property to negroes upheld by U. S. Supreme Court.

28—General Andrews asks that teeth be put into Volstead act.

29—Good Canadian Gin is quoted @ \$60 a case.

30—Belated joke appears in New York papers about the Tennessee evolution trial and the death of free speech in the south.

31—Norman Thomas is refused permission to broadcast his views over WEAF.

6th mo.

JUNE

1926

- 1—Earl Carroll gets jail sentence for his bath-tub party.
- 2—Crown Prince of Sweden gets keys to city; doesn't know what to do with them.
- 3—Club women urge suppression of crime in the movies.
- 4—Prohibition leaders admit paying money to congressmen.
- 5—Philadelphia SESQUICENTENNIAL opened with notable array of politicians and very few other exhibits.
- 6—Tariff Commissioners charge Coolidge with favoritism to sugar interests, but Republicans insist he is not a heavy sugar daddy.
- 7—Kentucky girl slaps minister for making snooty remarks about her bobbed hair.
- 8—Lady bites Nyack traffic cop.
- 9—Good Canadian gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 10—Exploitation of notorious women in films denounced at Will Hays luncheon.
- 11—Vassar students hold Daisy Chain exercises.
- 12—Cornell graduates warned of dangers to democracy.
- 13—Yale confers degree on Sweden's crown prince.
- 14—Ex-bootlegger tells of whiskey deals financed by banks.
- 15—General Andrews declares that prohibition can and must be enforced.
- 16—Good Canadian gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.

- 17—Business falling off in the theaters.
- 18—Florenz Ziegfeld reports theft of his ten-year-old daughter's jewels.
- 19—For the first time it is proposed to call night clubs *un-restaraunts*.
- 20—Business continues bad in the theaters.
- 21—Mr. Ziegfeld issues important statement regarding nudity and the stage.
- 22—Politicians expect it to be a busy summer for the League of Explanations.
- 23—Good Canadian Gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 24—Republican press announces President on his vacation caught three pound pickerel.
- 25—Democratic press insists fish was one pound pike.
- 26—French complain that Americans are crowding the divorce courts, spoiling the service for home folks.
- 27—Court decision classifies hearse as a pleasure vehicle.
- 28—Anti-Saloon League adopts Statute of Liberty for its emblem.
- 29—Congressman mixes malt with near beer and he claims that two rights cannot make a wrong.
- 30—Other congressmen who tried his mixture declare his logic better than his lager.

7th mo.

JULY

1926

- 1—Shooting pastor in Texas is for the first time referred to as a strict fundamentalist.
- 2—Parisian mob attacks tourists who threw away francs. Rescue of tourists by police learned with deep regret in America.
- 3—North Carolina Sunday school teacher advocates electrocution for people who oppose prohibition.
- 4—Independence Day celebrated.
- 5—Good Canadian Gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 6—Worst day of heat wave. Manhattan uses up one billion gallons of water. Richmond, Ind., paper insists it was used externally.
- 7—Controversy between Ellsworth and Nobile about airship ride over North Pole. Question asked why polar explorers always get into hot water.
- 8—Mayor of Baton Rouge promises to stop the sale of vulgar and indecent phonograph records.
- 9—*Black Bottom* records supplant *Charleston* in popularity.
- 10—Republican leaders fear Borah will head third party.
- 11—Mark Sullivan predicts it will be the drei party.
- 12—Cornelius Vanderbilt fined by Mussolini agent in Italy for telephoning man before he was awake.
- 13—Prohibitionists declare that if Europe would stop drinking it could pay its war debts.
- 14—Good Canadian gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 15—Texas is said to get an absolute divorce from Ma Ferguson. She is awarded custody of her husand.

7th mo.

JULY

1926

- 16—European newspapers complain we are a mercenary nation.
- 17—Secretary of the Treasury Mellon denies it.
- 18—European opinion remains unchanged.
- 19—Feather boas appear around the necks of models in shop windows.
- 20—Predicted that the Queen of England will soon be in style.
- 21—Results of state primaries discussed generally. Missouri went *anti-prohibition*. Kansas went *anti-klan*. Tennessee stayed *antediluvian*.
- 22—Suzanne Lenglen announces professional tour of America.
- 23—Sharp rise in franc.
- 24—European scientist working on device so that people can see over telephone.
- 25—Returning travelers insist European telephones can't be heard over yet.
- 26—Site of Wembley fair, in England, designed to boost British goods, bought for American automobile plant.
- 27—General Andrews says the end of bootlegging is in sight.
- 28—Good Canadian gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 29—Democrats circulate vile report that lake in which President Coolidge caught famous fish was stocked day before.
- 30—Republicans decide to ignore base canard.
- 31—Earl Carroll, who was sentenced to jail, but has not started yet, announces seats to "Vanities" first night will cost \$100.

8th mo.

AUGUST

1926

- 1—Coolidge decides to divert certain funds for dry war.
- 2—Bootleggers continue to divert alcohol.
- 3—Night clubs continue to divert crowds.
- 4—Good Canadian gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 5—Gertrude Ederle starts Channel swimming fad.
- 6—Hall-Mills murder investigation begins.
- 7—Immense increase in circulation of tabloid newspapers noted.
- 8—Hold-up man who got \$51 sentenced for life.
Heard to mutter something about he might be a dollar a year man, with luck.
- 9—Departing English editor says he saw only one smile in New York.
- 10—Seven humorists the next morning remark upon our self-control.
- 11—Douglas Fairbanks, returning from Russia, praises that country.
- 12—National Security League calls special session to consider Douglas Fairbanks.
- 13—Rudolph Valentino's death sends tabloid circulations again soaring.
- 16—Government threatens to poison all alcohol.
- 17—Good Canadian gin rises to \$70 a case.
- 18—Senator Gooding, of Idaho, announces he has changed his mind about the world court.
- 19—For the first time United States discovers there is another Senator from Idaho, besides Borah.

8th mo.

AUGUST

1926

- 20—Man drives auto from San Francisco to New York in 83 hours, 12 minutes.
- 21—All who are familiar with both towns say he cannot be blamed.
- 22—Chicago institutes new curfew law to keep children in after ten o'clock. Understood reason is to keep them off the homicide-walks.
- 23—Estimated there are 11,000,000 millionaires in United States.
- 24—France again hints we don't need all that money.
- 25—Idaho paper announces "LARGEST WOMEN CONVENTION HELD HERE."
- 26—Y. W. C. A. demands that renewed efforts be made to enforce prohibition.
- 27—Government withdraws threat of poisoning alcohol.
- 28—Good Canadian gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 29—Whirlwind hits Florida.
- 30—Station WJAX, Jacksonville, announces its letters and adds, "Florida, the land of the ocean breezes."
- 31—General Andrews announces he has made up his mind to enforce prohibition.

10th mo.

OCTOBER

1926

- 1—Mayor of New York declares that crime is on the decrease in metropolis.
- 2—One thousand new patrolmen added to New York police force.
- 3—Senator at Washington lauds honesty and integrity of American manufacturers.
- 4—Nineteen firms are sued for false income tax statements.
- 5—Hollow wooden legs discovered, containing liquor, in eastern hospital.
- 6—Complete shake-up in prohibition enforcement army rumored.
- 7—Good Canadian gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 8—Word comes from Chicago that Gertrude Ederle's statue is to be erected there, in a bathing suit covered with axle grease.
- 9—Another Coolidge becomes famous. Dr. Coolidge invents the cathode ray and announces it without a spokesman.
- 10—Complaints from various parts of the country that lotteries are flourishing, in spite of their illegality.
- 11—The United States Board of Income Tax Appeals decides that lottery winnings are taxable.
- 12—Welfare workers see crime being crushed in near future.
- 13—Machine guns used in gang warfare in Chicago.
- 14—Good Canadian gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 15—Secret service men guard President Coolidge's son, while at school.

10th mo.

OCTOBER

1926

- 16—President Roosevelt turns over in his grave.
- 17—Prussian Diet gives former Kaiser four million dollars and a castle.
- 18—Former Kaiser denies he will change his diet.
- 19—Queen Marie of Roumania's first day in New York.
- 20—One thousand columnists make a pun about *Roumania*cs.
- 21—Emma Goldman refused admission to United States because of her political views.
- 22—Soviet Russia expels a Y. M. C. A. secretary as a dangerous radical.
- 23—Queen Marie is made a colonel in the New York National Guard.
- 24—Queen Marie writes 48 poems, one for each of the states.
- 25—Advertising agency sends out letter to manufacturers saying that Queen Marie will endorse worthy products at so much an endorsement.
- 26—Hall-Mills case begins to crowd Queen Marie off the front page.
- 27—King Tut is buried again in Egypt.
- 28—Court orders liquor, seized beyond twelve-mile limit, returned to owners and crew dismissed.
- 29—Good Canadian gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 30—Sioux Indians adopt Queen Marie as “war woman.”
- 31—War on Queen Marie's special train; some of her guests leave the party.

- 1—Under Prohibition law offenders may be put in double jeopardy, is court ruling.
- 2—Governor Al Smith, of New York, is reelected.
- 3—English race track bookmakers go on strike because of new tax levied on bets.
- 4—Optimistic report on prohibition enforcement appears in news dispatches.
- 5—Federal prohibition agents raid County Clerk's office in Chicago, and capture bottled booze.
- 6—Good Canadian gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 7—Reported there was a ticket-selling scandal at the royal Astrid-Leopold wedding.
- 8—HARVARD and PRINCETON lose their manners.
- 9—Pharmacists begin advertising campaign for analysis of all liquor at \$2 an analysis.
- 10—More trouble on Queen Marie's (railroad) train.
- 11—"Marie Seeks Huge Loan From Bankers," is charge of tabloids.
- 12—Criticism of Queen Marie extends from tabloids to more dignified journals.
- 13—King of Roumania cables Marie to come on home.
- 14—Queen announces King is critically ill and makes immediate plans to return.
- 15—Liberal Church of Denver, Col., ordains William Ben Collins as the "BISHOP OF RIGHTEOUS HELL."
- 16—The former Maharajah of Indore, who fled after troubles in his harem, reappears in Salt Lake City.

11th mo.

NOVEMBER

1926

- 17—The Danish Supreme court declares poker a crime.
- 18—United States Senate receives thousands of congratulations for holding a session that lasted only ten minutes.
- 19—Also reported that Congress has its own tax to grind.
- 20—BARNUM AND BAILEY management advertises for *white elephant*.
- 21—Barnum and Bailey deluged with suggestions that VOLSTEAD ACT would fill the bill.
- 22—United States Supreme Court rules that any automobile carrying liquor on which tax could not be paid should be forfeited to government, even if the owner were innocent.
- 23—Good Canadian gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 24—Queen Marie sails for home, and many top hats are laid away in moth balls.
- 25—Thanksgiving Day.
- 26—Five students expelled from floating university, then in Japan. Said to be due to mal-de-merits.
- 27—Poker is also held a crime in Philippine Islands.
- 28—General Summerville in speech declares: “It was the military arm which gained a foot-hold here 300 years ago.”
- 29—Woolworth’s five and ten cent stores offer serviceable cocktail shaker, composed of two ten cent lemonade glasses and a ten cent rubber vacuum ring.
- 30—The most colossal failure of the year passes from the scene with the closing of the Sesquicentennial Exposition in Philadelphia.

- 1—Canada reconsiders prohibition.
- 2—Tabloid editors in panic as end comes to Hall-Mills case.
- 3—Italy decided to tax all bachelors.
- 4—Queen Marie has stormy interview with her errant son in Paris.
- 5—Tabloid editors turn hopefully to the Peaches Browning case, as the next public sensation.
- 6—Twenty-seven million dollars appropriated to enforce prohibition.
- 7—Good Canadian gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 8—Queen Marie returns to her royal palace in a very bad humor, so it is reported.
- 9—Queen Marie's royal palace burns down.
- 10—“*Somebody will be locked up,*” is confident prediction of prosecution in Fall-Doheny trial.
- 11—Fall-Doheny jury is locked up for the night.
- 12—Southern governor much embarrassed when whisky is discovered at his camp.
- 13—Anti-Saloon League says fight for enforcement is nearly won.
- 14—Good Canadian gin quoted steady @ \$60 a case.
- 15—Street corners and department stores bloom scarlet and white with Santa Clauses, ringing little bells.
- 16—Night clubs send out neat little invitations, pay-as-you-enter for New Year's Eve.
- 17—Hollywood stars dress dolls resembling themselves to make some poor child happy.

12th mo.

DECEMBER

1926

18—Harvard professor says better books are being written.

19—Harry Thaw publishes the story of his life.

20—Rival Santa Clauses tear beards and black eyes in Baltimore, Md.

21—Five hundred thousand secretaries buy presents for the bosses' wives,—the boss being busy in conference.

22—Five hundred thousand bosses take time to buy presents for their secretaries.

23—Doomed turkeys eat hearty breakfast before execution.

24—Startling improvement in children's behavior noted throughout America.

25—"JUST WHAT I WANTED!"

26—The day of great exchanges in every department store in America.

27—"NEW YEAR WILL BE DRY THROUGHOUT AMERICA" is Washington prediction.

28—*Good Canadian gin rises to \$80 a case.*

29—**THE COCKTAIL SHAKER MAKES ITS APPEARANCE IN DRUGSTORE WINDOWS.**

30—AND FLASKS.

31—WATCH-NIGHT SERVICES HELD IN AKRON, O.

—A compilation from the newspapers, the New Yorker, and other sources.

HOW TIMES ARE CHANGING

KEEN observers of life in the United States, sensitive to little details, have pointed out the social changes in manners and customs during the last few decades. The present American is more complicated and far superior to his wild and primitive ancestors of the late nineteenth century or earlier.

At any rate, the United States is becoming rapidly civilized; and today no city, town, or hamlet is without its gin and petting parties, its country club rackets, its Black Bottom and Charleston hounds, and its nifty triangular scandals.

No finer example of the modern trend of the country can be found than the strict adherence by the feminine portion of the population to the fine old American principle of "freedom of the knees."

THE YOUNGER MARRIED SET

By George S. Chappell

WELL, we've just had the Governor's ball out our way, and as usual the town is torn up the back. More fun!

Every year the Governors of the Country Club throw a party. There is no charge on your house-account, so everybody goes, even posted and suspended members. It is the Big Blow of the season.

This year, as always, the party was to be different; not so rough, you know what I mean. Dr. Wilfred S. Pettner is Chairman of our Entertainment Committee and always furnishes more entertainment than he realizes. . . . The Doc is a dentist—pardon me, an “oral surgeon,” and fills all the best cavities in our social and dental sets. He was insisting for weeks that this year’s ball should be a “high-toned affair.” He held meetings to push this idea and to urge his committee to circulate freely and give those hardy perennials, the wallflowers, a snappy evening. He had a special reason for this: he is married to it.

Well, the Governors convened and debated a reasonable closing hour. The ball is always on a Saturday night, and Saturday nights have a way of slopping over into Sunday, the main splash coming on the holy end. We have had sermons on the subject from Dr. Vetch, who is merrily modernist on the golf course, but fundamental in the pulpit. The Governors finally agreed that the strains of “Home, Sweet Home” should sound at 1:30 sharp. That was that.

Mrs. Horace Bemis, who is artistic and full of cute ideas, took charge of the decorations, in which "the national colors predominated." What shades blend more harmoniously than red, white and blue, especially when "linked," as Mrs. Bemis says, with splashes of our own Club color, burnt orange? Even the antlers of the bull-moose over the fireplace were "brought out" with bows of ribbon. The effect was indescribably beautiful.

The Governors and their ladies dined in state at the Club. Doc Pettner was as busy as a bird dog, spreading sweetness and light and telling the most comical stories. Dentists always know so many: they have all the old magazines. The general invitations read for nine o'clock, at which hour Eiffler's Orchestra—ten pieces, count them—were all set and chafing at their mouthpieces. But nobody came.

President Libby's brow was clouded. So was his brain. His cocktails were dying on and in him. He wished he were elsewhere. When the ladies began to choke with the cigar smoke they adjourned to the ball-room, where they knocked or admired the decorations, according to the location of Mrs. Bemis. They also took several falls out of the Athletic Committee's selection of cups for the spring golf tourney, and then held a pan-American congress before the bulletin board, where they discussed the "delinquents." Always among those present on the green-baize panel is Bert Hoofner. Bert is never less than three months behind, but his account is so large that the Club can't afford to fire him. Luther Pritchett, our treasurer, one of those tight-lipped, blue-chinned public accountants, has been try-

ing to get Bert to sign an insurance policy in favor of the Club and then let Nature take its course, but Bert says he is too nervous to look at a dotted line.

However, he is such a gay blade, with a wife who, everyone agrees, is much too good for him—it is *her* money, by the way—and they give such swell-elegant parties, that Bert is allowed to ride.

Incidentally, the Hoofners were largely responsible for the Ball's getting off to such a slow start. They were giving a supper party. So were the Brighams and the Tuttles. It's always that way. When a dance heaves in sight our local hostesses organize catch-as-catch-can supper parties. They have to get up early to grab off the people they want. The telephone buzzes. Notes are dispatched. Cars flit about. This year Willie Tripp, our best stepper-out, found himself on a party wire with a separate invitation in each ear. Being a fast worker, he accepted both. As the date of the dance draws nigh the hostesses begin counting noses and the hosts begin counting throats and collecting adjacent and abutting shakers. The Hoofners never bother about such details. Bert uses an ice-cream freezer and a slogan, "Never Strain the Orange Juice: Speed Is the Essence of the Contract." He gets it.

These merry gatherings start from eight on, and last until some one happens to remember that there is a dance at the Club. Then there is a mixed motor-movement, the wives driving.

While this sort of thing was coming to a boil, Doc Pettner was worrying. Ten—eleven o'clock, and still no party. Finally, about 11:30, the Ball crashed open

with a bang. The Brigham and Tuttle supper circles met head-on at the Club entrance and a chorus of klaxons heralded the arrival of the Younger Married Set. A moment later they poured into the ballroom. The Libbys, Pettners, Bemises, and other official upholstery lined up to receive their guests and were severely injured by Inflamed Youth, which only noticed them when it danced over them.

Immediately after the third encore the steward, as per contract, broke out his supper. Doc Pettner was distressed. The party was just under way and here was food! However, it was his own schedule and he had to stick to it. The waiters, imported from town, were genially squiffed, as is their wont, and handled the oyster patties and chicken salad with rare abandon. By the time Doc had partially succeeded in staving off the feed the orchestra had disappeared into the locker room. It was all quite trying and very gay.

The much-advertised melding of social sets didn't come off. Everywhere Doc Pettner went he was hauled into a chair and plied with potent beverages, accompanied by cries of "Down the hatch, Doc. Attaboy!" He resisted, feebly . . . then not at all. When the orchestra resumed its cacophony it was evident that the locker room had got in its deadly work.

Oh, that locker room! What a sink of iniquity! How it lures young and old to destruction! The stags were there. So was President Libby, who was reillumming the fires of Youth. Close harmony resounded. Doc Pettner tottered out to suggest joining the ladies and remained to sing tenor. He wambled into the ball-

room in time to view the Hoofner tribe's arrival just as the orchestra struck up "Home, Sweet Home." They were led by Bert, who bulged. In the Doc's mind was the idea that it was time the party should end. Mrs. Pettner alone agreed with him. From then on Bert took charge.

Came dawn . . . the old picture . . . quarts and quartettes on the piazza, scrambled eggs, coffee, the blatting of motors, raucous farewells, cries of "See you at Vespers." The echoes die away and the steward rings up the police station and says, "Send a car over here for Officer Kelly."

The local press gave us a swell write-up in its best style. "The Governors' Ball at the Country Club was the scene of a brilliant gathering last Saturday night. President Libby, the Governors and their wives received. Thanks to the unremitting efforts of Dr. Wilfred S. Pettner, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, the details of this most noteworthy social event of the season were run off with the precision of clockwork."

The compositor made one bad break which hurt Mrs. Bemis, when he said, "The ballroom was a mess of color." It was true but tactless. He might at least have added, "Mr. Herbert Hoofner also ran things." You just can't keep Bert out. He even jimmied his way into "Ye Mummers," our select play-actor group. But we can come to that later.

—Used by permission of and by arrangement
with Houghton, Mifflin Company.

SHE—"What happened to you? Were you in an accident?"

HE—"No! I was being shaved by a lady barber when a mouse ran across the floor."

—*Stevens Stone Mill.*

* * * * *

NOT NOWADAYS

"I knew an artist once who painted a cobweb so realistically that the maid spent several hours trying to get it down from the ceiling."

"Sorry, dear, but I don't believe it."

"Why not? Artists have been known to do such things."

"Yes, but not maids."

—*S. California Wampus.*

* * * * *

Lew Alberts advertises on a sign outside his shop at 87 Sands Street, New York City, that he is "the world's champion black-eye repairman." He has been there forty years.

But Al is going out of business. He says the water front is too peaceful now and he can't find any more tough neighborhoods.

—*By Courtesy of the N. Y. World.*

AU CABARET—THE HELP

The Doorman

Gee, more suckers! And pickled, too. Where do they get it? This way, sir. You poor fat bum, she's stringing you. Here's a whole flock of 'em at once; what's the big event inside tonight, I wonder? I never go inside to see. Hullo, here's the boss' pet bootlegger; 'Night, sir! Still keepin' that job fer me? Someone goin' already? Taxi, sir? Oh, keep your tip! I hope the dame catches pneumonia—she prob'ly will in them duds. Some chemise! This way, sir!

The Check Room Girl

Hun' two, sir. Gee, Mame, lemme that lipstick—a guy ogled me. Hun' three! Rotten dress that guy's woman's wearin'—musta made it herself outa the paper pattern book. Homely enough to be his wife. Guys with wives some novelty, I'll tell the world. Ladies' dressin' room over there, miss. Here's your check, sir. Hundr'n' four. Wonder what was eatin' Ma at supper t'night? If she don' like my perfession, at least she needn't live on it. Here's a dime tip, Mame. Check—hun' five. Rubbers, too? Looks like a dick. Here's a bunch of college boys. No bouquets waitin' for them inside—not enough dough. Hun' six—Hun' seven—Hun' eight—Hun' nine. 'Kyou. As I live, my ol' friend Whooziz, lit to the eyebrows. Wall Street musta rose today. Say, mamma, didn't I ask you for that there lipstick?

The Waiter

A "cup of tea," sir? Oh yes, I getya. Well, p'raps. What's this other bird worth? Thought so—coffee and chicken sandwich. Why does Henri give me all the cheap skates? Must be a convention in town, all them cheap skates at once. Hello, here comes that half-dressed flapper again. Got a new sucker tonight. A ringside seat. Well, you gotta ask the head waiter. When do I get my commish' on Henri's rake-off on this ringside stuff? That there bird's tryin' to put it over her he's a smart-Alec round town, knowin' the head waiter's first name an' ever'thin'. Poor simp, he ain't wise she comes here ev'ry night with a different guy. Wonder if that chef's got my chicken sandwich made yet? Your bill added wrong? Le's see.

The Orchestra Leader

More bald heads than ever. Boss ought to be happy. The older they are, the more dough. What's 'at? Play somethin' by request? I'm sick to death of this jazz; it's crampin' my style. Look at that waiter bilk that drunk stiff. The dirty swab! Wonder how little Jimmie is tonight; if I c'd get a job on a farm where he'd get plenty of fresh milk—*Dead Codfish Fox Trot?* Sure! Cripes! What will they want next? Why can't I get a chance to play real music sometimes? Lord, what a smell of violets! I'm gonna write a piece myself one of these days, an' call it "Love in a Cabaret." Yep, a waltz—full of sloppy stuff about the lovelight in your eyes. Get famous, too. Ready boys? *Dead Codfish.* Lots of that comedy stuff, Dickie. Now—let's go!

Popular Printed Device in 1926

Mr.

regrets exceedingly
his deplorable conduct while a guest
at your

Dance

Party

last evening
and humbly begs your pardon for the
Breach of Etiquette
checked in the adjoining column

- Striking hostess with bottle
- Spanking hostess or female guests
- Riding to hounds in drawing room
- Riding to hounds in ballroom
- Excessive screaming
- Frequent absence from party
- Protracted absence from party
- Excessive destruction of furniture

- Extreme inebriation
- Complete loss of equilibrium
- Partial loss of equilibrium
- Throwing glasses
- Insulting guests
- Indiscreet petting
- Nausea

* * * * *

One trouble with the country is that it wants to raise nothing but cotton and wear nothing but silk.

—American Lumberman.

* * * * *

*Jane used to bake the bread for Dad,
But now it is not so.*

*No more she works the dough for Dad;
She's working Dad for dough.*

*Jane used to visit on the steps,
But now it's come to pass
That Jane's not gassing on the steps;
She's stepping on the gas.*

*'Twas once "a Jane in ev'ry port,"
And so it will remain,
Except that nowadays the port
Is mostly in the Jane.*

*Once Jane did weep when John did court
And should he smoke she'd pout,
But now she smokes him out of court,
And then she bawls him out.*

—J. H. S. in *Goblin (Toronto)*.

COMMENTS BY A COSMOPOLITE

WENT to a dinner party the other night and ran across a rather neat idea . . . instead of place cards the hostess had tags which each person was supposed to wear . . . on the tags the person's name and what he or she did, or was interested in . . . for example "John Doe—Plays a good game of Bridge." . . . "Eddie Whoofus—Wrote 'No more Processions,'" etc. . . . sounds very Kiwanis, but why not?

It's really a very efficient idea . . . most people can't remember the names of people they are introduced to, let alone what they like to talk about, and this entirely eliminates such asinine conversation as "Jolly little party, isn't it, Miss Er—ah—I didn't quite catch your name." . . .

I suggest the idea be carried further . . . have shirt fronts engraved with the wearer's name and a brief biographical sketch . . . ladies could have the same thing tattooed on their backs . . . think how this would help in discovering who's who at the opera or the theatre . . . and at last we'd be able to find out who those people are who stand around the lobbies opening nights!

And this opens up a brand new field of personal advertising . . . think of a double spread in the Saturday Evening Post which reads . . . Mrs. T. Ziddle Zilch threw twenty-six more parties in the year 1925 than her nearest competitor! Three thousand four hundred and sixty-nine people visited her new quarters at 111 Park Avenue during the month of January! Read this testimonial! "I enjoy Mrs. Zilch's parties better than any others."—Gerald Smooth . . . why the possibilities are limitless.

—*Judge Junior in Judge.*
Copyright, 1926, Judge, New York.

THE NEW EFFICIENCY

HE: The roadster's running a little badly tonight—

SHE: (cynically): Ye-es! A cylinder is going to miss in a few minutes and we are going to *have* to stop by the bend in the river up yonder, and *no*, I haven't any objections to just one little kiss occasionally, but *not* from you, and *no*, I'm not interested in the I-got-it-from-a-friend-who-brought-it-back-this-summer Scotch you have on your hip, and *yes*, I'm sometimes a prude, and *no*, I don't love you just a wee, wee bit, and I real-

ize you don't say this to everybody. . . . However, I will take one little drink and let you park for just a few minutes.

—*Virginia Reel.*

* * * *

HE—“Who is that handsome boy with the cropped head?”

SHE—“That's my cousin, Betty.”

“And the blonde man with the monocle?”

“That's my younger sister, Lu.”

Laughing but embarrassed. “So I suppose the other young man in the dinner jacket is your elder sister?”

“No, that's my grandmother!”

—*Fliedende Blaetter (Munich).*

* * * *

Brightsider says that in any case fewer persons are falling downstairs since the bungalows came in.

—*Boston Herald.*

* * * *

Mother (to precocious infant): “Johnny, go wash your face and neck.”

“Neck who, Ma?”

—*Illinois Siren (University of Illinois).*

* * * *

THIRTY YEARS OF REPARTEE

In the Gay Nineties

“So as soon as he sees that the little red devil is busted down, he stops and takes a look. ‘Rubber neck,

stretch it, throw it up and ketch it,' I says. 'Get a horse,' he yells. 'Twenty-three?' I comes right back at him. 'Skidoo!' I yells. 'Nit!' he says. 'Hullabaloo-ballim-ballam, smelly pork and rotten ham,' I tells him. 'Goodbye, Dolly, I must leave you,' he informs me, sarcastic-like. 'Good riddance to bad rubbish,' I calls after him. Gee! but it was funny!"

"You gotta peach of a line there, kid. You certainly oughto go on the stage."

In the, as Some Tell Us, Even Gayer Twenties

"So I can't get the super-het to manipulating, so he creaks, 'As a wirelesser you're a swell glass-blower, handsome.' So I says, 'So's you're old man.' So he snaps, 'Tell that to your Uncle Benny.' So I gives it to him, 'Tell it to your Aunt Maria.' 'You're a heavy sugar papa, ain't you?' he yodels. 'Sure,' I checks him, 'if you're a red hot mama.' With that he sinks like a anchor. 'Outa my life like a light,' I toodles after him. Gee! But it was funny!"

Moral

The stage has certainly lost some great humor in its time. Or has it?

—*Tip Bliss in Life.*

Dolly Dialogues, 1926

By Rollin Kirby

I WAS having tea with my Aunt Jane when the door opened and my cousin, who was also her niece, came in.

"Hello," she said. "How's the old wreck?"

My aunt put her cocktail glass down.

"Fair," she answered.

"Greetings," said my cousin to me. "You look like hell. What have you been up to?"

Then she went over to the piano and sat on the bass keys.

"Got any kale?"

"Where's that wad I slipped you last Wednesday?" asked my aunt.

"Wad, my eye! Since when did sixty bucks make a wad? You never unbelt."

"That's a lie," my aunt responded quietly.

My cousin slid off the piano and stood over her, feet apart. "You miserable old tightwad! If you must know, I paid all but ten smackers of it for a fine."

"What did they get you for this time?" I asked.

"Oh," she said, lighting a cigaret from her aunt's, "I socked a guy in a speakeasy."

"You'll get into trouble yet," I said, feeling she ought to be warned.

"When I get into trouble, Bimbo, it won't be you I'll send for."

Twilight came into the handsome old room. Aunt Jane had taste, there was no doubt about that. There was a finish to her. The softened light brought out

all the patrician qualities in her fine head. What a sanctuary, I thought, and I sank deeper into my chair.

"What do you want the dough for?" said my aunt, draining her glass.

"I'm taking that bum Russian Prince to the Finnerty-Friedberg fight to-night," she said. "It ought to be a good muss."

"I saw Friedberg work at the Yankee Stadium last June," said Aunt Jane. "He's a quince."

"A hell of a lot you know about the game," responded my cousin with spirit. "You probably think fighting became extinct with Jem Mace."

My aunt turned to me with a gesture of despair. "This present crop of wiseheimers know it all," she said in that quiet way of hers.

My cousin poured herself a cocktail. "Well, do I get it?"

"I suppose you do. You will find a roll of fifty in the top desk drawer. That's about a grand for you this month, isn't it, dear?"

"You're a good old scout, Auntie. You know I'd do anything to make you miserable—you know that."

She came over and kicked me on the shins. "Wake up, bozo," she cried gayly. "I'll stop at the undertaker's and tell them you're here. Well, I'm going to flutter."

The door banged.

"She's a good kid—but high-spirited." And my aunt rang for Rawlston. "Lights," she said.

—*By Courtesy of the New York World.*

A PLEA FOR OSCULATORY INSTRUCTION

By Clement Wood

KISSING is an art, not a gift. No man or woman is born a perfect kisser, or a perfect lover. The teacher may be experienced—there is no more competent instructor. But unless you wish your Cupid's Boulevard to be full of unnecessary ups and downs, of countless incidents where a little more knowledge on your part would have caused the love incident to become immeasurably more pleasurable both to the kisser and the kissed, you could profit by lessons. Society, as now constituted, is sadly lacking in proper facilities for learning the technique of love and kissing. A hundred years from now, perhaps, every well-equipped school will contain departments of Erotology, teaching theory as well as offering laboratory experimentation.

American men and women, particularly, are woefully ignorant of the technique of the kiss. There is a Puritan tradition behind this, which forbids kissing any woman but one's wife (or, by grudging extension, one's fiancee), and which even forbids kissing one's wife on Sundays and holy days. This tradition has had its weight; it has made women offer lips no more attractive than damp salt mackerel, and men try to kiss a human being as if she were a mother-in-law. The recoil from this tradition makes a man's first kiss like a vacuum cleaner, which often alarms the girl for life; or it makes the girl's first kiss so marvelous that all proper sense of climax is lost.

There is ample room for a little common science on the heavenly art of kissing.

—*Haldemann-Julius Monthly.*

LITTLE OSWALD THE INFANT PRODIGIE

A BED TIME STORYE FOR GROWN UP GUYS

(From "Line o' type or two," conducted by R. H. L.
in *The Chicago Tribune*)

By Snowshoe Al.

LITTLE Oswald Squirrel sat at tha foot uv tha big oke tree reeding a copy uv Glass Houses. Jist then his Pa, Samuel Squirrel, stuck his head out uv tha house, which was way up in tha tree. "Oswald," called Sam, "kum up and see tha cute little baby sister wot tha doctor has jist brot yuh." "Aw tuh hell with that noise," sez Oswald, layin' aside his book an' pickin' up tha stock market reports. "Go bury that wheeze in tha saim tomb with tha Santy Klaus gag." Little Oswald wuz wun uv them infant prodigies wot wuz wise beyond there years. He wuz alarmed at tha ignorance of modern parents an' wuz sick an' tired of tryin' tuh explain tha leeg of Naishuns tuh his father. He wuz allus buyin' books on Etiquette for his Ma, an' had threatened tuh send his poor old Granpa tuh nite skool if he didn't brush up on his Politiks. Jist then Mrs. Rabbit kaim along an' stopped tuh look at little Oswald. "My wot a cute little child," sez she, "wair do yew live little boy?" "Madam," sez Oswald, removing his little horn-rimmed goggles, "I wish yew would confine yer conversaishun tuh sumwun within tha scope uv yer own intelligence such as these half-wit bank presidents, er tha ordinary ignarunt college perfessor." Wair-upon he got up an' walked away.

Scene 2

Ten p.m. Little Oswald enters his home wearing a barrel. His clothes is gone. Also his watch an' his books. Likewise his horn-rim goggles. "Samuel" howled Mrs. Squirrel, "wots tha trouble with Oswald?" "Nothin'," says Sam; "he has jist discovered that brains don't mean a dam thing in a crap gaim."

* * * * *



The Origin of a New Dance Step

—*California Pelican.*

TIMES SURELY ARE HARD FOR LONDON SERVANTS

London, Nov. 13 (A. P.)—No nagging, ten weeks' vacation, plenty of fresh eggs and bacon, radio and the use of an automobile are inducements offered by wealthy London women in search of domestic help so difficult to get these days. Here are a few "want ads" from London newspapers:

Housemaids—Ten weeks' holiday in the year, with board and wages, use of car now and then.

House Parlormaid—Electric light and central heat throughout, also radio. Outings assisted by car if desired.

Maid—Good outings, also whole day and night every three weeks. Plenty of fresh eggs and bacon.

Cook-General—Good outings and week-end once a month. No nagging.

Cook-General—Help given, good wages and outings. Own bathroom, heat, light and radio.

Upper Housemaid—Dress materials and valuable presents given. Own room furnished to suit.

* * * * *

"*Undertaker* is of doubtful origin. It has been replaced by *mortician* or *funeral director*. *Coffin* is an archaic word. *Casket* should always be used instead. There is no such thing as a *hearse* any more. It has been succeeded by *limousine funeral-car* or *casket-coach*. There was never any justification for the use of the word *parlor* for a mortician's establishment. *Mortuary* or *chapel* is the correct word. Morticians have banished *remains*. *Corpse* also is an undesirable word. *Body* or the name of the individual is correct.

Professionally, morticians use *patients*. *Morgue* belongs to the age of coffins and hearses. The modern term is *preparation-room* or *operating-room*."

—From an address by Harry G. Samson
of the executive board of the National
Selected Morticians delivered at Chicago.

* * * * *



"Well, I'll say Willy McBoob is a gentleman—always so thoughtful, carries a scooter on his car so a girl doesn't have to walk home."

—Copyright, 1926, Judge, New York.

***Why Teddy Roosevelt Turned In His Grave
in 1926***

AUNT ADA'S AXIOM:—Letting boys press their own trousers and sew on their buttons is an item in training them for self-reliant manhood.

—N. Y. Sun.

WHAT WIVES AND HUSBANDS, 1926 MODEL, FOUGHT ABOUT

Bridge - - - - -

By H. T. Webster

WHAT EVERY
HUSBAND
KNOWS

HOW MUCH DID YOU WIN, GEORGE?
\$12⁰⁰? WELL, ISN'T THAT LUCKY! THAT'S
JUST WHAT I LOST. YOU PAY MY
\$12⁰⁰ AND WE'LL QUIT EXACTLY EVEN

ALL RIGHT

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

I LOST
\$15⁰⁰

OH, DID YOU? I WON
\$18⁰⁰. WELL, PAY YOUR
LOSSES AND LET'S GO
HOME. IT'S LATE

Cagle, 1926 (N. Y. World) Press Pub. Co.

SERGEI

—By courtesy of *The New York World*.

"Memorial services were held here at the exclusive Breakfast Club for Elizabeth Greis, famous eight-year-old mare owned by W. W. Mines, prominent real estate dealer and horse-breeder, which died of pneumonia several days ago. One hundred and fifty members of the club, including outstanding persons in the business and social life of Los Angeles, stood with bowed heads while the club's president offered prayer for the departed animal."

—*News item from Los Angeles, California.*

* * * * *

From "HAPPY GO LUCKY"

"He's so stylish he wears his riding habit to pitch horseshoes."

* * * * *

From "HONEYMOON LANE"

Father—"You couldn't marry my daughter. Why you couldn't even keep her in handkerchiefs!"

Lover—"What do you think she's going to do—have a cold the rest of her life?"

* * * * *

THE NEW GENERATION

"Henry," said his father-in-law, as he called his daughter's spouse into the library and locked the door, "you have lived with me now for more than two years."

"Yes, father."

"In all that time I haven't asked you a penny for board."

"No, sir." (*Wonderingly.*)

"In all your little family quarrels I have always taken your part."

"Always, sir."

"I have even paid some of your bills."

"A good many, father."

"Then the small favor I am about to ask of you will no doubt be granted?"

"Most certainly, sir."

"Thanks. Then I want you to tell your mother-in-law that those tickets for the supper club dance, which she picked up in my room this morning, must have accidentally fallen out of your pocket, and we'll call it square."

—*Tid-Bits.*

* * * * *

Daughter had just returned from finishing school. "That air—" her father began, as they sat down in the dining-room.

"Father, dear," the girl interrupted, "you should say 'that something', or, preferably, just 'that'. It's vulgar to say 'that air'."

"Well, this ear—" the father began again.

"No," said the daughter; "you must avoid such expressions as 'this 'ere.' "

"Look here, my girl," said the father, "I'm going to say exactly what I mean. That air is bad for this ear of mine, and I'm going to shut the window."

—*Christian Evangelist.*

THE ALLEY CAT FAIR

By Charles Leroy

*Cats held a rally. Cats gave a ball.
Cats gave a circus in an alley last fall.
'Twas a charitable rally in a Cincinnati alley,
And they had a Russian Ballet—
And all.*

*A hoity-toity Persian in a new Parisian hat—
That Cincinnati kitty was a pretty natty cat—
Sold hot mouse pie
For the other cats to buy.
But charity is charity; they bought it with celerity.
The money taken in by this haughty, stylish dresser
Was to buy cat meat for the kittens of Odessa
And the starving cats and kits in
Spitzenberg or Blattz or Blitzen.*

*The Persian sang a version of the Ding-Dong ditty—
She was pouty, cute and pretty, was that Cincinnati
kitty—
And got an encore.
Before the ballet took the floor
A Cheshire clown aped the Latins and the Britons,
Dancing Russian vaudeville, with yowlings and spittin's,
And put it over big with the younger set of kittens.*

*It was curtains on the rally
When the ballet quit the alley.
So they tallied up the score—
Sending seven cans of salmon to the cats of Singapore.*

—Saturday Evening Post.

“Mamma, why has papa so little hair?”

“Because he does so much thinking.”

“But why have you so much?”

“Now, my dear—it is time to go to bed.”

—*Amer. Fruit Grower.*

* * * * *

“Listen here, young man,” snorted the ten-year-old’s father. “One more question out of you and you go to bed!”

Followed five minutes of silence. Then:

“Dad?”

“Young man!”

“Dad, what was it you made the Briarmoor course in last time?”

“Oh—eighty-two, and that was a remarkable score for that course, too, if I do say so, because—etc.—etc.—”

—*American Legion Weekly.*

TH' DECLINE O' MODESTY

By Abe Martin

WELL, we no sooner flounder out o’ a sea o’ raccoon coats, when we find ourselves with a long, tortuous short-sleeved summer ahead. Winter or summer, rain or shine, we’re hemmed in on ever’ side by long, yeller legs an’ pink knees.

One o’ th’ most remarkable things t’day is how any red-blooded male kin keep his mind on his business when he looks about him an’ if such a thing could be

possible, our girls are more disturbin' sittin' down than they are movin' about.

Those whose memories hark back t' th' days when a crowd used t' congregate t' see a woman climb in a buggy, when th' opery, *Th' Mascot*, wuz sung in long skirts by order o' th' constable, and when women an' young ladies wuz upholstered an' only showed ther stockin's when they slipped on th' ice, must be appalled at th' progress degeneracy in women's styles has made. No wonder we feel that it would be a mistake t' give independence t' th' Filipinos when we see what givin' independence t' woman's waistline has brought about.

What would th' fond and dotin' mother o' yesterday say if she heard about th' one-piece slip?

It used t' take a young lady four hours t' dress fer th' theayter, but t'day she kin dress while th' curtain's goin' up.

Girls don't try t' hide nothin' these days but their real dispositions.

They dress so thin that th' sale o' trunks has fallen off eighty per cent, an' they kin visit a month on a cigarette carton full o' clothes.

In th' ole sane, modest days, a feller used t' court a girl fer two or three years, an' finally have t' lead her blusheen'ly t' th' altar, but in these days o' Ford coupés, skimpy apparel, synthetic gin an' cigarettes, th' thing t' do is grab 'em young an' marry 'em before they git rubbed off, an' repent eventually.

—College Humor.
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WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT THE CALENDAR?

From "THE GAZELLE'S EARS" by Corey Ford

Now it appears that the Calendar has gone and got to be changed. After nineteen hundred and twenty-six years of experimentation, during which people have tried patiently one day after another, the Committee on Calendar Reform of the League of Nations has declared the present system of reckoning time to be a flat failure, and proposes to abolish it as soon as somebody can find a better one. On all sides the angry mutter is increasing: "The Gregorian Calendar must go!"

In order to solve this burning question, the Committee on Calendar Reform of the League of Nations (which we shall refer to from now on as Harry) has issued a world-wide appeal for calendar-simplification; and the suggestions that have poured in have ranged from a plan to divide the years into thirteen periods of four weeks each, and have everybody sleep the odd day, to a plan by which the year is divided up into liquid measure, and you tell time by the pint. Scientists are getting nervous as witches.

The whole trouble seems to have started with the fact that the tropical year contains 365.2422 days, and astronomers cannot find any number which will divide equally into this amount. At one time there was considerable excitement when a number appeared who claimed he was Houdini and could divide evenly into any amount there was: and amid tense interest he was handcuffed and placed in a strait-jacket, and formally lowered into 365.2422 by a band of reputable scientists

on the stage of the New York Hippodrome. The following morning he was discovered jammed between the 5 and the decimal point, and had to be taken out in fractions. In order to guard against any future accident, Leap Year was invented.

At a recent meeting of the Merchants' Association, which was held in City Hall to consider this question, further proposals for a new and improved calendar were entertained (and entertained royally, you may be sure, for the Merchants' Association is no piker) and some important steps were taken toward solving the present situation. Perhaps the most popular proposal was offered by C. C. Jukes, President of the Eldorado Biscuit Company, who proposed that the new calendar for 1927 should consist of an Indian Girl, Minnehaha, who should be seen standing beside a waterfall with compliments of Eldorado Biscuits. A second suggestion, which specified a pink calendar with fluted edges and a center design of upraised pansies and roses was offered by the United Butchers' Association; and the other proposals included a winter snow-scene entitled "Winter," a realistic picture of two campers cooking supper in a canoe (offered by the Walpus Life Insurance Co.), and a handsomely engraved slogan in Old English: "U R sure to B Satisfied with Marx the Tailor." It was finally decided to compromise on a girl's head.

Turning to the mechanical aspect of the question, it was pointed out to the Society that one of the most unpopular features of the present calendar was the first of the month, which occurs twelve times during the

year, and on which date it is customary to receive bills, appeals, notices of payment due, and other unpleasant mail. In order to overcome this difficulty, it was decided to have every month begin on the second.

A further change was proposed by Mr. Roscoe Hemple, of Connecticut, who advocated that the month of February be abolished. Mr. Hemple gave as his reason that it was too darn hard to spell February, and suggested that another month be substituted named "Smith". He also suggested that this month be a little warmer.

In addition a Mr. Renckie proposed that Christmas should fall on some other day than December 25th. Mr. Renckie explained that his birthday was December 25th, and under the present system he only received one gift for both occasions. The motion was thrown out, followed by Mr. Renckie.

Taking all these suggestions into consideration, the Society has evolved what it likes to call the Arthur F. Simpson, Jr., Calendar, or, simply, terrible. Let us say, for example, that we wish to calculate the arrangement of the days in the month of January. Arranging our numbers, one after another (such as 1.2.3.4. and \$4.98) we group them under the heading "Monday," letting R stand for Friday and multiplying the rest by seven, the number of days in the week. This shows that "Monday" would change its name to "Mawah," it would come under the vibrations of great genius and marry a woman named Kedge. Turning now to Tuesday, the following week advances from J in a diagonal straight line, adding alternate numbers (x to m) until

it has completed the ratio $\frac{1}{4} (y-r_3) - C \frac{1}{4} (c-r^3)$. By the time this ratio has been figured out, reduced to its lowest common denominator on its father's side, divided by the total, picked up again and handed back, it will give the month of January.

And by this time it will probably be February.

—From “*The Gazelle’s Ears*” by Corey Ford. Copyright, 1926,
George H. Doran Co., Publishers.

M A X I M S O F 1 9 2 6

Cash is the jack of all trades.

—*Louisville Satyr.*

* * * * *

The way of the transgressor is interesting.

—*Brown Bull.*

* * * * *

Early to bed and early to rise makes a man a good Rotarian.

—*Colby White Mule.*

* * * * *

Be good and you will be admired; don’t and you will be envied.

—*Boston Beanpot.*

* * * * *

“Oh, miss, I have made a mistake in this passport. I have put your hair down as fair, and it is dark.”

“Oh, that is too bad! Will you rectify it—or shall I?”

—*The Outlook.*

MORE LAWS AND BETTER CRIMES

THE United States is noted for the compactness of its legislative methods, and only a few slight laws are necessary to govern the country. Laws may only be made by Congress, states, counties, cities, municipalities, towns, townships, villages and boroughs. Thus all possible misunderstandings, inconsistencies, and conflicts are entirely eliminated.

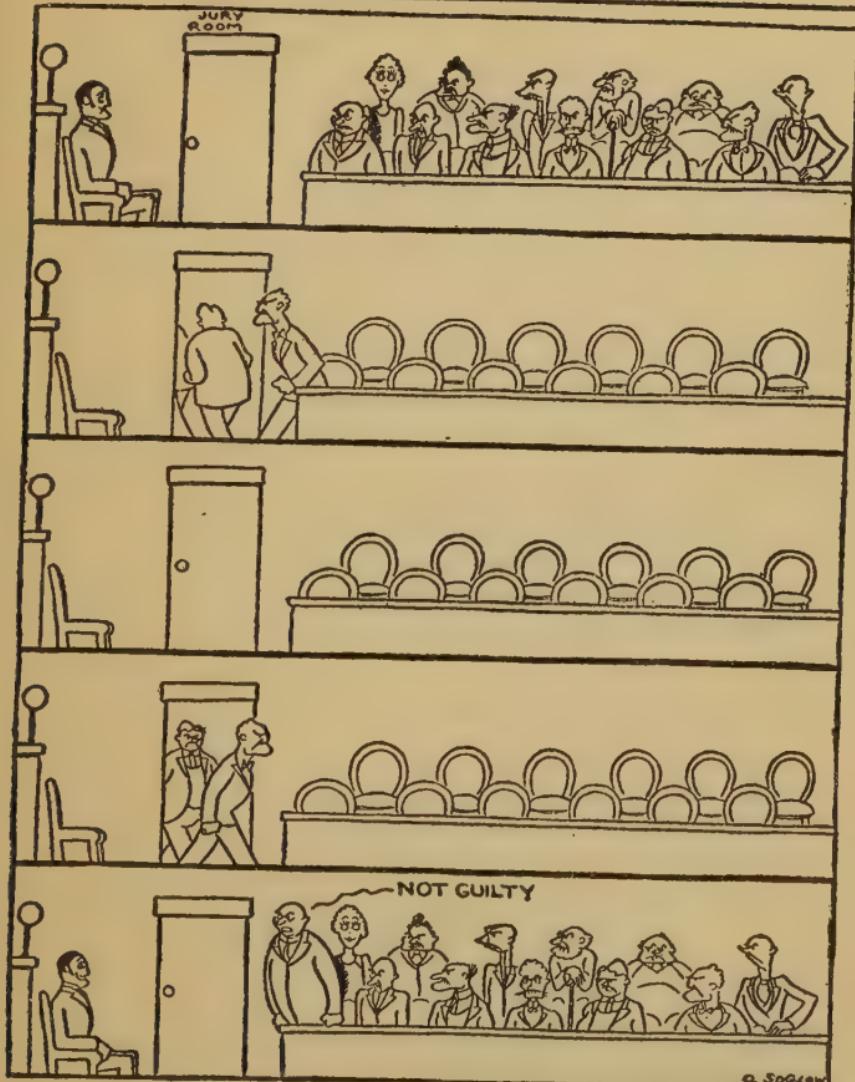
The American police are particularly famous for their unfailing gallantry and courtesy to automobileists, and many stories are told of the tenderness and amiability shown by "traffic officers" to citizens who have inadvertently broken the law.

At times, the police also catch criminals.

The American imagination is perhaps in no other respect so admirably brought out as in their Crime. For originality of design, boldness of execution, ingenuity of composition, and vividness of color American Crime is conceded by experts to have reached a point at which the artistic supremacy of Europe in this field is severely threatened if not surpassed.¹

¹ Bum Rodgers in his book, *Crimes I have Committed*, says, "The artistic supremacy of Europe in this field is severely threatened if not surpassed."

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME



—By courtesy of *The New York World*.

SEQUICENTENNIAL PRIZE FOR BEST CRIME OF 1926

"An unidentified man is in a critical condition in a hospital here, suffering from painful injuries said to have been inflicted by three girls in a wood near Hurlock. The man was walking from Hurlock to Federalsburg when the girls in an auto offered to give him a lift. He accepted. After riding a short distance the girls stopped the car on a lonely road, he said. During a petting party which followed, he said, one of the girls became enraged at his lack of ardor. A scuffle ensued. While two held him the third stabbed him with a hatpin. The girls fled, leaving the man helpless on the ground. A passing motorist brought him to the hospital here. The girls are said to have been about 18, but have not been identified."

—*Baltimore (Md.) Post.*

* * * * *

"Where are you from?"

"Chicago."

"Let's see your bullet wounds."

—*Juggler.*

* * * * *

After an amendment had been offered to compel cats and dogs to wear tail lights at night, the City Council voted down a resolution that would have required horses to be equipped with red tail lights at night.

—*From Chicago City Council Journal.*

THE GREAT HELSH MURDER

CHAPTER XVI OF RING LARDNER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OLDTIMERS will have no difficulty in recalling the Helsh murder, and veteran newspaper men have never tired of complimenting me on my work in connection therewith. It was my first assignment as star reporter for *The Rabies* and the fact that I was chosen for the task speaks volumes for my city editor, who was violently drunk at the time.

For the benefit of half-witted readers, I will recount the Helsh case in brief. Wallace Helsh was a wealthy barn tearer in Pennsylvania. He went all over the State tearing down barns so horses could get more air. Mrs. Helsh was the former Minnie Blaggy, prominent in Philadelphia society and the daughter of Blotho Blaggy, who was in charge of one of the switches in the Broad Street railroad yards. Young Helsh and Miss Blaggy became acquainted on one of the former's barn-storming tours and were married two weeks after their first meeting.

At the time of the murder, they had been married three years and Mrs. Helsh (nee Blaggy) was expecting a baby, the child of one of her sisters. The baby was supposed to arrive on the 12.09 (midnight) train and the police first believed that the murder had grown out of a quarrel between the Helshes over which of them should sit up and meet it. This theory was based on the testimony of a neighbor, Basil Kidney, who said he had been hiding behind a book in the Helsh living room and overheard the following conversation:

"Will you sit up and meet our niece?" This from Mrs. Helsh.

"No." This from Helsh.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't water meter."

The witness did not hear any more of the conversation because it was then time for him to go on to another neighbor's house, the Quimbys, and hide in their living room. He was an habitual living room hider. But half an hour after his departure from the Helsh home, a mysterious voice called up the Police Headquarters at Bryn Mawr and announced that there had been a murder at No. 24 Vine Street. This was not where the Helshes lived, which made it all the more puzzling.

* * * * *

"Dig right into this!" said my city editor. "Comb Philadelphia, find out who did it and get lots of pictures."

"How about my transportation?" I inquired.

"You can have carte blanche," was his reply.

But thinking he referred to a dog cart and an old horse named Blanche, which conveyed our society reporter to and from her work every day, I declined his offer and went to Philadelphia by rail. My mistake was profitable, for the first man I met when I rolled from under the train at Broad Street was Blotho Blaggy, Mrs. Helsh's father.

"How about the murder, Mr. Blaggy?" I asked.

"Fine," he said. "They have arrested my little four-year-old grandchild, who was on her way to visit her

aunt and uncle, but they can't pin anything on her. She hates pins; says she is too old for them."

Next morning The Rabies made all the other tabloids look silly. Across the front page we had a streamer, "Child Murder Suspect Balks at Pins!" and under it were pictures of Lillian Gish, who had appeared on the screen at a Chestnut Street theatre that week, and of Chief Bender making a balk. On Page 2 was my story of the murder and on Page 3 the first chapter of Mrs. Helsh's diary, of which I have preserved a copy and will reprint a few paragraphs.

* * * * *

"Oo, Oo, diary, I am going to keep oo and write in oo every day and when I am a ole, ole lady bug, I will read oo and live over the days of my honeymoon.

"Daddy was a baddy, baddy boy to-day. I asked um to bwing me a ittsy bittsy diamond wing and he fordotted all about it and when I scolded um he swang for my jaw and knocked out some toofums that my real honest to goodness daddy had give me for a wedding pwesent.

"Oo never can tell what a red hot daddy will do-oo-oo."

On the following morning The Rabies printed pictures of Georges Carpentier, June Walker and Miss Omaha on the beach at Atlantic City and a portrait of the bath tub in which Mrs. Helsh's sister had bathed her little girl before sending her on the fatal visit. I was given a bonus of \$50 and spent it and the next two weeks waiting around for some more excitement.

RING LARDNER.

—By Courtesy of the New York World.

LAW AS MADE IN VIRGINIA

Mr. Alfred C. Smith, S. B. No. 212—A bill to amend and re-enact sections 22 and 25 of an act entitled “an act to amend and re-enact an act entitled an act to amend and re-enact and act entitled an act to incorporate the town (now the city) of South Norfolk, in the County of Norfolk, approved September 11, 1919, approved March 24, 1920. approved March 4 1922; which was taken up, ordered to be printed and referred to the Joint Committee on Special, Private and Local Legislation.

* * * * *

Dog's right to bark at night goes to French High Court.

—*Headline in N. Y. Times.*

O. HENRY MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR BEST MISDEMEANOR OF 1926

Marion, Ind. Marion police have issued a strange edict. False teeth must be washed at home, at least not in the drinking fountains in the public square. Lew Lindemuth, chief of police, said he had received numerous complaints of men and women giving their store teeth a bath in the fountains and, he believes, the public square is not a fitting place for such attention to ones toilet. Hence the order.

—*United Press dispatch.*

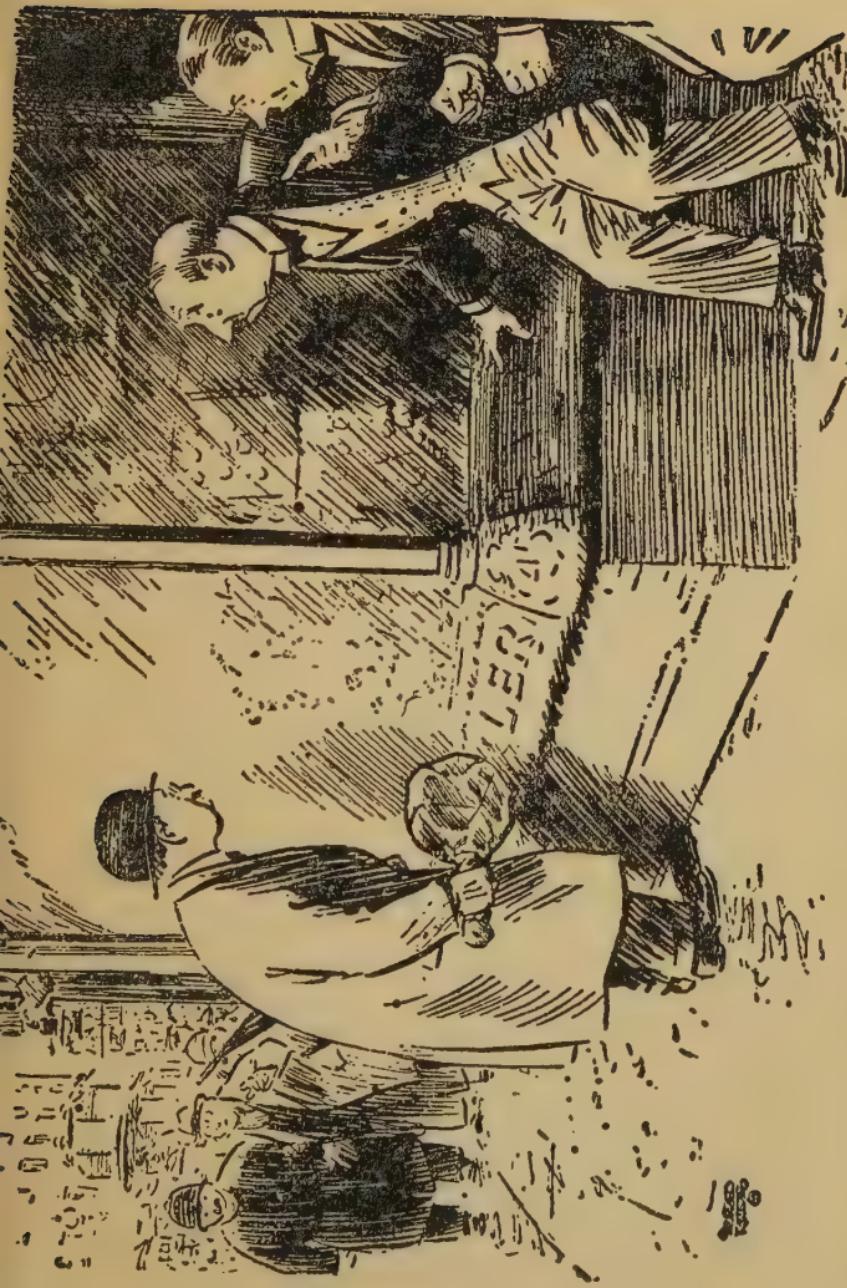
* * * * *

Retaliation is Proposed in Congress Bills On Countries that Ban our Jazz Players.

—*N. Y. Times, Jan. 26.*

—Sketch.

Mr. Binks on his way home with a new tennis racket, stops to look into a jeweler's window.



THE HOTEL STENOGRAPHER

By Roe Fulkerson

"I am glad that murder last night was pulled in some other hotel instead of this one," exclaimed the House Detective. "I don't understand how people can kill one another, anyway."

"I do," defended the Hotel Stenographer. "Mary O'Shaughnessy has a husband who is in stir for twenty years for killing a guy. She told me how he came to kill the fellow, and I must say there were at least mitigating circumstances.

"Her husband went to work, when he was a boy, in an apartment house. He worked his way up from elevator boy to superintendent in ten years and was doing mighty well. One cold day when the engineer was just stirring up the fire so he could make the pipes crack and wake up the people at 6 o'clock in the morning he threw a fit and the hurry-up wagon took him to the hospital. Then before Mary's husband could get the fire going good the two elevator boys got into a scrap; Mary's husband had to separate them. And as he stood there with one foot on one of them and the other one in his hands till the cops came, the underfoot one stuck a knife in his leg. While the cop carried off the two guys the elevator bell went on the blink. Trying to run both elevators himself, he sent the only employe left, the janitor, out for some dry cells for the elevator batteries. There he was, doubling in brass

between the two elevators, the furnace fire and trying to please the people in the apartments, when this guy came back with the batteries. What do you suppose he brought him? Two cans of sardines!

"When he handed Mary's husband the two cans of sardines Mary's husband tapped him on the coco with a monkey wrench, hoping to improve his memory. They gave him twenty years just because he hit the guy too hard and he croaked. I contend that under the circumstances he couldn't hit the fellow too hard and that it was justifiable homicide, and that's that."

(Copyright, 1926. The McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

* * * * *

A certain well-known and respected judge was always noted for his gentle manner with prisoners.

On one occasion he was dealing with a poor fellow who looked miserably broken and contrite.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" the judge asked in a sympathetic way.

"Never, never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry—don't cry," said the judge, consolingly. "You're going to be now."

—*Montreal Star.*

* * * * *

"Do you think the parole system is a failure?"

"No; but I think criminals should be asked to give the prisons a fair trial before they leave."

—*Life.*

Frank Farron, of Vaudeville, Tells Two

I was sitting in a courtroom the other day while a suit was being tried. A woman was on the stand. She pointed at a man and said:

"That man made love to me, Judge. He promised to marry me. Then he left me to marry another woman. He broke my heart and I want ten thousand dollars damages!"

She got it! The next case was a woman who was run down by an automobile. Her ribs were broken. She was awarded \$275 damages.

There's the system, boys. Don't break their hearts. Kick 'em in the ribs!

* * * * *

I was passing a fruit stand kept by an old Jewish gentleman, when I was surprised to see a large dog eating the fruit. First the dog ate a pear. Then he gobbled down a peach. Then he chewed up an apple.

"Hey!" I exclaimed. "Why do you let that dog steal your fruit like that?"

He waved his hands sadly.

"What can I do?" he howled. "He's a police dog!"

THE MAN IN THE STREET

FOUR FIFTHS of the population of the United States have pyorrhœa and are known as the Common Peepul. As a class they reach their maximum importance on election days, the balance of their time being spent in the comparatively minor occupation of forming "the backbone of the nation." They are also known in various parts of the country as *The Hoi Polloi*, *The Bourgeoisie*, *The Mahsses*, *The Laboring Clahsses*, etc.

Their lot is looked upon by other classes as exceedingly unfortunate, for their hands and collars are at times quite soiled; and their only relaxations from labor are automobiles, radios, homes, children, and bank accounts.



THE TRAVELLER*

AN IDYLL

(*The scene is the smoking compartment of a Pullman car. It is twenty-two minutes after six of a beautiful April evening. No one is in the compartment, but Morton Fielding, a cultured Pullman porter, is standing in the corridor beside the compartment entrance. He carries a bag of golf sticks, and two travelling bags. He is waiting for the owner to follow him.*)

MORTON: All right, sir. This way to the various other parts of the car. (*He waits politely, but the passenger, Kenneth Lang Mercer, a handsome mail-order house executive of forty, is still out on the platform of the train.*) The rest of the car is in here, sir.

(*Mr. Mercer enters. Naturally he is excited as it is his first trip on a train in a long time.*)

MERCER: I'm sorry I was so long.

MORTON (*making friends*): That's all right. Don't think about it.

MERCER: I was watching the different people getting on board the train.

MORTON: Were they interesting?

MERCER: Just various types. You know.

MORTON: I understand. (*He pushes aside the curtain of the compartment entrance with his elbow.*) Now this is the smoking compartment. Would you like to sit in here?

MERCER: I have the choice?

MORTON: You have the choice of sitting in here and smoking and chatting or else sitting in seat Number Seven in the body of the car.

MERCER (*with a grin of perplexity*): I don't know which to choose.

MORTON: Why not stop in here temporarily and then see how you feel about making a permanent choice later?

MERCER (*ever the executive*): It won't be too late?

MORTON: Oh, no. Your rights call for your using the smoking compartment whenever you wish during the journey. Shall we say you're going in here for the time being?

MERCER (*suddenly leaping into the compartment*): Yes! That is my decision!

MORTON: Very good. I'll take these things of yours to seat Number Seven and then later we'll see how you feel.

MERCER: Good. Now I have the choice of any seat in here, I assume?

MORTON: Any seat not occupied.

MERCER (*the laugh being on him*): Very, very good.
Whatever is your name?

MORTON: Morton, the porter.

MERCER: All right, Morton. My name is Mr. Mercer. (*There is a pause as this sinks in; then Mercer darts like a panther in the seat in the corner next to the window.*) And I choose this seat!

MORTON: Well, you've just chosen the best seat in the compartment, that's all!

MERCER: No kidding?

MORTON: No kidding. You see if you'd chosen the chair you'd be riding backwards, whereas this way you are riding both forwards and have the use of the window.

MERCER (*scenting a trick*): Yes, but it's getting to be night-time and there's nothing to see right now.

MORTON (*quickly*): Yes, but wait till the train starts passing through towns!

MERCER: Oh, look! It's starting! (*He looks out the window. Morton joins him.*)

MORTON (*seeing things go past the window*): Yes, sir, it is!

MERCER: Good-bye, old Grand Central Station!

MORTON (*stolidly*): Yes, it's good-bye old Grand Central Station, sure enough.

(*Mercer watches through the window a second. Then, realizing the train is really under way, suddenly finds himself adjusted to his new surroundings; and the real innate friendliness of the man comes out.*)

MERCER: Gee, this is some trip! (*Morton is glad*

Mr. Mercer is happy and stands waiting for instruction.) By the way, Morton, who is the conductor on our train?

MORTON: Why, a Mr. Barclay is the conductor.

MERCER: Is he nice?

MORTON: He's just a peach.

MERCER: Very good. Now about your tip—

MORTON (*edging out of the compartment, a bit embarrassed*): Let's not talk about it right now, huh?

MERCER (*understandingly*): I get you.

MORTON (*as he exits, blushing a little*): Later on.

(*Mr. Mercer has a little fun inspecting the appointments of the compartment. Then he puts on his silk gloves and hardly has them buttoned, when Joseph Barclay, a fine type of railroad conductor, enters unobtrusively. Mr. Mercer sees him and rises. Each studies his man.*)

BARCLAY: I'm Mr. Barclay, the conductor. Are you the gentleman that's going to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street?

MERCER: I guess I'm the party.

BARCLAY: Well, I'm Mr. Barclay.

MERCER: Yes, Morton, your porter was telling me about you. I'm Mr. Mercer. (*Mr. Mercer is searching through his pocket-book.*) I don't know whether I've got a card here or not.

BARCLAY: Oh, that's all right. We have lots of gentlemen that we haven't seen before, riding with us.

MERCER: I guess I haven't got a card. Being a stranger and all, I thought—

BARCLAY: That's all right, sir, this is a public con-

veyance and we want to take care of you gentlemen whether we know you or not. Please sit down. (*Mr. Mercer sits in his seat in the corner. Mr. Barclay sits in the chair.*)

MERCER (*with a sly grin*): You're riding backwards!

BARCLAY: Well, I'm used to roughing it. This your first trip on our line, Mr. Mercer?

MERCER: Well, the first one in a long while. You see I usually come uptown by way of the subway. Occasionally if I'm feeling good I take a taxicab ride. But today, I thought I'd sort of vary things a little and take a railroad train.

BARCLAY: That's perfectly all right. I see your point exactly.

MERCER: Do you ever get around my neighborhood, Mr. Barclay?

BARCLAY: Which neighborhood is that?

MERCER: One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street.

BARCLAY: Well, not very often. You see, being a railroad man I'm usually on my train. But I've often wanted to visit One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street.

MERCER: I thought you might know some people in my district.

BARCLAY: I fear not. Wait a minute. Have you a gentleman up there named Mastbaum?

MERCER: You mean Mastbaum, and Sons, Furniture?

BARCLAY: I certainly do.

MERCER: Well, for Heaven's sake, I should say I

do! I at least know their store. Why, I pass it every day. Do you know Mr. Mastbaum?

BARCLAY: Well, not personally. But I've seen his advertisements so often I feel as if I almost do know him.

MERCER: That's just the way I feel! Well, I'll be darned! You know Mastbaum's store!

BARCLAY: Oh, Lord, yes.

MERCER: I guess I've gone past Mastbaum's store a couple of hundred times.

BARCLAY: Well, for God's sake! They certainly have nice ads.

MERCER: Oh, yes. Do you have much time for reading in the conducting business?

BARCLAY: Not very much. They keep us hustling, you know. If it isn't collecting tickets it's making new friends for the company. You see each one of us conductors is really a contact man (*Mr. Barclay blushes a little*). Our President calls us Ambassadors of Friendship.

MERCER (*knowing how he must feel*): Well, I guess you are at that. I guess you make a good many friends in the course of a year's time.

BARCLAY (*cheering up*): Oh yes indeed. Some of the friendships you make on a railway train last you all your life. Now take just last week for instance when I met a gentleman from Colorado on this very train. He's going to live in the East!

MERCER: Does he like it here?

BARCLAY: Very much indeed.

MERCER: I wonder if you know a conductor by the name of Conductor George Whipple!

BARCLAY (*slowly searching his memory*): "George Whipple." Sure it wasn't Grindle?

(*Mr. Mercer searches through his purse and at last finds a card.*)

MERCER (*proving it*): George Whipple.

BARCLAY: I guess I don't recall the name.

MERCER: He was a very interesting man. Mrs. Mercer and I met him on a trip to California last year. Mr. Whipple has the train between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

BARCLAY: I don't think I ever met him.

MERCER: That's too bad. I bet you fellows would probably have a lot to talk over.

BARCLAY: Well, I really get to meet very few fellows in my own line. I suppose I don't meet one new conductor a month.

MERCER: You'd like Whipple. This car reminds me of the old Tryon. Is this the Tryon?

BARCLAY: No, this is the Waukesha.

MERCER: It's like the Tryon.

BARCLAY: The taps are a little different. It's almost a sister car to the Tryon.

MERCER: I noticed the resemblance. Where is the Tryon nowadays?

BARCLAY: I had a letter from a fellow last week. He'd seen it in Pittsburgh. Going towards Cleveland, I think.

MERCER: It's a great old car. What other cars have you, Mr. Barclay, on this train?

BARCLAY (*closing his eyes*): There's the Waukesha and the Lynbrook and the Borota. We thought we were going to have the Lake Forest, but they didn't give it to us. (*He laughs ruefully.*) Mr. Rhodes, the engineer, is sore as can be. They promised him the Lake Forest on this train. That's Mr. Rhodes' favorite car. But it wasn't to be.

MERCER: That's too bad.

BARCLAY: Office politics. Mr. Rhodes is a barrel of fun.

MERCER: Where is he now? Up in the engine?

BARCLAY: Oh, yes. He's up there keeping things going.

MERCER: I don't suppose I could meet him.

BARCLAY: Well, not while the train's going along. You see he has to keep his eye on things every minute. That prevents wrecks.

MERCER: Some other time maybe. I just thought I'd like to swap a couple of stories with him.

BARCLAY: It's too bad.

MERCER: Do you smoke, Mr. Barclay?

BARCLAY: Very, very seldom. You can't take chances with your health in this business.

MERCER: I guess not. My father wouldn't have a man work for him who smoked.

BARCLAY: My uncle was that way.

MERCER: Is he dead?

BARCLAY: He passed on years ago.

MERCER: Too bad.

BARCLAY: Yes. He was quite a character.

MERCER: My father was a great character.

BARCLAY: What was his name?

MERCER: Thomas.

BARCLAY: I have a cousin named Thomas.

MERCER: Living?

BARCLAY: He's only eighteen!

MERCER: That's fine.

(*There is a pause during which Mr. Barclay looks at Mr. Mercer's feet for a long time.*)

BARCLAY: I guess hardly anybody wears button shoes any more.

MERCER: I don't like them.

BARCLAY: Do you remember them?

MERCER: Yes, sir.

BARCLAY: Am I keeping you from smoking?

MERCER: No, I didn't bring anything along, I can go without it.

(*Morton appears in the entrance.*)

MORTON: You gentlemen getting along all right?

MERCER: Just fine.

MORTON: The passengers are ready to give you their tickets now, Mr. Barclay. (*Barclay rises and faces Mr. Mercer with a cordial smile.*)

BARCLAY: Shall we begin with you?

MERCER (*giving him a ticket*): Might as well, I guess. If a fellow's going to ride, he's got to pay the piper.

BARCLAY: A one way ticket, eh?

MERCER (*self-conscious*): I probably will be coming back by subway.

BARCLAY: Well, that's your privilege.

MORTON: We are also pulling into One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. I've got all your things right out here, Mr. Mercer.

MERCER: Fine stuff, Morton. It's a good thing you came in here. We were so interested in our talk I'd have gone right on to Mott Haven.

BARCLAY: One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street!

MERCER: I guess that's me.

BARCLAY: Well, I'm very glad to have met you, Mr. Mercer.

MERCER: And I'm glad to have met you, Mr. Barclay. If you're ever up in my neighborhood, don't forget to come and see a fellow. Can I write you in care of the road, here?

BARCLAY: Yes. Just address the letter to Conductor Joseph Barclay. Mighty glad to have had you with us.

MERCER: Yes indeed. Now, Morton, I'll take care of you when I get off the steps of the train.

MORTON: That's all right, Mr. Mercer. Whenever it is convenient for you.

MERCER: All right. Well good-bye, Mr. Barclay.

BARCLAY (*shaking his hand*): Good-bye and good luck.

MERCER: And the same to you.

(*Mr. Mercer exits with Morton. Mr. Barclay takes a notebook and pencil from his pocket and writes.*)

BARCLAY (*writing*): "Mr. Mercer."

Curtain.

—Marc Connelly.

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A High Brow says: "Please possess yourself with patience."

A Low Brow says: "Aw, keep your shirt on."

—*Chicago Herald and Examiner.*

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO TAXI DRIVERS

By Dan Hennessy

RED: Hello, Nick! I hear yer drivin' fer the yeller.

NICK: Yeh! I'm workin' fer the yeller.

RED: When did ya quit the checker?

NICK: I quit the checker Tuesdy and went wit' the yeller Thursdy.

RED: Is ya brother still wit' the black and white?

NICK: No, he's wit' the yeller, too.

RED: Yeh! So the bot' of yis is wit' the yeller now, hah?

NICK: Yeh, we're bot' wit' the yeller.

RED: I'm t'inkin of quittin the checker meself.

NICK: Yeh? Who'll ya drive fer if ya quit the checker?

RED: The yeller.

—*Haldemann-Julius Monthly.*

THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT— One of the Very Best Laughs.

THE 18th Amendment to the Constitution and an obscure law known as the Volstead Act prohibit the sale, manufacture, and possession of alcoholic beverages in the United States. A large and intelligent force of "prohibition officers" is maintained, which effectively and efficiently prevents any and all violations of this law, and renders any effort to possess liquor by the inhabitants quite futile.¹

For this reason the United States is often laughingly said to be "dry."

The salaries of "prohibition officers" average around \$2,000 per annum, which accounts for the eagerness with which appointments are sought, and which, of course, places appointees far above financial dependence or susceptibility to corruption.

* * * * *

There is an earnest demand for the prohibition of jokes about prohibition. It would probably take a new constitutional amendment to do it—and that would be another joke.

—Boston Transcript.

¹Except by doctors, chemists, mountaineers, farmers, butchers, bakers, candlestick-makers, men, women, and children.



Brown—My grandfather has just celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday in America.

Jones—Celebrated it in America? How?

—*London Opinion.*

* * * * *

A Chicago gangster who was accidentally arrested was found in possession of a revolver, a dirk, a pocket flask, two hand grenades and a pair of brass knuckles. It is believed that something will be done about it, as the flask contained whiskey.

—*Copyright, 1926, Judge, New York.*

* * * * *

Professor (In an engineering class): "What is a dry dock?"

Student: "A physician who won't give out any prescriptions."

—*Western Christian Advocate.*

* * * * *

The man who invented near beer was a poor judge of distance.

—*America's Humor.*

An Earnest Appeal

To you, Mr. Bootlegger, now I will write,
How I wish that instead of being black, you were white.
You who were made in the image of God
Were never meant to grovel and creep like a worm in
the sod.

If you do not stop, if you don't repent,
Up to the City Jail you'll surely be sent.
No longer can you buy judge and jury with money,
Or with flattering words, meant to be sweet as honey.
Have you no regard for your fellowman?
Why don't you burn up your vile mash, still and pan?
If you still keep on to fill your greedy big maw,
You must surely feel the strong arm of the law.
The stuff that you make is full of poison and flies
Also contains some rats, bats and some mice
Perhaps for good flavor, some bugs in disguise
Beware folks, before using it, don't think once, but
twice.

The vile concoctions that now you do sell,
Are not even fit to put out the fires of hell
Instead of putting them out, you start them, you do,
What can ever be done with a rascal like you?

We don't want to see you behind prison bars,
Repent and be decent, we'd see that by far,
But if you will not do it, if you won't repent,
Behind prison bars, you'll surely be sent.
Sheriff Hauck is a man we one and all trust,
He gets there so fast, you can't see him for dust.

No matter how hard you beg and you whine
 You can't get away by just paying a fine.

Then there's our chief of police, Mr. Newsome,
 The way he's after you is good, but most gruesome.
 No matter how hard from him you try to hide,
 Hard work you'll have, out of his big hand to slide.

Our motorcycle policeman, whose name's Mr. Claude,
 Quick as lightning he flies over the sod,
 You break the law once, you break the law twice,
 By the scruff of the neck he'll have you in a trice.

If you don't repent, and you should die,
 Not a single decent person for you would cry,
 Brace up, be a man, your heart do not harden
 For God and your fellowmen are ready to pardon.

*—From literature distributed by the W. C.
 T. U. of Olmstead County, Minnesota.*

* * * * *

“Drink?”

“Have, or got?”

—Lehigh Burr.

* * * * *

“My father is a bootlegger.”

“What does that make you?”

“Wealthy.”

—Penn State Froth.

* * * * *

“Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine.”

“Your lips?”

“No, my liquor.”

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL RECIPE FOR 1926

C. W. Taylor of Palm Beach, Fla., sends in a beverage that's got me toppling right on the edge of the water wagon, which vehicle I have been riding for the past three weeks . . . it sure is a mouth waterer. . . . Mr. Taylor calls it the "Quaker" because it knows its oats. . . . Ice a cocoanut, take three parts of the chilled milk, one part Gordon Water, a dash of lime juice and a bit of grated nutmeg. . . . Mr. Taylor the country needs more men like you.

—*Judge Junior in Judge.*
Copyright, 1926, Judge, New York.

IN THESE PROHIBITION DAYS

"When the Billings Municipal Band started its weekly practice on the top floor of the city hall a prisoner in the cell house in the basement became violently insane and had to be placed in a padded cell. The man, who was arrested for vagrancy, apparently was normal, the jailer said, until the music began to float down into the jail. He then began to jump up and down and yell at the top of his voice. Later he began to sing and pray. The band was playing 'How Dry I Am' when the prisoner became unbalanced, the jailer declared."

—*News Item from Billings, Montana.*

FROM EVERYBODY'S FOR EVERYBODY

Thirty years ago Steve Rowan was a first-class cop in Chicago. He hated to make arrests and went to great lengths to avoid the necessity. On one occasion, while Rowan was on night duty, he found a decently dressed but very intoxicated man staggering along a snow covered sidewalk at 4 a.m. He picked the fellow up and took him to the second floor of a nearby rooming house, opened a door in the rear of the hall and shoved the man through it.

Then he went down to the street to resume his patrol. Almost at once he saw another drunk, somewhat dishevelled, stumbling frantically down the street. He hauled him, protesting loudly, to the same door in the upper hall of the rooming house. In a half hour he carried up two more men each a little more dilapidated than the others.

The last man broke into bitter tears and pleaded to be left alone, but Steve was adamant.

As he started off again, it occurred to him that the room must be pretty full of drunks by now, so he went back, flung the door open and flashed a light in. Before him was a 10-foot drop to a snow-drift in the street where the drunk was sprawled. He had thrown the same man out of the door four times!

The man looked up at Steve and yelled feebly, "Thank God, he'sh gotta fresh one!"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

A 40,000-gallon distillery has been unearthed in an old lead mine here, two hundred and fifty feet underground. Four wooden vats, each with a capacity of 10,000 gallons, were found in an upper drift of the mine, and four huge copper stills were found in another drift fifty feet lower. Electric pumps to force the finished product into a cooling tank in the upper drift were found in the lower drift. There was a secret connection with a city water line and a secret entrance through a private garage to the mine shaft, where an electrical hoist was used to reach the mine chambers.

—*Pilcher, Okla., News.*

* * * * *

A RECORD grape crop is predicted for 1926. Naïveté consists in believing that this indicates a record jelly production.

—*Arkansas Gazette.*

* * * * *

One day about noon Mr. Jones called up a friend and said, "I understand that Brown was at your house last night and not in A-1 condition."

"You heard right," admitted the friend. "He was here, and very much intoxicated."

"Terrible, terrible," ejaculated Jones. "By the way, was I there, too?"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

*Here lies the bones
Of Benny Fink.
They let him sample
Every drink.*

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

A FEW SYNONYMS FOR A "DRINK"

(According to the modern undergraduate)

A—APPETIZER	N—NIP
B—BRACER	O—OINTMENT
C—CHUCKLE	P—POISON
D—DIVIDEND	Q—QUICK ONE
E—EYE-OPENER	R—RINSE
F—FINGER	S—SLUG
G—GARGLE	T—TAPPY
H—HAIR-CURLER	U—UP-AND-DOWN
I—INK	V—VAPOR
J—JOYFUL JUICE	W—WHISTLE-WETTER
K—KICKER	X—X-RAY
L—LIFTER	Y—YEAST
M—MERRY-WATER	Z—ZIPPER

—*College Humor.*
Copyright, 1926, Collegiate World Publishing Co.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

ANY American who carries a fountain pen and a pencil in his upper vest pocket, reads the N. Y. Times, narrows his eyelids occasionally, and uses the words "proposition," "deal," and "reaction" in his conversation is called by other Americans a *Business Man*. If he also owns a car and belongs to a luncheon club, he is called a *Good Business Man*.

Business Men devote their time to what is known as "conferences." Conferences are gaseous in quality, and in substance resemble the huddle system employed in football, to which they are also similar in that they are employed before important "plays," or "deals," as they are called by *Business Men*.

In newspapers the title *Business Man* is invariably preceded by the word *Prominent*; and when traveling in Europe American *Business Men* are known as *Suckers*.

Owing to the prevalence of fatigue among this class, they are often referred to as *Tired Business Men*, a phrase not to be confused with the term *Rubber-tired Business Men*, which is applied to those who ride to work in limousines.

NO FOOLISHNESS

MR. ABRAHAM LINCOLN PITTS—No-foolishness Pitts—the grim president of the Acme Mills, sat grimly in his office. High-powered efficiency buzzed all about him. Secretaries sped up to his desk at top speed and came sliding to a stop as if with four-wheel brakes. They received their orders, a staccato word of instruction, a scribbled OK-ALP, a steely word of reproof. They turned and were off, with an air of roweling their own sides with spurs.

Papers came out of the basket marked “Incoming,” received a notation in the firm presidential hand, and were dropped in a chute marked “Outgoing,” whence they slid to the desk of Miss Colquhoun, a monster of competence in a world from which error had been banished. Sales managers of great corporations entered shyly, crushing lighted cigars into their pockets, resisting a temptation to apologize for wishing to do business with Mr. Abraham Lincoln Pitts. Was he not known up and down America as No-foolishness Pitts, whose hard common sense had brought him vast wealth and power? No-foolishness Pitts! He had made the motto when a boy, and the motto had made him.

At length the business day was over, and the employes had fled, hastening, perhaps, to foolishness at the blast of 5:30.

Mr. Pitts lingered in his office. He drew from his desk a sheet of note paper, and wrote the following letter:

"Sweetie cunning baby darling: Did she get so sowwy waiting for her papa darling? Office all full of nasty mans all day. Couldn't call up sweetums because don't like to use office phone. But papa's always fink-ing about ickle sugar plum, and just to prove it he's got her a pwesent and it isn't a dolly either; it's something a lot nicer, from a great big jeweler's shop; and it's just going to look lovely, lovely, lovely around her beautiful neck! And when papa comes and sees his little lollipop maybe she'll be nice and give him a great big hug, because even if he isn't so young he can be awful nice.

"Papa just wrote a pretty poem about little tiddle-ums, and here it is:

*I send you a necklace
For your neck which is speckless.
For papa's crazy 'bout you,
Can't live without you,
And when he's feeling blue,
All he can ever think about is you.*

"So good-by, darling, wiv millions 'n' millions 'n' millions of sweet kisses.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN PITTS."

Mr. Pitts called a messenger boy, who delivered the missive to a lovely lady. The lovely lady clapped her hands with glee and forwarded it to her lawyer.

—*Morris Bishop, in the Saturday Evening Post.*

IN the dictionary "invest" comes before "investigate"—but in practise reverse the order.

—*Wall Street Journal.*

* * * * *

MRS. BUYER—How much is this hat?

SHOP ASSISTANT—It's \$10 cash.

"And how much by installments?"

"It's \$15—\$10 down and \$1 a week for five weeks."

—*The Continent (Chicago).*

* * * * *

"Why was Bilkins demoted from third vice-president to third assistant director of personnel?"

"He used the wrong inflection on a 'yes.'"

—*Life.*

* * * * *



Bo: What are you doing now?

Zo: Buying old wells, sawing them up and selling them for post holes.

—*Ga. Tech. Yellow Jacket.*

**EXTRACTS FROM AN EXECUTIVE'S
GLOSSARY**

CONFERENCE, obs.; see *Meeting*.

SLANT—Any vague idea, notion or hunch on any subject. Usually preceded by the pronoun "my."

THOUGHT—Pronounced thot; see *Slant*.

VISIT WITH—The act of keeping a man from working by sitting on his desk and telling him dialect stories.

BUNK—Anything with which you disagree or which you fail to understand.

MEETING—A place to "get all tied up in"; see *Visit with*.

SOUND PRACTICE—Anything you can understand; which has been done before.

CHECK—The plaintive cry of the Yes-man.

SELLING YOURSELF—The art of letting business acquaintances beat you at golf.

PROPOSITION—Any given proposal, suggestion, method or what have you; see *Matter*.

—*S. P. in Life*,

* * * * *

SOFT SOAP

May I read your palm Olive?
Not on your life, buoy!
Then I'm out of Lux!

—*Life*.

FINKELSTEIN SAID TO MAISEL—

We Moved, . . . But We Didn't . . . !?

"Well, Finkelstein, here we are! We moved but we are in the same place." "That's funny," remarked Maisel, "won't our friends laugh when we tell them that we moved but we're in the same place? Our friends always laugh anyhow, so what's the difference?"

"They first laughed when we told them how much they would save on GOOD men's clothes when we were upstairs in the factory. Then, after they bought they laughed again to think how foolish they were for not coming to us long ago. Now Maisel," continued Finkelstein, "we'll all laugh together down here on the Street floor in such a beautiful showroom.

"And Maisel, we got to tell all our friends about the big line of conservative business suits, young men's college clothes—." "Yes, yes," interrupted Maisel, "tell them about the new four piece sport suits with knickers, the two pants suits, the tuxedos and the camel hair topcoats too; all at \$34.88."

"Maisel, don't you think our friends will think we are getting too high-tone if we don't tell them about the knock-out values we have at \$24.88 and \$29.76?" "That's right, Finkelstein, but remember, we are putting what you call 'steam' behind that \$34.88 line—it's really a wonderful line. I guarantee everybody that if that value can be duplicated under \$60, I will give them their money back." "Maisel, I should argue with you—you are right, every word."

**FINKELSTEIN, AND MAISEL, MANUFACTURER TO
YOU, 810 BROADWAY, NEW YORK**

Near Grace Church

Estab. 1907

N. Y. Papers

MARVELOUS!

A note from La Crosse, Wis.:

At the beautiful corner window of Doerflinger's Department Store in the center of La Crosse crowds for the next two weeks will gather to see oil paintings rapidly grow from under the brushes of two artists extraordinary. They are Prof. Geo. H. Kay and Alfred Merrill Brown, artists whose supremacy in quick painting over others is soon determined by the public at sight, and not by lectures. These masters of this line will finish a canvas in a few minutes that others spend hours to make. Yet they are oil paintings that will last a lifetime, can be cleaned with soap and water and will be sold at prices all can afford to pay.

Prof. Kay is a student of the noted artist, Henry Viaden, director of a Milwaukee school. His schoolmates, whose names rank high in the art world, are Frank Enders, Carl Marr, Robert Koehler and Robert Schade. In 1895 Prof. Kay became an instructor at the Chicago Art Institute after studying four years at that institution. He has been painting forty-two years.

Alfred Merrill Brown graduated from his first art school in 1914 and later studied at a Minneapolis school under Prof. Ferguson, American artist of recognized merit.

Mr. Brown has the reputation of being the fastest artist in the United States working with oil. He has painted in vaudeville, and has made hundreds of paintings by using two brushes and both hands at the same time until advised by physicians to abandon this.

Your home deserves an oil painting and you can have one made from your favorite kodak print if necessary.

George Abbott, co-author of "BROADWAY," one of the best shows of 1926, in speaking before the Writers' Club of Columbia University recently, defined the word "*ethics*."

"A little boy," said he, "the son of a clothing merchant, asked his father what the word 'ethics' meant. The father said he would explain it by an example.

"Suppose," he said, "I am in the store, and behind the counter, and a lady comes in and buys a lot of merchandise. She gives me ten dollars too much money when she goes out. Now, the question of ethics comes up—Should I, or should I not tell my pardner?"

* * * * *



SHE—"I have been reading about the ideals of the Saniggins Cog Wheel Co. They're so refreshing."

HE—"You quit reading those industrial bedtime ads."

—From "THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW,"
by Don Herold, by courtesy of E. P.
Dutton & Co.

THE SWEET AGE IN INDUSTRY

(From "THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW" by Don Herold)

MANY of our big manufacturers realize that after all it pays to be darling. They run the nicest, big, cozy factories and do the nicest things for their employees and for the public! Some of them are—well, *lovely* is the only word that describes it.

I have just completed a searching investigation of many of our giant industries; I have made a close study of statistics and adjectives in their magazine and newspaper ads, and in their pamphlets, and I must say that I think American industries as a whole are just perfectly peachy!

From the great Interborough Subway in New York to the humblest swivel-chair-bearing mill in an obscure village in Ohio, most of our corporations are simply dears. I think the Subway is adorable, what with all the riding they give you for a nickel and all the trouble they take to prevent accidents, and with such great losses due to increased coal bills and taxes and all those terrible things. I must go to the Aquarium and some of those other nice places to which the Subway runs, just to help out with my little mite.

Do you know that every time I go into a dining-car and read those intimate talks about the railroads on the back of the menu I really can hardly eat! I just lose my appetite thinking about what a hard time the railroads have paying all their expenses, and the railroads meaning so very, very much to the public.

It is beautiful the way the great manufacturers get along with their employees—and how the workingmen approach their daily tasks with a heritage of uncompromising standards. In some places the workingmen enjoy the fruits of three generations of experience, and actually are not workingmen at all, but happy, well-paid craftsmen working under ideal conditions in beautiful sunlit factories.

And these craftsmen strive for vigorous mechanical precision, sometimes fitting things together to the two-tenthousandth of an inch, and they use the finest of materials that practically unlimited resources can command, and we all know the result—*quality*, recognized the world over! This just gives me the biggest thrill!

In most of these dear factories the ideal is not financial gain—price has always been a secondary factor—but the constant desire to make their particular product as fine as human ingenuity can make it, under the untiring eyes of its builders, every part being made with the same degree of sincerity!

And service! The manufacturer's interest in his product never ceases when that product passes from his hands. That his product shall live up to the maker's purpose and the highest expectations is ever a matter of concern to him. You wouldn't think he would care, once he has your money, but he does!!

In short, I am just enraptured with conditions as I have found them in American industry and capitalistic enterprises after my investigations of advertising folders, institutional "messages to the public," etc.

I am not even discouraged by the remark that was

made to me by a large manufacturer of well-known snow plows when I told him I had been reading about his factory and his product and I thought they were too nice for words. He replied to me: "Hell, young feller, we are just trying to make a damn good snow plow as cheap as we can and sell it for all we can get!"

(Copyright, 1926. E. P. Dutton Co.)

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A furrier was selling a coat to a woman customer. "Yes, ma'am," he said. "I guarantee this to be a genuine skunk fur that will wear for years."

"But suppose I get it wet in the rain," asked the woman. "What will happen to it then? Won't it spoil?"

"Madam," answered the furrier, "did you ever hear of a skunk carrying an umbrella?"

-Success.

* * * * *

THE ROMANCE OF THE CHART SYSTEM

(From "THE GAZELLE'S EARS" by Corey Ford)

IT IS safe to say that Big Business would not be where it is today without its elaborate organization and efficient system. In fact, if it were not for the statistical data, filing cases, and graph charts that are a part of every office equipment, Big Business would probably be about a million dollars ahead, and gaining rapidly.

And of all the romantic features of Big Business, none has a keener appeal to the imagination of the artist than the Chart-System. A Chart, or *graph*, is all laid out in dandy zig-zag lines, like a fever chart, and serves to keep accurate record day by day of sales,

distribution, average mean temperature, or earth-tremors near Tokio. There are a number of varieties of *graphs* (although the *phonograph* is the only one that plays music) and their importance in Office Management cannot be over-emphasized. Not here, anyway.

For example, a report arrives in the President's Office of the Woonsocket (R.I.) Gasket Factory that the left wing is on fire, and thirty-eight thousand gaskets have already been burned to death. A hurried meeting of the entire staff is called in the President's Office, and a new graph chart is prepared at once, with a curved line showing the decrease of gaskets as opposed to the increase in gadgets, a zig-zag one indicating the comparative percentage of loss from fire in 1906, 1916, and 1926, a parabola illustrating the average age of all the men on the staff, and a long diagonal line, falling, rising, falling suddenly, and then staggering to its feet again, waving a tattered ensign, to demonstrate the percentage of gain in gaskets if the number just destroyed by fire had been manufactured instead during the same amount of time.

As the staff sets out to compute from this graphic picture the remaining number of gaskets, word is received that while the staff was busy preparing this chart, the fire has spread in the meantime to the right wing, and only quick action can save the entire building. The staff meets this emergency with characteristic efficiency; and the new chart is finished in the nick of time, just as the roof falls in.

The chart is saved.

The most popular method of Chart-Marking is

known as the Whortle System, and is accomplished on a standard grid, similar to the grid at present in the Yale Bowl except that the goal-posts are missing, probably in Princeton. A red-and-blue line (post-war conditions in the Amalgamated Worsted and Knit Goods) starts at O in the lower left hand corner and advances north to the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street, where it is reviewed by the Mayor's Committee. In the meantime a dotted line (the advance of knowledge in the fifteenth century) crosses from B to C at a ratio of 5 to 9, or sixty miles an hour, connecting the third square from the left with a terrific smash. These two lines, the dotted line and that other one, now execute a parabola or old-fashioned square dance, and disappear arm-in-arm out the upper right hand corner, laughing and wearing each other's hats.

In the meantime the second line (Q) attempts to describe an ellipse, which it says is caused by the shadow of the moon passing over the face of the sun. There is a great laugh and it is then blindfolded and proceeds in a westerly direction, around the curve of zone apportionment and distribution, until it meets with the red-and-blue line, now disguised in a checkered cap and whiskers as a yellow-and-green line, representing the increase in white-slave traffic, 1911-12. They are married.

The shaded portion illustrates the New York skyline at twilight, and the colored section is Harlem.

(Copyright, 1926. Geo. H. Doran Co.)

LOVE, MARRIAGE
DIVORCE
and most particularly
WOMEN

THE Americans are very fond of tricks and puzzles, especially women. These they have never been able to solve. Much has been said, sung, and written about women. Students of women number 52,439,826, a number, as it happens, identical with the male population of the country.

The population of the United States is perpetuated by a device known as marriage. This is one of the country's chief industries, more than five million men and an exactly equal number of women having practiced it in 1926.

Divorce comes after persons are married.

A SOCIAL ERROR.

But yesterday upon the street—
I state this for a fact—
A friend of mine I chanced to meet
Whose eye was newly blacked.

I was polite at first, and spoke
Of other matters minor,
And then I asked, “Who was the bloke
Who handed you that shiner?”

“I cannot tell,” He shook his head,
“And yet I will confess
I’d like to meet the man who said
A woman’s ‘No’ means ‘yes.’”

—*Dalmar Devening in the American Legion Weekly.*

THE WAY THEY LOOK AT IT NOW

A married man's idea of getting a new wardrobe is to have his felt hat cleaned.

—*N. Y. American.*

* * * * *

GENE TUNNEY says that if he ever marries, he'll quit the fight game. Optimist!

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

* * * * *

For black is black, and white is white . . . until a woman says it's black.

—*Grinnell Malteaser.*

* * * * *

Jones was a druggist, and when his wife ran away with another man he inserted the following advertisement in the local paper:

"This is to notify the party who so kindly relieved me of my wife that I can supply him with liniments, bandages, arnica, healing salves, absorbent cotton, iodine, sleeping powders and crutches at rock bottom prices."

—*Montreal Star.*

PULITZER PRIZE WEDDING ACCOUNT OF THE YEAR

Mr. Burton Closson was the leader of the grooms-men, and he divided the guests upon the epistle and the gospel sides of the church with fine impartiality. Mr. James Morgan Hutton, Jr., and Mr. William Griess added to their other duties that of placing the snowy ribbons down the central aisle, where these silken moorings formed a frail barrier between the guests and the bridal party as it passed. Mr. Reginald Barnard and Mr. Richard Mellon, of Pittsburgh, a nephew of Secretary Mellon, led the way, followed by Mr. Closson, Mr. Hutton, Mr. Griess, Mr. Jesse Sweetser, of New York, who, as all the world knows, is the amateur golf champion of the United States; Mr. Bakewell Shaffer and Mr. Douglas Robbins, of Middletown, an uncle of the bride, who was a welcoming host for the guests from his own city as they arrived. All these men are accustomed to the niceties of life and their smartness and poise helped maintain the dignity and glamour of the service. They wore gardenias in the coat lapels of their afternoon dress, the gray gloves and spats, which completed their costumes, not to mention their top hats, worn at various rakish angles on the way from the church to the club, being the dernier cri of good form.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

* * * * *

HE: "Will you marry me?"

SHE: "If you can't think of anything more exciting."

—*Life.*

The colored janitor had overheard the head clerk ask the boss for a month's vacation, saying that he was going to be married.

"Lawsy, lawsy!" exclaimed the old man, shaking his head. "What de world comin' to, when a gemmum lak dat only figgers on his ma'iage lastin' fo' weeks?"

—American Legion.

* * * * *

Members of the Westminster Club of the First Presbyterian Church will stage a "womanless wedding" at the Westminster Presbyterian Church on Jeff Davis street Friday evening. An appropriate musical programme has been arranged. The Rev. Dr. W. R. Mackay, pastor, will render a solo, "Yes Sir, That's My Baby."

—Macon, Ga., paper.

* * * * *

"It's a shame you don't know anything about cooking," the young husband informed his bride after the honeymoon. "Everybody ought to know how to cook. Why, I learned how myself in the army."

"Oh, well," she sniffed. "I can warm a few beans, if that's what you mean."

—American Legion Weekly.

* * * * *

PROFESSOR: "Young man, I understand you are courting a widow. Has she given you any encouragement?"

YOUNG MAN: "I'll say she has. Last night she asked me if I snored."

—Columbia.

IN ACCORD

There was a certain actress whose charms and vivacity had long been proverbial.

"Father," said a young man with enthusiasm, "she is an angel, and I love her! Stop! Not a word! I believe her to be an angel—I adore her—and I won't allow you to breathe a syllable against her."

"Certainly not," said the father, "certainly not. Why, I adored her myself—when I was your age."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*



Wife—It's no use hiding, dear. I can see you!

—*Humorist.*

* * * * *

The N. Y. Herald-Tribune reported the interrogation by counsel of a physician who was defendant in a breach of promise suit, as follows:

He denied he ever gave her an engagement ring, but admitted Mrs. L— gave a fur-lined coat to him.

"What *did* you give her?" he was asked.

"I gave her a blood test," replied the doctor.

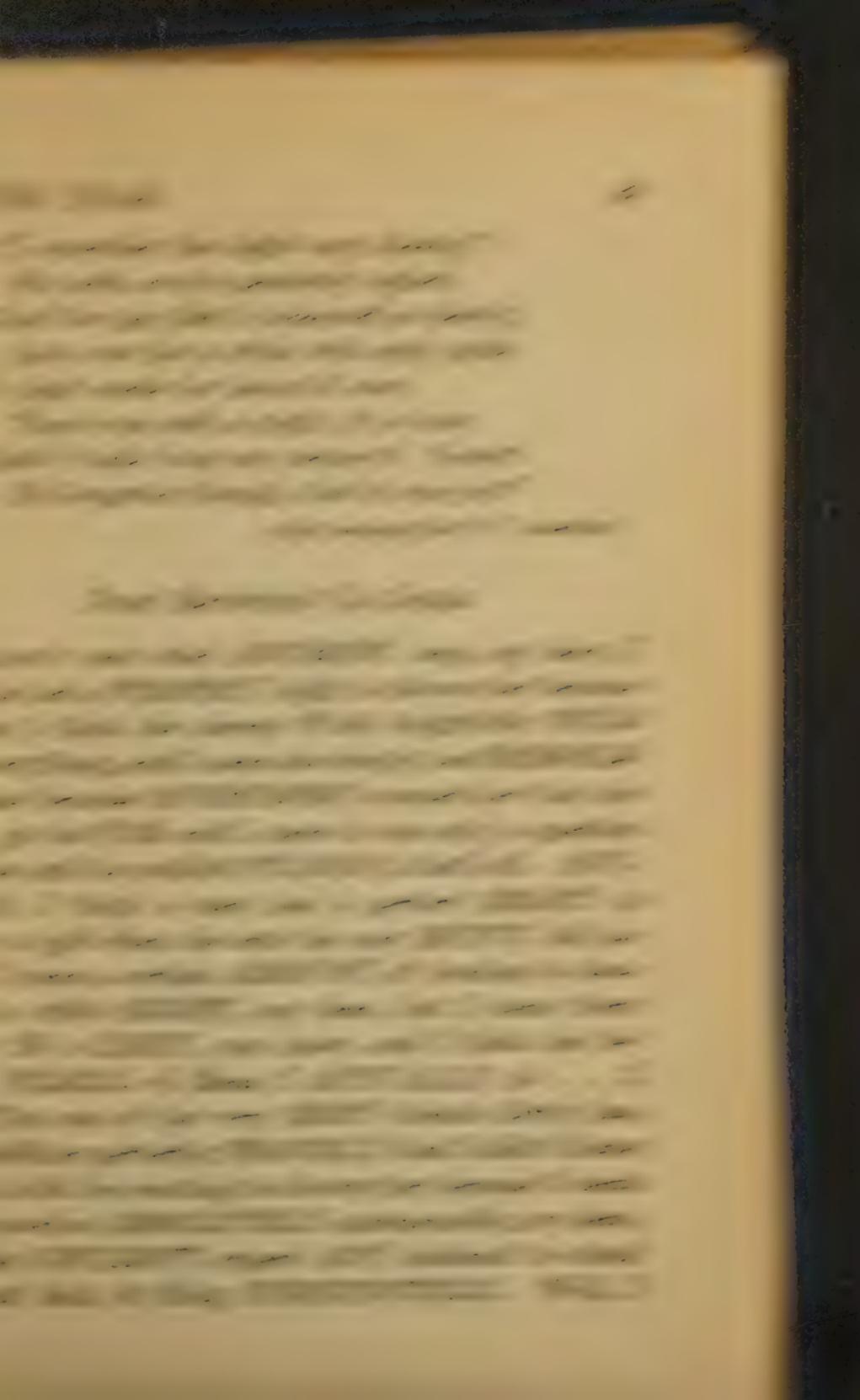
SWEET MEMORIES

By S. E. Kiser

“I wonder if you can remember,”
He asked, looking down in her eyes,
“A night in a bygone September
When a boy was made glad by your sighs?
It was calm; not a leaf was in motion;
Romance seemed afloat in the air,
And he promised you life-long devotion,
And gave you his class pin to wear.

“Do you ever recall that occasion?
When, lingering long after dusk,
You rewarded his eager persuasion?
The night air was heavy with musk;
A bell in the distance rang faintly;
’Twas a night made for lovers alone;
And assuring you that you were saintly,
The boy took your hands in his own.

“He told you how much he would miss you
When college had called him away.
And then you allowed him to kiss you,
Too happy to answer him nay.
That night in a bygone September
I often and proudly recall;
I wonder if you can remember
The glory and charm of it all.”



mean she was simply LIVID about it and she said she thought I was her FRIEND and that I'd turned AGAINST her all of a sudden and she simply COULDN'T understand it unless I was interested in HENRY myself! Well, I simply got right up without a WORD my dear, and LEFT the house and I mean we haven't spoken a WORD to each other SINCE. Because I mean it's perfectly TRUE I've always been frightfully FOND of Henry but she knows as well as I do, my dear, that he asked me to marry him LONG before he did her, and I think for her to make such a perfectly POISONOUS remark as that was the VILEST thing I've ever known, my dear, and I simply CANT understand her being JEALOUS of me after ALL these YEARS, my dear—I mean I ACTUALLY can't!"

—*Lloyd Mayer in Life.*

CYNICAL SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The district visitor was sympathizing with a shop-keeper who had just lost her husband.

"I'm sure, Mrs. Griggs," she said, "you miss him very much."

"Well, m'm," said the bereaved, "it certainly do seem strange to go into the shop and find something in the till."

—*Liverpool Evening Express.*

* * * * *

"Is Mary Jones old?"

"Old? When they brought in her birthday cake last time, six guests fainted with the heat."

—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon.*

* * * * *

An elderly gentleman, who had never seen a football game, was persuaded by a young enthusiast to attend one of the minor gridiron contests.

"Now," said the young fellow, as the game was about to start, "you will see more excitement for a couple of dollars than you ever saw before."

"I have my doubts about that," replied the elderly gentleman. "That's all my marriage license cost me."

—*Texas Ranger.*

* * * * *

An Iowa couple who lived in peace and harmony for about forty years, agreed early in their married life

that, whenever one of them started an argument, the other was to walk out of the home and remain until the storm had subsided. It is said that the man is a perfect picture of health, due to the fact that he has spent so much of his life living out of doors.

—*Clara City (Minn.) Herald.*

* * * * *

He rushed into the room where his wife was sitting.
“My dear,” he said, excitedly, “guess what’s happened! Intelligence has just reached me—”

“Well, thank Heaven, Harry!” she replied, rushing to embrace him.

—*American Legion Weekly.*

* * * * *

MAN (*to wife who had just had twins*): “Will you never get over the habit of exaggerating?”

—*Rutgers Chanticleer.*

SHORE FIRE

By Viola Brothers Shore

A MAN wants justice; a woman, justice plus. And she will even do without the justice, if she can have the plus.

Next to being licked, a man hates being misunderstood. And worse than being licked, a woman hates being understood.

A woman will always cherish the memory of the man who wanted to marry her; a man, of the woman who didn’t.

Women do not always love the men who are most generous to them. But they hate to give them up.

In the game of love, women start off as experts and men end up as amateurs.

Poverty is no bar to love. But you would hardly call it a drawing card.

The wise wife mothers her husband. But only now and then.

The art of conversation is dead and in its place we have the monologue, the wisecrack and the amorous pass.

Men learn a lot of things at college they never use. Women use a lot of things they never learned at college.

Love gives you nothing. It only provides you with the chance to use what you have.

You can't argue with a husband. But that's no reason for letting him have his own way.

A woman worries and worries until she turns a lover into a husband, and then she worries and worries because she can't turn him back again.

A man will often deny he's wrong, even when he knows he is. A woman will often admit she is, when she knows she isn't, just for the pleasure of the scene.

A man is as old as he feels—and he would like his wife to be as old as he feels.

Often when a man stays away from a pretty woman, he credits his strength of character, when in reality it's only his fear of lowering his batting average.

When two girls start wearing each other's clothes, one is going to be better dressed than she used to be.

There's nothing so sad as reading over old letters.
And that's why men throw theirs away and women don't.

Don't fall for that second charlotte russe. Remember, you'll have to take off tomorrow what you put on today.

They say if people talk about you, your ears burn—particularly if they happen to be talking down the radiator pipe.

A girl will have a lot more respect for a man if he doesn't try to kiss her. But she'll invite somebody else to the clambake.

—Copyright, 1926, Collegiate World Publishing Co.

* * * * *



Love Sick Dentist—She loves me, she loves me not,
she—

—Copyright, 1926, Judge, New York.

WHAT SHE FORGOT

LADY (*just back from shopping*): "I've got a feeling that I've forgotten something. Ah, yes, I know! I left my husband waiting outside the store and then came out the other way. I bet the silly fool's waiting there still!"

—*Wall Street Journal.*

* * * * *

A young husband criticized the biscuits his bride served him for breakfast, employing the usual comparison. Instead of weeping, as some brides would, she got busy and set before him the next morning a plate of hot biscuits alleged to be the real thing.

"Now you've got it," he exclaimed delightedly. "These are exactly like mother used to make. How did you happen to hit upon the recipe?"

"It's no great secret," said his wife. "I put in oleo instead of butter, used cold storage eggs, dropped a bit of alum in the flour, and adulterated the milk. Remember, sweetheart, that mother lived before the enactment of pure food laws."

—*Boston Transcript.*

* * * * *

CLIENT: "I want to find out if I have grounds for divorce?"

ATTORNEY: "Are you married?"

CLIENT: "Of course I am."

ATTORNEY: "You have."

—*Missouri Pacific.*



A CHINESE MARRIAGE TALE

A coolie and his wife, belonging to a small inland village in the Feng Yan district, were spending a day on the Yang-tse-kiang river. They had just divested themselves of their foot-gear and limb garments preparatory to having a wade in the shallow portion near the banks.

“By the spirit of Buddha, woman,” said the coolie, “but thou hast soiled feet, indeed, for a Chinese woman. Art not ashamed?”

“Thou hast no rights to comment,” the woman retorted sharply. “Look thee how much blacker are thine own.”

“Yea, woman,” said the coolie imperturbably, “but thou mightest remember that I am four years older than thou.”

—Translated by America's Humor from
FENG YAN CHAT (Chinese humorous weekly).

THE RETORT CURT

A young business man who was engaged to a very pretty and flirtatious girl wrote the following to a friend of his:

"I have been told that you took my fiancee out riding and that you were seen to hug and kiss her. Please drop by my office tomorrow and we will have this out!"

The next morning he received the following message from a messenger boy:

"I have received your circular letter and will be at the meeting in time!"

—*America's Humor.*

* * * * *

NOT INTERESTED

"Did you inform father you intended to marry me?" asked the girl with fluffy hair.

"Yes," answered the young man with large eyeglasses. "All he said was that he wasn't very well acquainted with me and he didn't see why I should tell him my troubles."

—*Washington Star.*]

* * * * *

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

"Jenkins and his divorced wife are going to be remarried next week. Are you invited?"

"Yes. I wonder if they'll have the gall to expect another set of wedding presents."

—*Boston Transcript.*

NOTHING TO BREAK HIS FALL

"Say, jedge," an indignant colored gentleman announced, "Ah wants fo' to git a conjunction out again mah wife. She done th'owed me clean out o' mah secon'-story winder, right spang on a pile ob bricks."

"But you don't seem to be any worse for the fall, Sam," replied the judge. "Not hurt any, are you?"

"No suh, Ah ain't hurt," was the doleful reply, "but 'sposin' she does it agin, an' dem bricks ain't there?"

—*Farm Life.*

* * * * *

HUNTING A NUT

ATTENDANT—"There's a man outside who wants to know if any of the patients have escaped lately."

DIRECTOR OF THE ASYLUM—"Why does he ask?"

ATTENDANT—"He says some one has run away with his wife."

—*Outlaw.*

**WHAT A 1926 YOUNG GIRL THOUGHT
ABOUT**

MY SILVER DRESS

Reflections of a Lady to Whom an Intelligent Young Gentleman Is Talking of Politics and Art

I WISH I'd worn my silver dress; of course it was raining blue thunderbolts when I started, but this old gold thing is beginning to look like the devil; in a charming room like this it's really barbarous, and then with silver walls it would have been lovely; all the other women in wonderful taffeta *robes de style*; pink and peach and cream color; good Lord what a fool I was!

I must look like the devil; I wish I'd worn my silver dress; it's precisely like me to appear in this scene of elegance in this crazy gold one that looks like hop-sacking; at least like my idea of hop-sacking or is it sack-cloth?

Why am I always such a fool and why are all these other women so marvelous? I never saw such tidy hair in all my life; mine is without exception the worst hair in the world; it goes every which way and it's an absolutely rotten kind of hair; if I'd worn my silver dress I might have looked halfway decent, I suppose; why on this night of all nights didn't I wear my silver dress?

It might have made all the difference; imagine my looking like a beggar woman or a horrible rough bear-cub in the middle of this exquisite room; silver walls

and crystal sconces and roses and everything that I love, and I didn't have the sense to wear my silver dress; I wonder if anyone was ever such a fool before?

I wouldn't so much mind not having a bran-new taffeta dress like every darn one of these other women if only I'd worn my silver dress; after all it would have been lovely in this room and silver looks much more like spring than gold; I'm the only person in the whole world who could have been such a fool as to come in this rough brutal bear-cub gold dress and in April and among all these roses and lilies and the other things I love; silver walls and crystal sconces and beautiful black lacquer and I in the midst of it looking like a savage Orson to everyone else's Valentine; damn it I am the most infernal fool alive, and then all the other skirts are so much longer and all the other women look so ladylike and gentlewomanly except myself and I look precisely like a fool.

Why have I these terrible long legs? Why the devil am I so tall? Why do I look like some bear-cub? Why do I stride about looking like an enormously tall bear-cub in this crazy gold dress among all the beautiful people?

Everyone else is so exquisite and sleek and gentle and I am like a rough crazy blot on the delicate loveliness of this room; this week of all weeks of course Mr. Talloh wouldn't wave my hair; Fanny never makes it look the same, and anyway it's rotten hair and a remarkably silly color; cinnamon bear-cub color; I have always hated my nose but if I had worn my silver dress I might feel more reconciled to it; really these lovely

women in pale-pink taffeta dresses have the most delightful noses I ever beheld!

I suppose I'm the only woman in the room without a straight nose and a short upper lip and a new taffeta dress; and the wind has blown my hair into whiffets; it's outrageous hair and I dislike it intensely; I dislike my eyebrows; I have a nice mouth but it would be nicer if I'd worn my silver dress; how happy I might have been if only I'd worn my silver dress!

It's sacrilege to drink good champagne in a dreadful dress like this; it's an uncivilized dress; it's precisely the sort of dress that a tall bear-cub might wear; crazy rough gold; the child she-bear!

April and all these flowers and lovely things and this enchanting silver room with sconces of showery crystal and I didn't even have the sense to wear my silver dress!

Oh, I know it was raining when I started, but anyone else would have guessed that it would clear; with a moon and stars, and in April; all the other women have perfectly new silver slippers and mine are gold and have splashes of rain on them.

It might have made all the difference if I'd worn my silver dress; now it's too late forever; probably I'll never be anything but an infernal fool; I wish I'd worn my silver dress!

—ELINOR WYLIE in *The New Yorker*.

* * * * *

SHOCKING!

SHE: "Will you be good if I kiss you?"

HE: "Do you think I'm a miracle man?"

—Penn State Froth.

THEY EVEN ADVERTISE IT NOW

MARRIAGE BROKERS OFFICE

GIRLS BOYS

Pleasant and Surprising News!

At last we have found means to remedy the great evil of America. In this country, where thousands of boys and girls come from all countries, it should have been easy to bring about good marriages, but the system was wrong.

We have therefore organized this Central Marriage Bureau, where only respectable people may be registered. Information is free and if one cannot appear personally, he may write or telephone, explaining all difficulties. It is the duty of every respectable boy or girl, who wishes to make a good match, to register in this bureau.

Such an office has never before existed in America, and it is the duty of parents to see that their children are registered here. Study carefully this advertisement and you will see that this is one of the greatest accomplishments in America. Do not lose any time. Come to the office which is open every day from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M. Friday until 4 P.M. It is closed Saturdays and holidays.

MARRIAGE BROKER'S OFFICE

—East—th Street, N. Y.

Between 1st & 2nd Aves.

Ground floor

—Circular distributed in
New York.

DOLLAR DAY AT THE COURT HOUSE

In keeping with the Dollar Day Community Event here

LLOYD L. SHAFFER

Clerk of the Court

—Announces That—

All persons from Allegany County applying for

Marriage Licenses Today

WILL PAY ONE DOLLAR ONLY

Reduced from \$2.00—Today, to Allegany County Couples, \$1.00

—Cumberland Daily News, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Johnson had quarreled. Then silence reigned. He sat near the stove, sullenly looking at the glowing embers. Mrs. Johnson, looking as rough as Atchison's hard-faced brakeman, was gazing out the window.

Suddenly Mrs. Johnson said "Pete, come here—I want you to look at something."

Pete grunted, and went over to the window.

"Do you see that team of horses pulling that wagon load of coal up that hill?" Mrs. Johnson asked.

Pete grunted.

"Why can't you and I pull together like that?" Mrs. Johnson said.

"By heck, we could pull together like those horses are pulling, if there was only one tongue between us," snapped Pete.

And then another big fight was on.

—*Atchison Globe.*

* * * * *

An old farmer attended a big picnic and stayed over to watch the dancing at night. He hadn't been out in the world much, and he was deeply impressed with the girls' clothes at that dance.

"Some of the ladies' clothes I see here," he said, "plumb puts me in mind of a barb wire fence."

Somebody asked him why.

"Well," said he, "it's this way—they appear to protect the property without obstructin' the view."

—*Kansas City Star.*

CARNEGIE MEDAL FOR DIVORCE GROUNDS IN 1926

The final rift in the Hulms' marital relations came when Attorney Walter Ham brought the wife to Judge Gates' court and won her a divorce. The German philosopher, Nietzsche, was the cause of her unhappiness, Mrs. Hulm was sure. She said her husband always had a few "queer" ideas, but for the most part had been kind. Then he read, "The Genealogy of Morals."

"He began to talk about something he called 'master morality,'" Mrs. Hulm testified. "He told me that everything I had been taught to consider good was really bad from the standpoint of the race. He said it was the philosophy of weaklings, and that the strong and really good did as they pleased.

"He began to act awfully funny. He would stick out his chest and say he was a 'blond beast,' although both his hair and eyes were dark. He started bringing liquor home and giving parties at the house, and when I remonstrated, he just laughed. He said he was using his 'master morality' and what he did was all right, because he was strong.

"One night he went the limit, and brought home some other woman with him. I went wild, and he laughed at me, and said I ought to develop a 'master morality,' too. If I did, he said, I would simply overcome him or else forget him entirely. Forgetting, he said, was one of the best attributes of 'master morality,' because then

you didn't hold any grudge, and feel someone had put something over on you. That left you free of any inferior feeling, and you remained a master, instead of a slave."

—*Los Angeles Paper.*

* * * * *

WIFE: "Do you realize that twenty-five years ago today we became engaged?"

ABSENTMINDED PROFESSOR: "Twenty-five years! You should have reminded me before. It's certainly time we got married."

—*Bison.*

"No, I can't marry you."

"Aw! come on. Just this once, and I'll never ask you to again."

—*Goblin (Toronto).*

* * * * *

SAME THING

Heading in Smith's Weekly, of Sydney Australia:

BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MIRAGES.

MARRIED. S. Jackson Coleman, barrister, to Muzza Schonau, musician; in London. The ceremony was performed in Esperanto. Rev. A. J. Ashley, Yorkshire church Vicar, officiated in strange sounding syllables. The bridegroom is known as "Edzigonto," the bride as "edzigontino," the bridesmaid as "edzigunolino." "Cu vi deziras havi ci tiun virinon kielvian langlelan edzin on," Rev. Ashley ceased the solemn fluent intonations, gazed inquiringly at the edzigontino. Said she, forsaking virgin existence: "Mi tion volas." Later, the party adjourned to a restaurant where the edzigontino played violin selections, the sole happening of the day not in Esperanto.

—*Time.*

ADVERTISING

ADVERTISING was established in the United States in 1492 and is employed today as a means of livelihood for young men who can draw and write. It is second only to bond-selling as an outlet for a class known as College Graduates. It is also second only to the movies (q.v.) in providing scorn-fodder for the literary intelligentsia. It is not known how far advertising would reach if laid end to end, but statisticians have estimated that Cyrus H. K. Curtis and Condé Nast are fairly well-to-do.

THE PSYCHOPATHIC WARD

By Edward Hope

(Stenographic report of remarks dropped by a young man held in Bellevue for observation. *As produced in the Garrick Gaieties of 1926.*)

But it's not all right, I tell you. It's not all right. Suppose I order filet mignon and it *is* fish. Then what? Answer me that . . .

No. No, thank you. I won't sit down. Never sit down when a lady is standing. You'll find that on page 163. Right after How to Know Your Forks. Rise when a lady enters the room. Remain standing until she seats herself . . . But how can you tell she's a lady? There's a question. So the only thing to do is stand all the time. Keep right on standing.

Standing room only. Standing room in the sitting room. Sitting in the standing room. And never say parlor. Drawing room, sitting room, living room,—but never parlor.

So you see I can't sit down. Got to sit up. Sit up and take notice. And get that fifty-dollar raise. A fifty-dollar raise once a week. And read the books faithfully. Fifteen books a day. Five shelfs. Fifteen feet a day. The five-minute shelf of books. And *that's* how I succeeded. Just read all the books. Fifteen times a day. And they gave me a five-minute raise.

* * *

But, my dear sir, how do you expect to succeed with a beard? The beard must come off. You must look young, clean, vigorous. A clean shave. A clean shave never decays. Shave! Shave! Shave while you earn.

Up one flight and shave ten dollars. Too bad I didn't bring my razor.

And your hair's getting thin. I'm afraid there's not much hope for you. Thin hair! Tut tut tut tut tut! Isn't that terrible? Thin hair. Four out of five, you know. Four out of five are bald at birth. Or shortly after. Think of it. Four out of five. Often a bridegroom, never a bride. That's what comes of having dandruff on your collar. Even your best friends can't brush you. Four out of five of 'em can't brush you.

* * *

What you need, of course, is vitamines. A very delicate subject, vitamines. Let us speak frankly. As one woman speaks to her daughter. Let us be honest where happiness is at stake. In every box. Happiness. Happiness in every box of steak.

All vitamines aside, are you sure of your vocabulary? Can you use words simply, logically, forcefully? I thought not. That was what was the matter with poor Jones.

* * *

Poor Jones was a plugger. He worked hard but he never seemed to get anywhere. Eminent surgeons examined him and said he had only a few days to live. He suffered agonies from cramps, psycho-analysis and metonymy. People asked each other out everywhere, but poor Jones never went out. Never went out like a light . . . It was a difficult thing to discuss.

And then one day by a happy accident, poor Jones clipped the coupon. Thought he was clipping his

moustache and clipped the coupon. Do you know what Jones had? Do you? Of course not. How would you know what Jones had? You never clipped the coupon.

Poor old Jones had been suffering all those years from superfluous breath.

* * *

He was a business failure. Just like you. Because he kept worrying about the little things. The little things that count. Seventy-three per cent of business failures come from worrying about the little things. The little things that don't count. Like those pimples of yours. Why should you worry about them. All you've got is a few pimples. Oh, *quite* a few pimples.

Do you ever sit in corners at dances and hear people talking about your pimples? Pimples talking about your people. Peoples talking about your pimple. In the corners. At the dances. Do you? Well, you will. You will! So never sit in corners. Because corners is where you hear about your pimples.

Though if it isn't one thing it'll be something else. Like your teeth, for instance. Four out of five are afraid to smile.

* * *

Your teeth have been meeting your gums again. That's what's the matter with you. Teeth. Meeting gums. You'll never be socially popular, I'm afraid. Not while you have teeth. Teeth. You old gift-horse.

And your teeth are covered with film. You're afraid to smile. Teeth with film all over them. You look like a moving picture. With all that film. Women won't like you. One woman will tell another. And

then where are you? Ruined. If your teeth keep meeting your gums like that.

* * *

If every woman had a trained nurse for a sister, there'd be more vacuum cleaners in use. More clinical thermometers. And soap.

When a schoolgirl is just getting her complexion, she should give up the old, dangerous method of doing away with excess boy friends. Try our new method! No diets, no corsets, no fresh air, no exercise. No bones. Gorton's codfish. Simple and easy. Any woman can do it.

The booklet is absolutely free. Send for it now. We send it in a plain wrapper. Not even your name on it. So the postman won't find out. Nobody'll know that you are suffering. From graying hair. Your graying hair problem is solved. By our graying hair-nets.

Keep your schoolgirl complexion. On fifteen days free trial. After that, your money or your life.

* * *

That's what's so different about me. I have a magnetic personality. Got it for twelve dollars. And the soap wrappers.

I was getting along beautifully when alcoholitosis set in. Alcoholitosis, the scientific term for pleasant breath. I couldn't imagine what was the matter. No one would come within fifty feet of me. I always got a seat in the subway. My work began to fall off. And my hair. And my arches. And my teeth. And then I read the advertisement. Mrs. Brown of Witchita, Kansas, says launder it in Lux. I did. They hired

me at once. And doubled my salary the next day when they found out I had read a book.

Why? You ask me why? Because the tropics are calling you. The Tropics. The current tropics. The tropics of the day. The unpleasant tropics. Are calling you. The tropics are calling you a big damn fool.

And that's why. They ask me in.

* * *

But should she ask him in?

She has been introduced to him at a party. He has seen her home. They are standing on the porch. Should she ask him in?

Has Emily Post spoken frankly with her? Has Bernarr Macfadden? No. . . . What is she to do, then? Should she ask him in?

If she does will she succeed? Or will he? Will she find herself left out of parties? Will waiters speak French to her? Will she become a wallflower? Will her nose pores become conspicuous? A very delicate situation. And not a coupon in sight.

Things have come to a pretty pass. There they are on the porch. And her Mother hasn't spoken frankly to her. Mothers withhold the facts of life. But the Boy Friends . . . Ah, the Boy Friends are full of facts. And life.

That is the danger line . . . Teeth . . . meeting gums . . . The old-fashioned, dangerous way . . . Should she ask him in? . . . Should she . . . ask him? . . . Don't ask me. Ask . . . Mr. Foster . . . Ask for the free . . . booklet . . . Send . . . no . . . money . . .

If every woman . . . had . . . a policeman . . .

HOW TO KEEP THE BRAIN COOL AND PAINLESS

(Being excerpts from an advertisement from the Rockland County, N.Y., Leader.)

THINK AND READ!

We are here to produce, not to cause the blues, and no fear to get confused. **SAVE YOUR MONEY, USE MIRACLE MYSTERY.**

Keep your brain cool and painless, immediately with first phenominal treatment. No matter who has been treating your head, or any other case. We are manifesting below **MIRACLE MYSTERY** will improve your respiration at the same time "Health is Wealth."

No monkey business, categorically speaking. Approved by immediately established proof. Guaranteed to give the world's greatest satisfaction and the quickest relief with immediate proof. No matter in what sensitive condition your face may be—for instance, irritation, inflammation, blood poison caused by rusty nail or any kind of infection with unbearable itching, covered with boils, or any skin disease, makes no difference what kind to alleviate.

No massage, hot towels or any fuss of any kind used. Just short, simple, sublime, beauty, nature, purity.

No chemical process, dope, alcohol. No apparatus used. Just apply the phenominal lotion—**MIRACLE MYSTERY**—and instantly noticing cooling, healing,

soothing as morning breezes. It is too good to be true, but IT IS TRUE.

MORE PHENOMINAL YET!

If you are subject to life time chroic headaches, caused by neuralgia, neuritis, high blood pressure, mental strain, dizziness, no matter if it is rattle snakes, the same phenominal treatment will end immediately all these troubles. . . .

The same phenominal Lotion RULES THE HAIR without brush, dandruff instantly checked at the same time, and keeps the hair and scalp clean without artificial or chemical process, no comparison with any HAIR TONIC AND SKIN LOTION in all the world as we stated above. . . .

Treatment or Demonstration Free. Call at now on exhibition under the personal attention of the PROMINENT, PAINLESS, ODORLESS BARBER, formerly twelve years with the Hotel St. Regis, 55th street and 5th avenue, New York city, and Hotel Ambassador, 51st street and Park avenue, New York city.

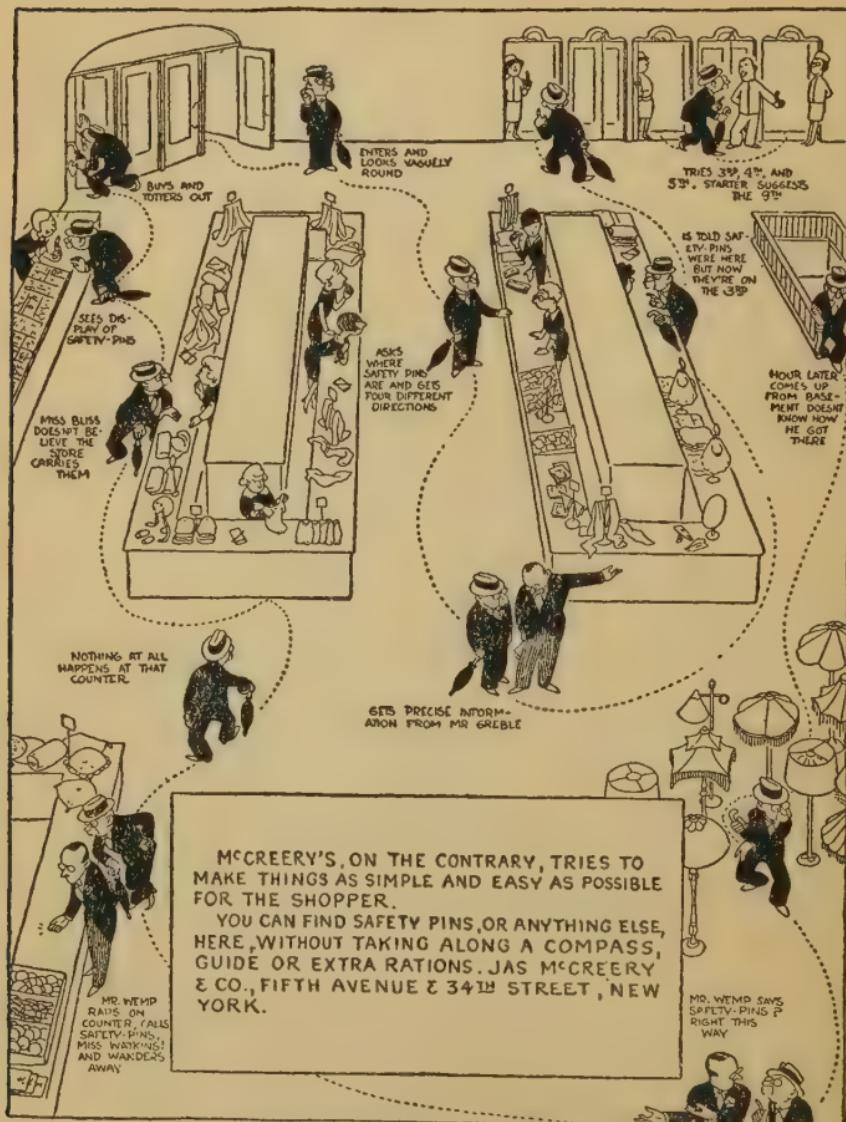
NOW located in Rockland County Automobile Company Building, 1 South Main street, Room 1, opposite Railroad Station.

HOURS FROM 5 TO 11 P. M.

Kindly make your reservations in advance if you can.
Thank you.

J. P. MARISCO, Proprietor.
SPRING VALLEY, N. Y.

NEW NOTE IN DEPARTMENT STORE ADVERTISING



—Copyrighted by McCreery; published in the New Yorker.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Midsummer electric sign on negro moving picture house in New York's brown belt, Harlem:

TONIGHT

HOT

MAMMA

COOLED BY REFRIGERATION

40° COOLER THAN THE STREET

In the spring of glorious 1926 two signs embellished the front of Loew's Times Square Theatre. The first read:

"GO STRAIGHT—WITH OWEN MOORE."

The other admonished the passerby as follows:

"COMPROMISE—WITH IRENE RICH."

On the road to Great Barrington, Massachusetts:

**MOM'S HOME MADE PIES
POP ON ICE**

LOOK, BOYS!

Everybody in town is talking about
THE JUNIORS' PROMENADE!

SPEND A GAY EVENING



THE SOCIAL EVENT OF THE YEAR

"THE LAST WALTZ WITH HER!"

BRING MOTHER TO THE PROM!

DANDY GIRLS! NIFTY MUSIC! LOTS OF FUN?

Harry Converse's Novelty Mandolin Band!

Hear Harry on the Mandolin!

Dance in the
biggest and best
ballroom in town!

SAYLES

Donated by Mr. Sayles
good luck, Mr. Sayles!
Endorsed by the Brown Club

LOOK, BOYS! - The Girls from the Women's College will be there - LOOK, BOYS!

A Big Surprise Favor for Everyone!

Kandy for the Kiddies!

Brown Jug.

THE WATER TOWER

The text for this week's sermon is taken from the October 25th number of TIME, beginning at the 35th page. You may remember that the lesson last week taught us that Aquazone, the bubbling mineral water, because it is supercharged with oxygen, removes ill after effects when used as a mixer.

* * *

TIME tells us of the startling experiments of the Dutch scientist, P. M. v. Wulfften Palthe. Experiments which completely justify Aquazone, the scientist himself, and the new fashion of *not* having headaches the morning after. Herr Palthe "found that pure oxygen is a powerful antidote against the effects of alcohol."

* * *

Belgian Hares in a Dutch Laboratory

Inviting countless rabbits into his laboratory (and nothing could be more countless than rabbits) the cordial host "gave them enough alcohol to kill them, and quickly brought them almost to normal with oxygen."

This indomitable Dutch host then invited several countrymen to his workshop to enjoy a drunken revel, and brought them to an abrupt state of sobriety (perhaps sooner than they desired) with the use of the same revivifier.

* * *

With his zeal at concert pitch, Herr Palthe sought a "dead drunk" in Utrecht. Among the gutters he searched, examined the spaces under immaculate Dutch brass rails, and peered

eagerly in the back doors of the Holland equivalents of Hoos Gows. Americans! Let us take off our hats, stand in silence, and have one full minute of blush. *There are no "dead drunks" in Utrecht!*

* * *

But P. M. v. Wulfften Palthe has not lived in vain. He has shown the world that oxygen will destroy bad after effects of alcohol. America upholds the teaching of this great Dutchman with its Aquazone, the only mineral water *supercharged* with oxygen. At first we thought it would be well to suggest celebrating a Palthe Day once a year. But then we decided that the situation arises every day, not once a year.

* * *

So let us perpetually commemorate the service to mankind of the man who made drinking officially scientific. Let us drink to him at any hotel, club, or restaurant that sells Aquazone, and most do, or let us make it a home rite by getting our Aquazone from the grocer, druggist or any Busy Bee store.

VANDERBILT 6434

Advertisement

* * * * *

“Does she believe in advertising?”

“Why, she’s even got a label on her coat—‘Guaranteed fast.’”

—Stevens Stone Mill.

* * * * *

The latest bit of advertising veracity comes from the correspondence school which advertised that after studying one lesson all of its pupils were fired with enthusiasm.

—Copyright, 1926, Judge, New York.

PRIZE ASSORTMENT OF 1926 WANT ADS.

PERSONAL—Dear Joe, please come home and wire me.

—*Chicago Paper.*

Will not be responsible for any debt contracted by myself.
Era Johnston, Mart 2133, Spring Garden.

—*Philadelphia Paper.*

ESSENCE OF BIRDS SOAP. It is the finest purest of the pure medicines of the world of magic Its use makes a man look like Rosy, Soapy, and Flourishing like the Kashmere Apple. On the whole it is one of the magics ever produced.

—*Calcutta Paper.*

I am not responsible for any debts contracted by anyone.
Mrs. Lorella R. Levi. 816 Jackson Ave.

—*New Orleans Paper.*

300 wonderful ties. Some imported fabrics, some of heavy American materials. Silk; Silk and Rayon mixtures. They wont last long!

—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune.*

When sorrow clouds hang low and heavy, we render a service carries efficiency as well as a wealth of deepest feeling. Years of experience has taught us the most satisfactory way to aid a family in hours of grief. You may depend on this undertaking establishment to properly take care of every little detail, regardless of your wishes.

—*From a Virginia Paper.*

Milady Beauty Shoppe announces it will give special reduced prices on permanent paving all through this month.

—*Florida Paper.*

For sale, baker's business; good trade; large oven; present owner been in it for seven years; good reasons for leaving.

—*London Paper.*

For sale—Fine bay mare. Has twin colts and Boston Bull pups. Box 6 R. F. D. 2.

—*Steele (Pa.) Paper.*

TO LET. Room for single lady with family. Edificio Bergas. 3d floor.

—*Tampico (Texas) Paper.*

Account of new arrival in family, will sell almost new saxaphone, cheap. Address Sax, care of Union.

—*Port Jervis, N. Y., Paper.*

8586. Who will save me? I am in the grip of romance, my only weakness; take pity on me, with eyes toward Heaven I pray for my mate; will give my life's devotion to a girl under 135 pounds who will save my health and future from a living hell. Am struggling one more year for a professional career; am 29, 5-7, of nice appearance.

—*Marriage Bells, Bridgeport, Conn.*

Don't Divorce Your Wife, because she can't cook. Eat Here and keep her for a pet.

—*Advertisement of Park Row Lunch Room.*

I owe all to the Herald-Tribune for disposing of my Dodge car which, by the way, cost only 80 cents. I certainly am enthusiastic about the pulling powers of your good newspaper. Mrs. L—.

—*New York Herald-Tribune.*

I offer my services to the public as a literary writer on all subjects, whether solum or joyful. All-soe obituarist, giving departed friends glorious welcome to the hair-after.

—*Georgia Paper.*

Want a Waterman's pen in exchange for a wonderful complete constipation cure, or will sell same for \$2. Samuel _____, — Orchard Street, City.

—*N. Y. Daily Graphic.*

Beautiful hand-engraved, 18-karat solid white gold baby ring given absolutely free with every purchase of a wedding ring.

—*Denver Paper.*

WOMAN WANTED. As laundress, \$15 a week, with room and board, fare paid, no experiences required. Apply or phone Hotel Fleischmann's.

—*Oneonta, N. Y., Paper.*

LOST—Great Dane on Tuesday, August 17, License No. 347,953. Reward \$25. Return to Walter's Hot Dog Stand, Boston Post Road.

—*Mamaroneck Paper.*

*Motion picture studio job wanted; ambitious 17-year-old boy, half lower jaw missing, comical appearance, desires to become comedian. Box G. 482 Graphic.

—*New York Evening Graphic.*

WANTED—Furnished kitchen, sink, hot and cold water, bedroom, private bath, extra room desirable, not essential; English couple; within 20 minutes' walk center. No children, roaches or other vermin. Full particulars. N. F. W? 124 Hurt Bldg.

—*Atlanta Paper.*

END YOUR HIGH COST OF LIVING

Utterly through all Your Prolonged Lifetime Have Earth's Abundances of **EVERY** elegant EATS complete. **EVERY**

*Star indicates that advertiser has been examined by Graphic Vocational Expert and is especially indorsed as well qualified for the work indicated.

flavor balanced nourishments, banquets, beverages, automatic ever-ready, home produced. NEW CREATED SEEDS In-trusted \$1.00. 500,000% profits each season multiplying on ward. NEW RACE Super-education great power. 10c, 50c \$1.00.

Every desirable good right unfailable.

G. WASHINGTON

—Okeelanta, Fla., Paper.

WANTED, BOY—High-school graduate to work in general merchandise store in small interior town and learn to be a shoemaker. One who can help milk the cow and play in the band preferred. Must be youth of clean habits; cigarette smokers sheiks and loafers need not apply. Boy who understands Diesel gas-engine and Fordson tractor will be given preference. Users of intoxicating liquors and profane language will not be considered. Boy who gets this job must not be too proud and aristocratic to mingle with the live-stock and chickens and help out in the kitchen now and then. Tenor singer who is a good strike-out baseball pitcher will find this an ideal situation. Must be early riser and not afraid of work. You will work in a very healthful climate, with beautiful surroundings, fine fishing, woodlands abound in wild game and flowers. Horse to ride Sunday afternoons. Good chance to learn a trade and the principles of business and see the country. Must be a good salesman. Apply in your own handwriting, sending late photograph with three recommendations. \$12. a month to start for live wire, with chance to buy interest in the business. Employer can furnish board and room at \$9.50, if you will mow the lawn in your spare time. Address "Newton," care Orange Daily Leader.

—Orange (Texas) Paper.

MAN; experienced; take charge of small rubber plant; write stating experience, age and salary expected. R787 World.

—*N. Y. World.*

FORD—High powered 1914 pre-war motor, \$35 cash. Be something socially.

—*Springfield, Ill., Paper.*



Jim Tully says: "I recall writing my first short story. It was a tale of the ring called 'Battle Galore' and Clayton Hamilton gave me advice on how to build it up. I am certain that the Palmer Course would have saved me years of labor."

—*From a national advertisement in Judge.*



THAT IS ALL I ASK

I am absolutely sure that she wears them.

I am confident that no metal can touch me.

I do not doubt that it is good to the last drop.

I am certain that a few cents make a whale of a difference.

I am willing to bet my last dollar that it floats.

I am thoroughly convinced that it is time to retire.

I realize the necessity of keeping that schoolgirl complexion.

But I am now near the end of my auto trip and I would like to see a little scenery.

—*Lawson Paynter in Life.*

"Slips under the moulding. Seals airtight. Stops all drafts dust and rattles permanently."

—*Weather-strip ad. in the Saturday Evening Post.*

"Forty Nick Carter books, very good condition, for
22 cal. revolver, 5 or 6 shooter. Write only etc."

—*N. Y. Evening Graphic.*

"I was engaged to the prettiest little doll in Indiana, but my stomach and liver trouble had made me so grouchy that she broke it off. I tried all kinds of medicine and doctors and got no relief. The gas blew me up like a porcupine, and I had awful colic attacks. Finally I heard of M—— and it has certainly fixed me up fine. I am now as good as ever."

—*New Jersey paper.*

OUR OWN SPORTING PAGES

HERE are six thousand forms of sport in the United States, of which at least four to six (authorities differ) are entirely free from commercialism. These are checkers, battledore and shuttlecock, snipe-hunting, ring around rosie, and squash. The American male indulges in outdoor sports during childhood and adolescence, after which he favors the more exciting indoor pastimes, such as poker and petting, until in his later years he reverts to such vigorous forms as walking and horseshoe-pitching.

AMERICAN OLYMPIC CONTESTS FOR 1926

Rules governing Iowa's first official hog-calling contest, a feature of the Iowa State Fair, were announced today. The selection of the champion hog-caller will be based on the point system of judging, a certain number of points being given for each of a half dozen different characteristics manifest in the contestant's call. The rules provide:

Thirty points on volume, loudness or carrying capacity of voice. Volume is necessary, the rules state, to reach the ears of hogs, especially if the wind is from the wrong direction. It also enables the neighbors to know one is at home and attending to his work. Twenty points is given on variety. A varied appeal is always more effective than a monotonous, uninteresting call. Variety in calling might be correlated with a variety of feed. Ten points will be allowed for charm or appeal to the hog, the rules stating that the hog-caller's voice must have the ring of sincerity and honesty and that it must carry conviction to the porkers or the calling is not a success. Ten points each will be given for originality, clearness or musical quality and the appearance and facial expression of the caller while in action.

—*Shenandoah, Iowa, News.*

* * * * *

A gum-spitting contest for women and girls was held yesterday at Forest Park Highlands as a feature of the

annual picnic given by the Thirty-Ninth Street Business and Improvement Association. The picnic was attended by 8000 persons. The struggle for superiority in the art of gum-spitting was ended after an hour of diligent effort on the part of all the entrants, when Mrs. Helen Hruby, of 3841 Folsom Avenue, succeeded in putting the gum a distance of thirty feet, a record so far as is known.

—*St. Louis Republic.*

* * * * *

After a practice session last week during which he devoured two cheese sandwiches, six pork chops, one large loaf of Italian bread, a dish of lettuce salad and another loaf of bread, Louis Tsirigotis, owner of a lunch wagon, has announced that he will go after the world's eating record some time this week. His tentative menu includes twelve pounds of fish, four loaves of bread, five cups of coffee and two dozen eggs. Police officers will referee the contest.

—*Morgantown, W. Va., paper.*

* * * * *

SHE:—I'm lucky at cards but I always lose at the races.

HE:—You can't shuffle the horses.

—*From the musical comedy, "Queen High!"*

* * * * *

THIS IS A GOLF JOKE

“Well, how are you hitting them today?”

“Damn it, everything's at sixes and sevens.”

—1926, *Judge, New York.*

THE LOW-DOWN ON THE BIG FIGHT

Based on a Visit to the Opposing Camps

By Robert Benchley

THE DEMPSEY CAMP

Atlantic City, Sept. 20.

A visit to the Dempsey camp was arranged for me by my pretending I was Gene Tunney and saying I wanted to fight on Monday instead of Thursday.

“But we have to go to Philadelphia to do it,” was the word sent out by the Champ.

“I want to fight *to-day* and I want to fight *here!*” was my reply.

Soon the Colossus of Clinch appeared, very natty in his blue tights, and ready for the fray.

“My name is Tinney,” I said, putting out my hand, which immediately disappeared.

“I understood you to say ‘Tunney,’ ” was the reply.

“Bless your heart, no,” I said, laughing myself into a perfect frenzy. “*Tinney* is my name, Frank Tinney.” And with this I dropped a right down to the Big Fellow’s jaw.

“Do you see much of the rest of the gang these days?” he asked.

“I see Theodore every once in awhile,” I said, sending a stinger between his ribs.

“Theodore whom?” queried the Crœsus of Cartilage.

“Just Theodore,” I said. “His parents died when he was very young.”

"Poor kiddie," mused Juggernaut Jack. And then, a few seconds later—"Poor kiddie!"

By this time I was raining rights *and* lefts on his defenseless head with such viciousness that he said:

"That's a mighty pretty pencil-clip you've got there in your pocket, Frank Tinney. How'll you swap it for three agates and a cat's-eye?"

I paused and separated my knuckles.

"I think you ought to know before we go any farther," I said quietly, "that my name is really not even Frank Tinney. Come now, 'fess up—I had you fooled for a minute there, didn't I?"

"You don't mean Frank Tinney that used to be in 'The Music Box,' do you?" asked Le Diable. "Then it was all a dream," he cried, "and I don't have to go back to that terrible school?" He was trembling now.

"Come, Jack, boy," I said, taking him by the arm and spraining my wrist, "we're going home now—home to Inglenook."

And as we walked together through the ropes I knew in my heart that Jack Dempsey would win on Thursday.

THE TUNNEY CAMP

Speculator, N. Y., Sept. 21.

On the way up here in the train to visit Gene Tunney, I allowed my thoughts to dwell on the ex-Marine and his chances against Dempsey. What would he be like? What would *I* be like?

Should I walk right up to him and say: "Look here, Gene! What's all this I hear about you boys fighting?

Come, come, you're much too big, both of you, to fight over a little thing like that. You know Jack. Headstrong, impetuous, never means a thing he says. Why don't you both come up to my room to-night and talk it over? Groton will never win the game if her two biggest boys act like this toward each other."

Should I say that? Or should I play the coward and push Tunney in the face?

As the train pulled into the station I remembered that there had been considerable talk in sporting circles about Tunney's being a colored man. It was either Tunney or Wills. I resolved to find this out the first thing that I did. If it turned out that *Wills* was the colored man, then I would have to rewrite the lead for my story of the fight (already in type) in which I said: "Jack Dempsey and the giant Negro Gene Tunney came to blows to-night in the Yankee Stadium, New York, before a record crowd."

"Where is the Tunney training camp?" I asked the station master.

"It was moved a couple of weeks ago to Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania," was the reply.

"Tunney's camp in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania!" I repeated, aghast. "Why, it hardly seems credible."

"Well, you go to your church and I'll go to mine," said the man. That finished *me*.

In summing up the chances of the two fighters, then, I may say that both Dempsey and Tunney look to be in good trim, and that, whichever one wins, I shall know that I have been in a fight

KAY—"I don't like Polo."

DETT—"Why not?"

"Too much horse play in it."

—*West Pointer.*

* * * * *

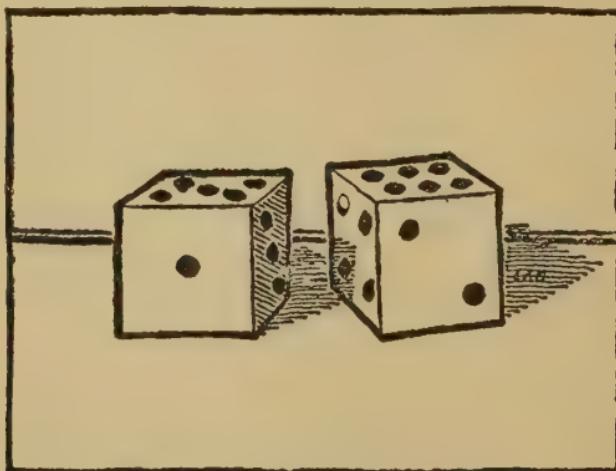
The "Masked Athlete" ordered filet mignon at a road house the other evening and drew a tiny portion.

"Is that all you serve?" he asked the waiter in disgust.

"You're getting a good break," said the servitor.

The strong man sent out for the proprietor and exclaimed, "Say, I usually *leave* more than this."

—*Vaudeville News and N. Y. Star.*



An Unbeaten Eleven from the South

—*Middlebury Blue Baboon.*

* * * * *

JIMMIE—It's shaky business.

HUGH—What is?

"Playing with dice."

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

FIRST NOTRE DAME STUDENT—"Rockne wanted to get as far away from football as he could during his vacation."

SECOND DITTO—"Why didn't he spend the winter at Harvard?"

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*



"Tut, tut, old fellow, don't make such a fuss. Remember it's only a game."

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

* * * * *

Fleeting is fame. The other day a paper referred to "Jack Dempsey husband of Estelle Taylor."

—*Life.*

* * * * *

MABEL: "How is your husband getting on with golf?"

ALICE: "Oh very well indeed. The children are allowed to watch him now."

—*Birmingham Post.*

THE ONLY DIFFICULTY

By Carolyn Wells

It seems there were two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, and they went out fishing together. Fine luck they had, pulling in all the fish they wanted. Mike would catch a whopper and then Pat would catch a walloper.

"Niver did I see such a run o' luck!" exclaimed one, and the other echoed his sentiments.

"Shall we go across and thry down forninst, by the bend o' the bank?" asked Pat, uncertainly.

"No," returned Mike. "Do yez be contint to shtay right here. This is the fat place to ketch 'em! No other shpot wud be half so foine."

"Maybe yer roight," agreed Pat, and again they fished in silence for a time.

Their luck held, and at last they had so many fish they decided to put for home.

"We'll come again tomorrow," Mike suggested, "and be the same token, Pat, we must hit this vury same shpot. There's no place like ut!"

"That's right, but howiver can we know the vury place again?"

"Oi'll fix that same," exclaimed Mike. "Here we are!"

He leaned carefully over before they pulled up the anchor and, taking a bit of chalk from his pocket, he made a big cross on the side of the boat.

"There," he cried, exultantly, "that settles it!"

Pat scratched his head.

"Yer idea is a foine one," he said, "but how do yez know we'll get this same boat tomorrow?"

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—Courtesy of the Syndicate and the New York Evening Telegram.

HELEN WILLS RECOVERING;
LENGLEN EXPRESSES REGRETS.

—San Francisco Bulletin. —

HEYWOOD BROUN TELLS WHY TUNNEY IS A CHAMPION

There is a moral in the whole business, and this is it: our world needs more and better sceptics. Lately it's become the fashion to be bitter about all doubters. In schools and churches orators arise and berate all evil-minded people who refuse to accept the things which are told to them. Faith is urged upon us—faith in almost anything you care to mention. Disbelief is noxious.

"Think," some orator has said or is going to say, "of the case of Gene Tunney. He is the champion of the world. And what brought him there? Faith. Faith in himself. Others doubted and said, 'You cannot do it, Gene,' but he never wavered. In his mind there was no room for doubt. Life is like that. The man who doubts will never reach any summit. Only those who have faith climb and keep on climbing. And so I say to you, boys and girls of the Norwich Memorial High School, Have faith—faith in yourselves, in your destiny, in your country and in Calvin Coolidge."

But there really is something to be said on the other side. A doubter should be included in the schedule of the Norwich Memorial High School. He might come the very next Saturday after the faith man, and his talk in part might go something like this:

"Boys and girls of the Norwich Memorial High

School, and some of the parents over there in the corner, I'm going to talk to you this morning about prize-fighting. 'Dear, dear,' I think I hear one of the parents say, 'I don't send Winifred to school to hear about such things. She can read about them in the Graphic.' And right you are, madame, but I am using prize-fighting merely as a symbol for something important which I want to give the children this morning. Now, how many little boys and girls in this auditorium have heard of Gene Tunney? That's fine. And how many of you remember Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler? Not quite so many, I see. Life goes on.

"I'm going to tell you a story about Gene and Jack. Once upon a time Jack was the king of the heavy-weights and everybody said he was the greatest ever and could never be beaten. Of course he had been in motion pictures and had married and lived at the Ritz, but even so, practically everybody had faith in him. He had faith in himself. And that was the trouble. The boxing experts from the newspapers came to his training camp and wrote that he still possessed a mean wallop. And in all the land there was just one man brave enough to doubt. Ah, I see you've guessed it already. His name was Gene Tunney. He was the brave doubter. And every night just before he went to bed Gene Tunney used to say to himself, 'I don't think the big bozo's anything like as good as they say.' You see, he stuck to his doubts. There was faith all around him, but Gene wouldn't yield to it. He stuck to his doubts. Life is like that. Only the man who doubts

will ever reach any summit. To doubt is to question and push on. To believe is to sit in some soft spot and twiddle your thumbs. Children of the Norwich Memorial High School, never neglect to doubt. Take nothing until you have tested it in every way possible. Have doubt about yourselves, your country, and even about the football team of good old Norwich Memorial. Come down to cases. Make them show you what they've got. That's the best way you have to help your school, your country and Calvin Coolidge."

—From Heywood Broun's Column, "It Seems to Me," in *N. Y. World*.
—By courtesy of the *New York World*.



Going Into the Hands of the Receiver

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

By James J. Montague

What's the Use?

The lion, so I'm often told,
Is not ferocious, fierce or bold.

As soon as he sees man and guns
He roars with fright, and off he runs.

He even pales and flees alarmed
When he beholds a man unarmed.

And frequently is tame and mild
When chivvied by a little child.

But somehow, though I'd love to hear
A lion shriek with craven fear

And hasten shivering to his den
When I pursue him through the fen.

And though I very often gloat
To think of seizing his great throat

And shutting off his fiery breath
Until his roars were stilled by death,

'Twould be unfair to say the least,
To take advantage of a beast,

Which suffered so with cowering fright
That he could not put up a fight.

And so I am not on my way
To darkest Africa to-day.

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New York Herald-Tribune.*



"Take this damn thing and beat it. The tickin' gets on my nerves."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Two can live as cheaply as one can play golf.

—*Ted Osborne in The American Golfer.*

* * * *

STILL IN THEIR INFANCY— THE MOVIES

FROM California we get two important products:—weather and movies. As an industry the latter is said to be in its infancy, and causes untold suffering to the sophisticated element of the population, who shudder to think what it may be like when it grows up. However, this baby industry involves millions of dollars annually, and is the source of many beautiful and novel ideas in the realm of art, love, truth, uprightness, and the higher life.



"Why, whaddaya know! There he goes himself—an' with his wife!"

"My Gawd! An' me enjoyin' his pitcher the way I did!"

—*The New Yorker.*

YE TOWN GOSSIP

By K. C. B.

(*in the N. Y. American*)

ONCE MORE I've fallen IN AWFUL fear
FOR A serial
THOUGH YEARS ago AND ANXIETY
I CROSSED my hands
UPON MY chest BUT HERE I am
AND MADE a vow COME FROM a show
THAT NEVER again AND TAKEN there
WOULD IRON claw
OR PAULINE'S perils BY THE boy and girl
OR RIDERS masked
DRAG ME from my home AND NEVER knowing
AND SEND me back
TO WAIT a week THAT IN this age

 THERE WERE such
 things

 AND FINDING a theatre

 FILLED WITH kids

 AND PARENTS scattered

 HERE AND there

AND BREATHLESS- SAYING "DYNAMITE"
NESS . . .
AS A title says . . .
THE "SECOND part" . . .
AND THEN catcalls . . .
AND CLAPPING hands . . .
AND ALL excitement . . .
WITH BIG BILL Des- AND LEAPS again
mond . . .
ON A flying horse . . .
CHASING A wagon . . .
A RUNAWAY . . .
ALL AFLAME . . .
AND THE Close-ups . . .
OF THE heroine . . .
WITHIN THE wagon . . .
WITH STRAW afire . . .
AND LETTERED cans . . .
AND BILL wins out.
AND LEAPS from his
horse . . .
AND INTO the wagon . . .
AND GRABS the maiden . . .
AND DRAGS her out . . .
TO HIS gallant steed.
WITH THE maiden clasped . . .
IN HIS muscled arms . . .
AND AT that moment . . .
THE WAGON blows up . . .
AND OH! Boy, oh! boy,
HOW THE kids did yell.
AND THEN three reels . . .
OF THRILL on thrill . . .

AND JUST at the end.

SO WE'D come back next
Friday

THE HEROINE falls

DOWN A Mining shaft

AND WE see her suspended

ON A hook or something

THAT HER clothes have
caught on

AND BILL doesn't know

WHAT HAS happened to
her

AND HE runs around

AND FIGHTS with people

ALL OVER the prairie

AND EVERYWHERE

AND WE'LL have to go
back

ON FRIDAY night

ELSE SHE'LL hang down
there

THE REST of our lives.

I THANK you.

Metropolitan Monotypes

IT TAKES ALL KINDS
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

There is, for instance, The Movie Queen.
She struggles desperately to emulate the Arab when
she folds up her tent—
“If you only *knew* how *horrible* it is to have no private
life!”—
With such success that nobody hears of her migrations
But twenty-three reporters and fifteen newspaper pho-
tographers;
The camera men catch her first as she is stepping off
the Century
Carrying a small traveling bag which no doubt contains
the manuscript
Which she confides to the reporters she is here to sell
to a publisher.
Sometimes The Movie Queen is snapped on shipboard
Atop a spiral stairway and clutching a Pomeranian,
And either coming or going from demonstrating to a
masterpiece’s native heath
How little original local color matters to the work of a
Great Artist.
Best of all, The Movie Queen likes to be photographed
in a suite at the Ambassador
Flanked by baskets and sheaves of floral tributes
From which the ribbons are never by any chance re-
moved.

She takes a great interest in the poor working girls of
the press

Who must spend their time gathering facts about her
profession

And who in many cases have only two fur coats to their
backs,

So she invites them to a luncheon where the champagne
flows freely

And presents each of her guests with a vanity case or a
bead bag or an assortment of French perfumes

(Or almost anything else costing from seventy-five to
one hundred dollars)

Which will cause them to think not too unkindly of her
When they are ransacking their brains for a final per-
sonality paragraph.

The Movie Queen reads every literature in its original
tongue.

She is also a great collector of *objets d'art*—

Her publicity man sees to it that the Madison Avenue
dealers are always holding some priceless bit for
her.

She goes in for husbands, too, and although her taste
in this connection

Frequently progresses from bell boys in Omaha to
feeble sprigs from the House of Bourbon,

The gentlemen of her choice bear a singular resem-
blance to one another.

The Movie Queen is never on a diet—

Her face and form divine are the business of nobody
but Dame Nature—

And the reason she chooses three string beans and a slice of pineapple and calls it a luncheon
Is that she simply doesn't want any more than that to eat.

She has seven wrong telephone numbers to disburse amongst those fans who get by the plush rope,
And although she never would be guilty of remarking that the motion picture industry is in its infancy,
The great sorrow of her life is the screen's lack of sophistication,
A touching sensitiveness from a woman who is often under contract
To spend at least such and such a fabulous sum a year on her wardrobe.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

—*Baird Leonard in The New Yorker.*

* * * * *

The movie producer is one individual who may truly thank his lucky stars.

—*Copyright 1926, Judge, New York.*

* * * * *

JULIA—"I don't understand you, Pamela. What are you talking about?"

PAMELA—"The seventh commandment, sister. The one Moses wrote for the Movies."

—*Dialog from dramatization of "These Charming People."*

THE COMING OF ANOTHER DAWN

(By R. Connell)

From the Pellsburg, Illinois, Palladium—

Henry Thoreau Finney, son of Walter B. Finney, the popular East Elm Street mortician, who graduated from Ledbitter College in 1925, has decided to go into journalism and literary work in New York City. His thesis, *Was Beaumont Really Fletcher, and if So Why?* attracted wide attention. Good Luck, Hank!

From the New York Morning Atomizer
(One Month Later)

Henry Thoreau Finney has been added to the book review section of the Atomizer.

From the Morning Atomizer
(One Week Later)

THE CONRAD MYTH—BY H. T. F.

We have never been, so to speak, a Conradian. After all, Conrad was only Conrad. He was not Homer, nor Beaumont, nor yet Fletcher. This critic grants that Conrad possessed a certain mountebank virtuosity in distilling essences of showmanship, but to one who sees beneath the surface, it is clear that Master Joseph strove for superpoignancy by methods merely melodramatic. He was not theater in the Elizabethan sense. Rather he stooped to tawdry technic of the mov-

ing picture, with all its cheap and nasty evasion of life, and therefor art . . .

From the Weekly Literary Snipe
(One Month Later)

H. Thoreau Finney is now assisting Byron Blum in the movie criticism for the Morning Atomizer. Finney's work on the book-review section got him the job.

From the New York Morning Atomizer
(One Week Later)

POT SHOTS AT PICTURES—BY H. T. F.

Frankly, we did not know whether to weep or yawn at the new Plonsky-Plonsky-Hi-Art opus, *Whose Wife?* now on view at the Bijou-Jewel. We compromised by doing both. Drivel! But what movie isn't? The direction by Lansing Keeple was moronic. Irma Lamb, the star, simpered and tittered blondily through six pallid reels. And they call it acting! Shades of Duse! If this is the art of cinema, give us a flea circus.

From the New York Morning Atomizer
(One Week Later)

POT SHOTS AT PICTURES—BY H. T. F.

Heigh-ho! Another Plonsky-Hi-Art pearl, with Irma Lamb, directed by Lansing Keeple. Why?

Duty held us in our seat through three tepid reels of *Congo Love*. Then we went out and threw stones

at telegraph poles. Anything were better than eyeing such hand-embroidered tripe. Clearly Master Keeple never heard the dictum of Beaumont and Fletcher . . .

From The Film Yawp
(Six Weeks Later)

Plonsky-Hi-Art has bought an original story, *Is Love All?*, authored by H. Thoreau Finney.

From The Film Yawp
(One Week Later)

The Plonsky-Hi-Art production, from an original story by H. Thoreau Finney, has been retitled *Love Is All*. Irma Lamb will play the lead. Lansing Keeple will handle the megaphone.

From The Daily Snooze
(Two Weeks Later)

Among the guests at Irma Lamb's party at the Fitz were Sol Berg, Moe Berg, Ike Berg, Lee Berg, and Thoreau Finney.

From the New York Morning Atomizer
(Two Weeks Later)

POT SHOTS AT PICTURES—BY H. T. F.

. . . And Irma Lamb! A delight in the highly entertaining Plonsky-Hi-Art picture, *The Girl With the Plucked Eyebrows!* Such verve! Such esprit! Such

nuances! Director Lansing Keeple has infused a quality of rare poesy into the picture, making it altogether a spectacle of sovereign beauty. To miss it is to miss an artistic treat . . .

From The Forehead
(One Month Later)

The Silent Drama—The New Aesthetic Force in the American Scene, by H. Thoreau Finney.

From The Film Yawp
(Two Weeks Later)

Due to a crowded schedule, the Plonsky-Hi-Art production retitled Love—Is It All? has been shelved indefinitely.

From the New York Morning Atomizer
(Two Weeks Later)

H. Thoreau Finney has left for the Coast to assume a position as second assistant chief literary supervisor with the Plonsky-Hi-Art Pictures. His place as assistant motion picture critic on the Morning Atomizer will be taken by Miss Florence Lily Willicombe. Miss Willicombe is a recent graduate of Bixby College, and is the author of articles on Sophocles and the Greek Drama.

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Life's Glossary of the Movies

ADAPTATION—The business of murdering a dead masterpiece.

ANIMAL COMEDY—The humor of human actions forcefully presented by animals who imitate us.

ART—Consult the smart and highbrow journals.

AUTHOR—The little worm that spun the original yarn.

CAPTIONS—Words used to eke out the story when actions fail. Also used by David Griffith for educating the masses.

CLOSE-UP—Interruption in the story to enable the audience to view the unusual sight of a tear coursing down the heroine's cheek.

CENSORSHIP—Don't make me laugh.

CONTINUITY—Came the dawn . . . later . . . after twenty years.

DUAL ROLE—Device for enabling the star to stay on the screen twice as long as desirable.

FADING IN AND OUT—A movie director's idea of Art.

IRIS—Device for calling attention of morons to the bloody dagger.

PANTOMIME—What the best actors use instead of subtitles.

PUBLICITY—The startling information that Miss Josie Jocelyn likes nothing better than to curl up on the sofa with a good book.

SCENARIO—Compromise achieved by the director and the star over the dying author's body.

TECHNICOLOR—Device for showing things in their

natural colors, e.g., red water, green sky, blue trees, and pink heroines.

EPIC—Film that contains a Babylonian revel, a scene where the boys march off to war, and a thunderstorm.

—*W. L. Werner in Life.*

* * * * *

Movie Director (to beautiful-but-dumb star) : Rage! Show rage! Act like you was a prohibition officer who's had to pay cash for some liquor.

—*Life.*

* * * * *

A young couple were entertaining some of their friends when they realized that all their plans for entertainment had been exhausted. The situation was becoming critical; but the young husband had the idea of seeing who could make the ugliest face.

The contest was agreed upon; and, after the judges were appointed, all the guests tried and tried to make ugly faces.

When the time came for a decision, one of the judges walked up to one of the women and said: "We have decided to give the prize to you."

The guest replied: "Pardon me, but I wasn't playing."

—*Western Christian Advocate.*

AUTOMOBILES AND FORDS, TOO

THE Americans have brought the Automobile to a high state of imperfection. Scarcely a native is not actually (or apparently) an expert on all matters pertaining thereto. The Automobile has done much for and to the youth of the country, has enlivened the marital relationship, and today furnishes not only a topic of conversation at all social gatherings, but has resulted in several important national pastimes. Among these is the advanced form of Red Rover, in which the object is to cross over or run over, according to whether one plays on the side of the "pedestrians" or the "drivers," respectively. The Automobile also furnishes a means of livelihood for retired plumbers (called "garage-men") and the police. Each make of Automobile is better than all other makes.

RULE FOR DRIVERS

An arm protruding from the car ahead means that the driver is:—

1. KNOCKING ASHES OFF A CIGARETTE.
2. GOING TO TURN TO THE LEFT.
3. TELLING A SMALL BOY TO SHUT UP, HE WON'T BUY ANY POP.
4. GOING TO TURN TO THE RIGHT.
5. POINTING OUT A SCENIC SPOT.
6. GOING TO BACK UP.
7. FEELING FOR RAIN.
8. TELLING HIS WIFE, HELL, YES, HE'S SURE THE KITCHEN DOOR IS LOCKED.
9. SALUTING A PASSING MOTORIST OR GOING TO STOP.

—*Gerald Cosgrove in Life.*

* * * * *

A traffic expert in New York, in speaking of traffic jams abroad, says that the London drivers and chauffeurs enliven many an occasion by their wit and sarcasm. One London driver drew up, when he saw a pedestrian directly in his way, and leaned over and very politely inquired:

“I say, sir, may I awsk your plans?”

—*College Humor.*

Copyright, 1926, The Collegiate World Publishing Co.

THE FAITHFUL HEART

By Morris Bishop (in the Saturday Evening Post)

Our automobile it is faithful and true;

Our automobile is dependable;

She answers my urging with vigor and zest,

But acts with a prudence commendable.

One day, hearing firebells, she started herself

With her self-starter; cool as an icicle,

She rushed right in to a burning garage

And rushed right out with a bicycle.

One night when a burglar came into the house

Inspired with a purpose burglarious,

My automobile blew a blast on her horn

To warn of intruders nefarious!

He jumped in the car and he stepped on the gas

Her warning, of course, had molested him.

But she blew up her tires when in front of the jail,

And back-fired until they arrested him.

But alas she is old, and alas, so am I;

I am almost as old as the missus is;

And soon I foresee to a land we must go

Which far from terrestrial blisses is.

Yet I know that my auto will seek out our tomb,

Though her motor is wheezy and ruinous,

And her old carburetor will weep on our grave

And the last of her gas will be dew on us!

In the United-together States at America, in a province called Allah Bahma, a mule met on the highway one of the small automotive cars produced by the famous American plutocrat, Hen-Ri Ford.

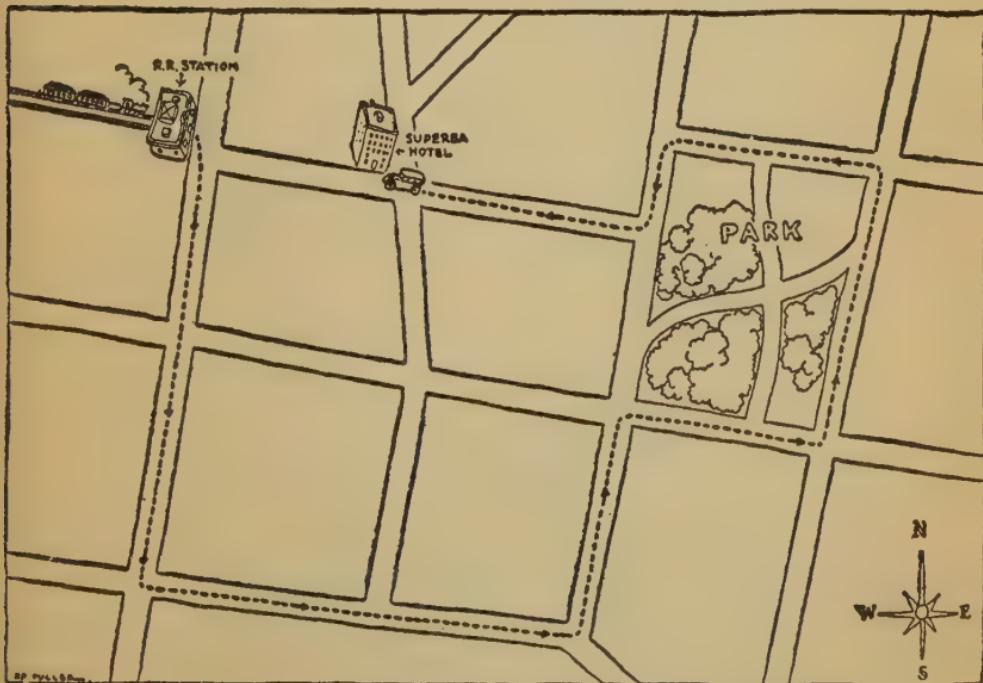
"And what, most strange assemblage of metal, wood, rubber, and paint," asked the mule, "are you?"

"An automobile," answered the four-wheeled device produced by the American plutocrat Hen-Ri Ford.

"I am a horse," replied the mule.

Whereat both laughed boisterously.

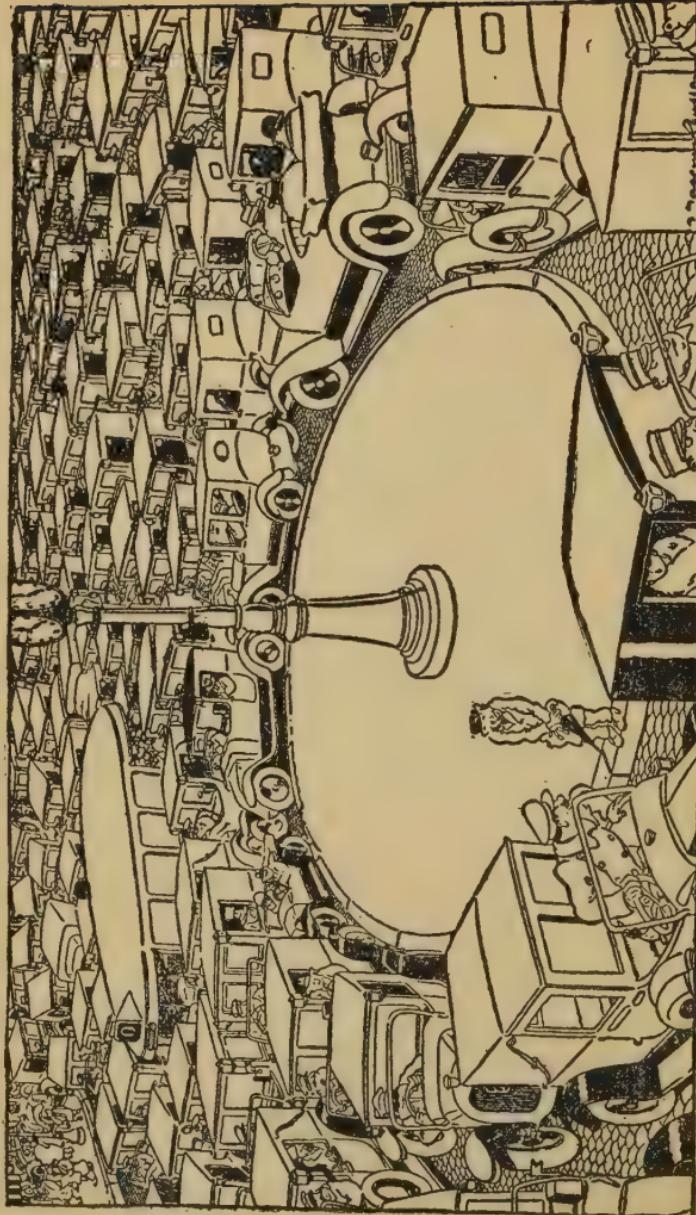
—*Foo Gan Chat, quoted in "America's Humor"*



Map showing route of taxi driver taking stranger to Superba Hotel.

Copyright, 1926, Judge, New York.

TWO VIEWS OF A GREAT PROBLEM



MAROONED (THE SURVIVOR)

“Where’s the traffic cop who used to be there?
“We drew straws—and I ate him.”

—*Le Merle Blane.*

THE OUT-STANDING FORD
JOKE OF A. D., 1926

HE:—"They're putting *false*
beards on Fords now."

SHE:—"Why?"

HE:—"To make them look like
Lincolns."

—*From the Musical Comedy, "Queen High!"*

THE AUTOMOBILE KLAXON ITS USES AND ABUSES

The automobile klaxon is a mechanical noise-making device, constructed in just the opposite manner from a fall-apart cuff button. It has also been termed, in various languages, a hellish thing. The thing that makes it go is a fool.

A lot of people who own automobiles never know where the klaxon is located. Their only interest seems to be the whereabouts of the button which lets it loose.

The uses of the klaxon are quite varied.

A man uses it principally when in front of the house, to signal to his wife at intervals of every thirty seconds, which means, "For God's sake, hurry up!"

A woman uses it to signal to any other woman on a busy down town street.

It is especially fine for your neighbor's sleeplessness, particularly if it is used loudly, and stridently, after he has gone asleep.

In the matter of expressing unqualified disgust for the humble flivver at the head of the long line of cars which it is holding up, the klaxon is ideal. Moreso, when it is reinforced by several other klaxons.

It is also very good when used on weddings, New Year's Eve, Election Night, the Fourth of July and other convivial occasions.

The Klaxon should never, under any circumstances, be used for the following purposes:

To signal the car in front that your car desires to pass.

To sound off in compliance with instructions of automobile club signs at curves and dangerous intersections.

To gently warn pedestrians aside. That's not the way to make them jump.

To warn children, at play in the street, that a car is coming.

The foregoing instructions if carefully followed, will result in long life for your klaxon. Your life doesn't matter.

—*Marion E. Burns in Judge.*
—*Copyright, 1926, Judge, New York.*

“AUTOMOBILES ARE THE GREATEST CURSE OF CIVILIZATION!”

“I CAN’T KEEP UP THE PAYMENTS ON MINE, EITHER.”

—*Life*

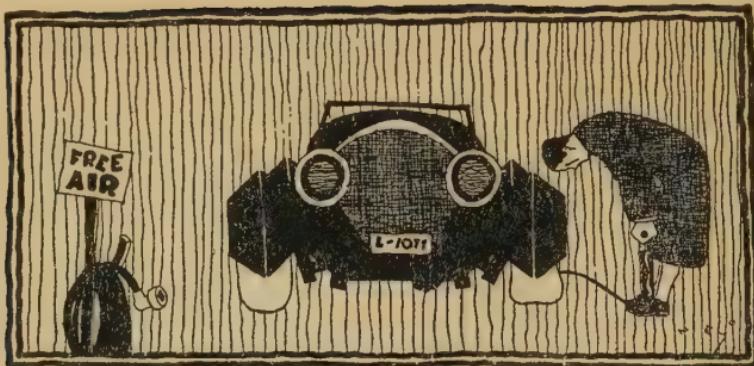
* * * * *

“Have you sold your car?”

“No, the company took it back. I couldn’t buy it any more.”

—*Toronto Telegram.*

* * * * *



YE COMPLEAT SNOBBE

—*Cornell Widow.*

* * * * *

If your car has been stolen, this suggestion for its recovery may appeal to some. A Texas farmer ran the following advertisement in his local newspaper. "Strayed—One Jersey heifer. To the one who returns her I will give a drink of Four Rose whisky, 10 years old."

The next morning there were nine men with Jersey heifers standing in the yard.

—*Texas General Contractors' Association Bulletin.*

RADIO

A NATION OF EAVES-DROPPERS

WHEN the inhabitants of the United States stay at home evenings they are usually either (a) bedridden or (b) radio addicts. Practically nothing has been written in 1926 on this subject, and rarely has it entered into the conversation of the average citizen. The following statistics on the various types of programs heard in 1926 show the high development reached by the radio:

<i>Jazz orchestras with saxophones predominating</i>	806,452
<i>Jazz orchestras with saxophones in background</i>	4
<i>Vocal soloists about to be divorced</i>	89,203
<i>Vocal soloists actually divorced</i>	3
<i>Lecturers, orators, cause-champions, and other ax-grinders</i>	103,685
<i>Bedtime story tellers</i>	5,306
<i>Stage stars, condescending</i>	434
<i>Programs out of the ordinary</i>	11



(SAILOR, SHIPWRECKED AND LISTENING IN)

Wireless Announcer—We are now going to have an interesting lecture by Dr. Pills, on “The Evils of Over-eating.”

—*Passing Show.* |

THE RADIO SALESMAN

Before

Yes sir . . . absolutely . . . take my word for it, you'll be listening to Denver tonight . . . right in your own easy-chair . . . it *can't* go wrong . . . howl? . . . dont make me laugh . . . not a chance of anything happening . . . send one of the boys over anyway . . . no, *sir*, absolutely free . . . that's what we think of it . . . certainly . . . the manufacturers are *big* men . . . you've got something that will last

you a lifetime . . . its *got* to please you . . . satisfaction or nothing is our motto . . . you heard what it will do yourself . . . one like it—my dear sir, they're *all* like it . . . you go ahead and enjoy yourself with it . . . let us do the worrying . . .

After

Yeah . . . y' dont say . . . yeah, sometimes they do . . . yeah . . . too bad . . . have y' tried changing the tubes around? . . . Well that aint *our* fault . . . *sure* its guaranteed . . . against *de-fects*, not against conditions . . . naw . . . y' cant . . . well, well, . . . tough luck . . . we cant get it either . . . yeah . . . y' dont say . . . five stations . . . well, five stations ought to be enough . . . y' cant listen to more than one at a time . . . well, our boys are pretty busy now . . . maybe next week, or week after next . . . dollar and a half an hour . . . try shifting the tubes . . . ya gotta fool round with them y' know . . . yeah . . . *too* bad . . . yeah . . . yeah . . . y' dont say . . . unh-hunh . . . say, excuse me, will ya, fella, I gotta go talk to a *customer*!

—Henry William Hanneman in *Life*.

An impediment in his speech doesn't handicap a candidate now. Everybody will think it's static.

—*Publishers Syndicate (Chicago)*.

Judge.

“Teddy, yer father wants ye to come home right
away to see what’s wrong with the radio set.”

"THE DX BUG"

*He tinkered with the radio,
And got Milwaukee through the air;
He heard a lady start to sing,
Then cut her out for Delaware.*

*He got the man in Delaware,
And danced around the room in glee;
Then switched the button round once more;
To get the stuff from Tennessee.*

*From Tennessee to Boston, Mass.,
From Boston, Mass., to Gotham town
He chased the stations through the air,
And one by one he ran them down.*

*"What did you hear, what did you learn,
From all those places great and small?"
I asked him once, and he replied,
"I dont know, but I got them all."*

—N. Y. Evening World.

THE PERFECT RADIO PROGRAM ACCORDING TO MOTHER

7 p.m.—HOUSEHOLD RECIPES, by Miss Betty O. Gush, domestic science expert.

8 p.m.—"The care and Feeding of Babies" by Oswald Oomph president of The Bigger and Better Babies' Bureau.

9 p.m.—“**SOLVING THE SERVANT PROBLEM**” by Alice Terry, former upstairs girl and now president of The Servant Girls’ Co-operative Federation.

10 p.m.—“**How to MAKE OVER LAST YEAR’s TAFFETA DRESS**” and dressmaking hints by Mamie Stitch, needlework expert.

11 p.m.—“*The Sweet Balm of Slumber*” by Sue Soporific, director of the “Sleep-Eight-Hours-a-Night Movement.”

ACCORDING TO FATHER

7 p.m.—Resume of the day’s sport news by merry “Bill” McGuff of *The Daily Mercury*.

8 p.m.—Blow by blow description of the Farley-Sullivan prize fight, direct from the ringside at the City Stadium.

9 p.m.—Debate: “**RESOLVED. PLEASANTVILLE PARKWAY NEEDS NEW PAVING.**” Affirmative, Alderman Hennessey, second ward; negative, Congressman Multiberry, twenty-third ward.

10 p.m.—“**GOLF LESSONS AT HOME**” by “Bud” Cook, professional at the Verycostly Country Club and amateur champion.

11 p.m.—“**How to PICK UP DISTANT STATIONS,**” by “**DX**” Dougherty, including a list of stations broadcasting from midnight to 4 a.m.

—Arthur L. Lippmann in *Judge*.
—Copyright, 1926, *Judge*, New York.

HOW TRAVEL BROADENS THE MIND

THE Americans are great travelers, and exploring expeditions to Europe are frequent among all classes. On the Continent they arrive with open pocketbooks and are received with open arms. The American's pronunciation of French is delightful, and the American traveler is modest, unassuming, easily pleased, and readily adaptable to unaccustomed conditions. His willingness to overlook petty inconveniences endears him to hotel and restaurant keepers, trainmen, porters, and stewards. For this reason he is never overcharged.

ON THE CREST OF THE WAVE

By Charles G. Shaw.

SCENE: The first-class smoking room of the S. S. Gruyere westward bound from Cherbourg.

CHARACTERS: Two American college students (hitherto strangers)—one French steward.

FIRST STUDENT: Swell day.

SECOND STUDENT: Not so worse.

FIRST STUDENT: Been over long?

SECOND STUDENT: Long enough.

FIRST STUDENT: Same here.

SECOND STUDENT: Never again for me.

FIRST STUDENT: Nor me either.

SECOND STUDENT: Not a first-class hotel in all France.

FIRST STUDENT: And the prices. Wow!

SECOND STUDENT: Just a bunch of robbers! That's all they are.

FIRST STUDENT: Sure they are. Just layin' for us Americans.

SECOND STUDENT: Well they needn't lay for me any more.

(Steward approaches)

FIRST STUDENT: Same here. Say, what'll you have?

SECOND STUDENT: Oh—don't care if I do. Guess I'll take a highball.

FIRST STUDENT (to Steward): Two highballs, waiter. And put lots of ice in 'em.

STEWARD: Varee good, saire. Two weesky soda.

(Exit Steward)

SECOND STUDENT: There's only one U. S. A.

FIRST STUDENT: I'll tell the world there is!

SECOND STUDENT: These Frenchies give me a pain in the neck.

FIRST STUDENT: You said it.

(Steward returns with drinks, which he places on table.)

SECOND STUDENT: Well, here's to crime!

FIRST STUDENT: Looking at you.

SECOND STUDENT (smacking lips): Pretty swell stuff, eh?

FIRST STUDENT: Yep. It's swell stuff alright.

SECOND STUDENT: Gee! It'll be great to get back.

FIRST STUDENT: Say, won't it.

SECOND STUDENT: Seems like I'd been gone a lifetime.

FIRST STUDENT: Time passes awful slow over there.

SECOND STUDENT: I'll say it does. How about another?

FIRST STUDENT: Don't see why not. Hey, waiter! Two more of the same.

STEWARD: Varee good, saire! Two weesky soda.

(Exit Steward)

SECOND STUDENT: They certainly know how to make liquor though.

FIRST STUDENT: Yep, seems a shame we can't have all we want at home.

SECOND STUDENT: Outrage I call it. Only fell off the wagon las' week.

(Steward returns with drinks.)

FIRST STUDENT: You don't say! Well, here's lookin'!

SECOND STUDENT: Here's hair off y' head!

FIRST STUDENT: Sure's got a real kick.

SECOND STUDENT: I'll say it's got a real kick.

FIRST STUDENT: As they say in Paree—magnifik.

SECOND STUDENT: Trays Magnifik.

FIRST STUDENT: Well, as they say—Santy!

SECOND STUDENT: Santy it is.

FIRST STUDENT: Trays bonn.

SECOND STUDENT: I'll say it's bonn. And trays fort too.

FIRST STUDENT: As they say—marvelli-vouse.

SECOND STUDENT: Vous avev reason.

FIRST STUDENT: Lah France is tray bell country.

SECOND STUDENT: Tray bell's the word.

FIRST STUDENT: What you say to 'nother?

SECOND STUDENT: Swell Idea. Splendeedy.

FIRST STUDENT (to Steward): Waiter, two more same.

STEWARD: Varee good, saire.

(Exit Steward)

FIRST STUDENT: Bes' ever tasted.

SECOND STUDENT: France grea' country. French grea' people.

FIRST STUDENT: Won'ful country. Crazy 'bout French.

SECOND STUDENT (to Steward): Garkon! Oon otre round. Mon ammy and me.

FIRST STUDENT: Wee, garkon. Lah mayme choose. And, shay, have one with us. How 'bout it.

STEWARD: Varee good, saire. Three weesky soda.

(Exit Steward)

—*Black & Blue Jay.*



Oh, your long beard, Steward,
Streams to leeward;
And I'm sure that you've traveled wide.

“If you'll take my arm,
“An’ it please you, Marm,
“I’ll help you to get inside.”

Oh, but wait now, Steward,
Stand to leeward
And tell me a tale of the foam.

“I was born on a farm,
“An’ it please you, Marm,
“And ran away from home.”

Now tell me, Steward,
Here to leeward,
I presume that you love the sea.

“Well, it has some charm,
“An’ it please you, Marm,
“But it ain’t what it used to be.”

Now frankly, Steward,
Here to leeward,
What’s your complaint in a breath?

“If it ain’t no harm,
“An’ it please you, Marm,
“The passengers bore us to death.”

—*Fillmore Hyde in The New Yorker.*



THE TOMATO SURPRISE

—*The New Yorker.*

MR. AND MRS HADDOCK ARRIVE IN PARIS

(From "MR. AND MRS. HADDOCK
IN PARIS, FRANCE" by
Donald Ogden Stewart.)

"OH BUT you can't know Paris," murmured the nice lady sitting opposite Mr. Haddock in the first-class railroad compartment, "unless you live on the *rive gauche*."

"That means 'the left bank,'" immediately volunteered little Mildred—Mr. Haddock's daughter—who spoke French but with an accent.

"The left bank of *what?*?" asked Mr. Haddock, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"Why—the *Seine*," replied the lady, slightly condescendingly.

"A river in France," patiently explained the "little girl interpreter."

"Don't you suppose I know that?" demanded her father.

"No," replied Mildred promptly, and turning to the lady she announced with a faint Continental shrug, "*Mon pere* is in the lumber business, and reads *tres peu*."

"Mildred," said Mr. Haddock, reaching for a ball bat or a stout two-inch piece of iron pipe, "do you want papa to be cross?"

There had been, as a matter of fact, a considerable amount of condensed irritation in that railway carriage now speeding across France toward Paris. In the

first place, Mrs. Haddock was feeling a little seasick now that the ocean voyage from America was over, and in the second place little Mildred didn't have any handkerchief, and in the third place Mr. Haddock had had an argument just before the train started with a French baggage porter which Mr. Haddock had lost, but which he was going to take to a Higher Court as soon as he could find out from Thomas Cook and Son or the American Express Company how to *get* to a Higher Court.

But anger and irritation were not what Mr. Haddock had come three thousand miles to find, and the country through which they were passing was very sunny and very peaceful, and as he leaned back against the white crocheted head-rest and gazed out at the passing greenness of what looked like a lot of wheat he gradually began to think of forgiving the French baggage porter for not speaking English.

"Well, Hattie," he said, patting his wife on the hand and pointing out of the window to a sign which read "Lucky Strike Cigarettes," "we're in France at last."

Just then the train shrieked its way into a long smoky tunnel.

"It looks a lot like America," was little Mildred's comment after the second minute of darkness, lighted only by a small blue lamp over their heads.

"I'm pretty sure it's France," said her father, "but we can always ask;" and when the compartment finally emerged once more into the sunshine he looked to the lady across from him for confirmation.

"Yes," she nodded, "it's France—*my* France." And she sighed deeply.

"It's *her* France, Hattie," said Mr. Haddock, a new note of respect in his voice.

Mrs. Haddock, surveying calmly the redness of many poppies amid the fresh verdure of French fields, was reminded (by the sight of a distant cemetery) to look once more at the rack over Mr. Haddock's head to see if the bags were all there.

The bags *were* all there, but she was not sure she had locked *both* locks on the new suit-case after that silly examination at the Customs. It worried her, as did also the thought that it would have been safer to have packed her son's wife's picture in Mr. Haddock's pajamas. Broken glass was very dangerous, and if Mildred cut herself it would probably be impossible to get any Peroxide of Hydrogen, or Iodine in a place like Paris. Blood poisoning set in very rapidly, and before the doctor could arrive Mildred might loose the arm as far as the elbow. This would also undoubtedly bring on one of Mr. Haddock's heart attacks and she was not sure in which bag she had put Dr. Kendall's pills. She groaned, and removed a spot of egg or something from Mr. Haddock's left trouser leg.

But the faint distant pealing of a church bell in a square white stone tower carried her attention once more to the mellow French landscape, and her mind unconsciously began to run in tune to the eternal rhythm of the Old World.

"Will," she said, "I think you tipped that smoking room steward too much."

"A capital fellow," replied her husband, "with a wife and eight children in Baden-Baden—all girls."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Haddock. "And you were a fool to give the French maid a cent. She didn't do anything but make eyes at that silly bath steward all week."

"Ah," said Mr. Haddock, "the French—a wonderful little people," and he made as though to place an imaginary wreath at the tomb of the unknown soldier.

"You gave her a hundred francs," insisted Mrs. Haddock.

"If you knew," sighed the lady opposite, "what a hundred francs means to a Frenchman."

"I'm beginning to learn," said Mr. Haddock with an involuntary grimace.

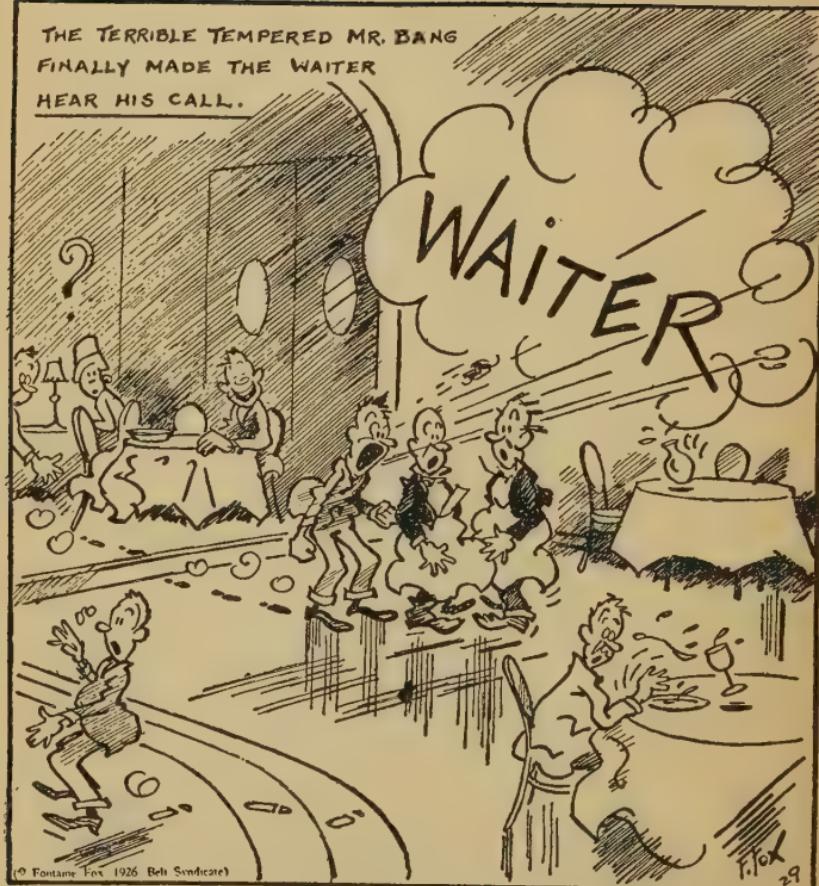
"Ah—," she murmured, "but if you Americans only knew the *real* French people."

"Aren't you an American?" asked Mr. Haddock.

"I live in New York," she replied.

"Oh," said Mr. Haddock. "Excuse us," and in a well meaning effort to atone for his blunder he whistled nervously.

THE TERRIBLE TEMPERED MR. BANG
FINALLY MADE THE WAITER
HEAR HIS CALL.



THE TERRIBLE TEMPERED MR. BANG

By Fontaine Fox

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MESSAGES FROM THE MANAGEMENT

(*From "THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW" by Don Herold*) .

HOTEL guests expect messages from the management when they enter their rooms. There are dozens of little cards of advice and greeting under the glass top of the dresser, and there are placards on the walls and doors, and admonitions in the bathroom, and managerial philosophical dissertations hanging on the electric light cords. The wise guest will arrive at his hotel a day early in order to get all these read before he starts out on the business or sightseeing for which he is making his trip.

We are told to feel at home, yet we are asked not to cut the towels with our razor blades. We are assured that the management has a motherly interest in our health and happiness, yet we are requested not to leave our lights on when absent from our room. The proprietors all but take us on their knees with these cooing, cautionary cards. We feel, after reading those sermons on service for half a day or so, that we have almost had a frank heart-to-heart talk with the boss himself.

Just before our baby was born I returned from a business trip to another city and was full of the blurb spirit, and I told Mrs. Herold I thought we ought to tack up and otherwise affix and display a lot of printed messages in the baby's room to let that young person know just how we stood on a number of things.

So we prepared a set.

Prominently on the door of the nursery, we nailed the following general greeting card:

WE APOLOGIZE

—Your Parents

Just under this, we placed another:

WE AIM TO PLEASE

—The Management

Then we worked out still another one in which we went a little more in detail:

POLICY

The Parental business is different from all other. Our relationship with you as our guest is one that must essentially be almost personal. We want it to be as personal as possible. Although you shall pay us bountifully for the use of this room and for the privileges of this world, we hope that the entire transaction between us shall not be the usual business transaction between merchant and customer but that it shall be, shall we say, a family matter. We have been parents before and our experience in this line teaches us that we shall get much the better of the bargain. We do not mind admitting this. It is much better to give life than it is to receive it. We are here for a profit. We are in this business for the smiles, gurgles, coos and goos, heart throbs, and heartaches that we can get out of it. We are putting all our cards on the table, thus, trying to explain our position, because there will be many

times when you will think that we are robbing you. Please have patience with the management. In the long run you will, we believe, get value received, but it will not come until you have left us and gone into this business for yourself. If there is anything we can do to add to your comfort, let us know. If you don't see what you want, ask for it. If you don't get what you want, howl for it. Any inattention or courtesy on the part of employees should be reported to us. Please regard this hotel as your home.

(Signed)

The Management.

Around the room in other spots we stuck the following placards:

BREAKFAST CALLS MAY BE LEFT AT THE DESK.

MEALS SERVED IN ROOM, NO EXTRA.

PLEASE TIP THE SCALES AS HARD AS YOU CAN EACH SUNDAY MORNING.

IF THE PLUMBING DOES NOT WORK WELL AT ALL TIMES, PLEASE CALL THE OFFICE.

WE SHALL TRY TO HAVE AS MANY VALUABLES AS POSSIBLE IN THE SAFE FOR YOU TO TAKE ON YOUR DEPARTURE.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

LAUNDRY WILL NOT BE CALLED FOR EVERY HALF HOUR OR WHEN REQUESTED.

BE QUIET WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE IT. WHEN YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE IT, DISREGARD THE COMFORT OF OTHER GUESTS, AND RAISE CAIN.

In the bathroom, near the toothbrush holder, we placed the following:

TEETH

We apologize in advance for the difficulties you will have with teeth. We would like to spare you the inconvenience of teeth, and shall employ a large staff of experts to minimize your teeth troubles, but science has as yet found no way to prevent the growth and activity of teeth. You will get some, then lose them, then get some more, and lose them. They will never seem worth the trouble, but there is nothing we can do about it except apologize. Likewise we regret our inability to eliminate a certain number of hiccoughs from your life. Please try to overlook these things we cannot control.

And:

OUR CUISINE IS THE BEST IN THE CITY

And:

THE LIGHT WILL BE AUTOMATICALLY DIMMED WHEN YOU LEAVE THE ROOM, SO YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT.

The following serious suggestions for bettering the lives of Pullman porters were offered by H. I. Phillips conductor of the N. Y. Evening Sun's Sun Dial.

Know Your Pullman Porter

The Pullman Company thinks porters should be called by their right names. For the public to address all Pullman porters as "George" when they may be named Abraham Lincoln Brown, Thomas Jefferson Smith, and Aristotle Xerxes Hannibal Jenks is considered unfair, and a campaign to end the practice will be launched.

The Pullman Company will place the name of each porter in the corridor of each car. For example:

The Porter on this
Pullman is
GROVER CLEVELAND SWIDGE

There will be no excuse then for a passenger to address the porter as "I say, George," or "Listen, Sam," unless of course the tip is sufficient to offset it. For 50 cents you can call a Pullman porter almost anything.

The Pullman Company card may be satisfactory from the standpoint of the company, but what guarantee will the public have that the porter is really Grover Cleveland Swidge? It will always be possible for the card to state that the porter is Grover Cleveland

Swidge, when as a matter of fact his name is Napoleon Bonaparte Wiggins. It is of paramount importance, therefore, that the Pullman people take a leaf from the book of the taxi companies and place a photograph of the porter on the card, thus:

The Porter on this
Pullman is
GROVER CLEVELAND SWIDGE

(Picture of Mr. Swidge in this space)

If you locate the porter and he is not the man shown in this photograph, stop the train the minute you pass a police station and call a cop at once.

. . .

Much as the passengers will be pleased by this opportunity to know the porter personally, there is bound to be a feeling that the identification cards should go into detail, giving a more intimate sketch of the man, and making it possible for a passenger to know what topics of conversation will prove of interest. Something like this:

The Porter on this
Pullman is

JULIUS CAESAR WEEMS

He is 36 years old, married, and has a family to support.

He is well versed in matters of philosophy, art, religion, and his hobbies are horse racing, lotteries and fraternal orders.

His forlorn expression doesn't mean anything, as he is really of a cheerful disposition and very willing.

He can sing spirituals. Also clogs well.

Carries corkscrew.

Has no small change.

• • •

A card like that would really mean something. It is respectfully referred to Mr. and Mrs. Pullman for action.

*—By courtesy of H. I. Phillips and the
New York Evening Sun.*

POLITICS
OR
BLIND-MAN'S
BLUFF

Americans take their politics very seriously and become so engrossed in matters pertaining to their government that many of them actually register and vote every year. Exceeding care is taken by the people in their selection of government officials, and election to office has never been known to be due to mere popularity of the hand-shake variety, but rather to inherent qualification for the business of the office.

Hence American officials are noted for their efficiency and scholarliness from the lowest alderman to the highest county sheriff.

Despite the general popular impression that there are several important political parties, all politicians divide themselves in two great parties for practical purposes—the party that's in and the party that's out.

ELECTION DAY IN THE 100% AMERICAN HOME

(There has been too darned much fooling on Election day. A lot of citizens have been taking advantage, sleeping late, loafing about all day and generally neglecting their duty. Work will be suspended tomorrow, but there are serious things to be done. In the hope that the day will be spent more seriously than usual in the average home, we submit herewith a typical schedule for the dutiful citizen.)

8:15 a.m.—Voters rise as usual. Family gathers at bathroom door according to daily custom, but instead of fighting for precedence, all stand under shower and sing “Star Spangled Banner.”

8:45 a.m.—Breakfast. After the orange juice, father reads Declaration of Independence. (It is well for him to explain first that this reading has nothing to do with his status in the home.) Through breakfast all discuss significance of the Declaration.

9:15 a.m.—Mother reads the Constitution of United States including amendments. The reading is followed by general discussion of points involved, mother and father explaining to children.

10:15 a.m.—Eldest child if able, reads Constitution of State. Discussion.

11:15 a.m.—Second child reads City Charter. Discussion.

12:00 m.—All rise and pledge allegiance to Flag, Country and Constitution.

1:00 p.m.—Luncheon. Mother gives brief outline of history of United States, emphasizing origin, evolution, and present day significance of all political parties.

2:00 p.m.—Father gives a five minute outline of life, characteristics and political career of each candidate of each party for each office.

3:30 p.m.—Mother outlines party platforms and pledges probable significance of election of each candidate.

4:00 p.m.—Eldest child reads all questions to be voted on, explains each.

4:30 p.m.—Each member of family is allowed five minutes for persuasive oratory in favor of one candidate.

4:45 p.m.—Prayer for guidance in voting for the best. Father addresses gathering on “The Perpetuation of American Ideals.”

5:00 p.m.—Family marches in a body to polling place and votes.

—*Edward Hope in the N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

* * * * *

The President should have postponed that Thanksgiving Proclamation until he heard from the Massachusetts election.

New York Evening World.

* * * * *

November is the month of the ax. First the politician gets it, then the turkey.

Wichita Eagle.

*From "LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE DIPLOMAT
TO HIS PRESIDENT"*
by Will Rogers.

April 30, 1926

MY DEAR PRESIDENT:

Well, I guess you were getting kinder uneasy not hearing from me for last day or so. Well, after swearing I was American and getting Passports back from Kellogg in Washington, I said to myself, I'm all set, now bring on your Europe. Then everybody all at once commenced asking me: "Did you get your Vesays?" I said no I never ate them and didn't care to take any along. Finally I had to tell one friend that I didn't know whether I had them or not until I knew what they were.

Come to find out, a Vesay is nothing but getting your Passport signed by the Consul of the Nation where you want to go. But somebody in Europe called it Vesay. I guess maybe in their lingo it means signed, so naturally all Americans must speak of it as a Vesay. You could no more get an American that had ever been to Europe to say, "Did you get your Passport O.K. by the Consul?" than you could persuade him to jump out of the window. Oh no, that is the one word he has learned in Europe and you certainly are not going to deprive him of the pleasure of speaking to you in a foreign tongue. He will go out of his way 10 times in his conversation just to get to say Vesay.

I would like to have you take that up, Mr. Presi-

dent, with some department in Washington and pass a law to have every American shot that don't speak to you as long as possible in our own language. It's bad enough to pay \$10.00 for the Vesay without having your own people try out the word on you. You see, you pay \$10.00 to get out of here; and then you pay another \$10.00 to get into the next place. I went to England's Consul and they Vesayed me out of 10 merry old iron men.

You see, the thing is a kind of skin game. You pay the \$10.00 over here. You don't know whether the country you have paid the \$10.00 to is worth that much to you or not. There is an awful lot of countries that if they would let you wait till the boat pulled up, and then you looked at them, you would decide right away, "This joint ain't worth \$10.00 to land in. Drive me on somewhere else."

Well, after England had got \$10.00 of their debt money from us, I thought I was all set, when someone said, "You are going to France, ain't you? Well, you might want to land in Cherbourg first, so go get your French Vesays."

By that time I was speaking the American Tourist language as good as they were. I knew what "Vesay" meant. So I went to the other end of New York to get an O.K. by the French. The taxi bill was \$4.80. That right there is a problem. It takes a pretty good country to be worth \$4.80 nowadays.

Well, I will say one thing for the French—they didn't monkey around. You handed them the \$10.00 before you did the Passport. They didn't seem to be

particularly interested whether you got in their Country or not, but they sho did have an eye peeled for the 10 Bucks.

No wonder so many nations are dividing up into little ones over there. Just think! They would Vesay you out of at least two thousand just to see all the Balkans. Some of those nations, if they can get 10 visiting guests, can pay off the National Debt. I am supposed to get Germany's and Italy's and Spain's Vesay's, but they are not going to get my 10 till I have to give it up. I am hoping that through the foreign rate of exchange I may be able to get a slight reduction on seeing some of them.

Being not what is proclaimed a 100 percent American, I went over on an American Boat. The 100 per centers all go on English or French, such as Hotel Men and Rotarary Associations. It was to sail at 11:30 at night the last day of April. Oh, there was an awful lot of Jewish people on that boat. It looked like an old-time Follies audience. But there wasn't a single Vesay for Palestine. I was the only one on the boat going there.

The Steamship officials said there was an extra-big sailing list. At twelve o'clock on May 1st, just thirty minutes after we sailed, the summer rates go into effect, and it costs at least a third more. I being your Representative, I thought it would look bad for me not to take advantage of anything in the Economy line.

Oh, yes, I like to forgot. The boat was the Leviathan, the biggest and finest boat afloat, Manned by a

real American crew. Every head officer is an American, without dialect. In 1914 I had been on this boat on its first trip back across when it was the Vaterland and all the German officials had come over and back on it. And to show the difference as to how it was handled then and now, we backed out of the Hoboken docks at noon, in broad daylight, and went right across the Hudson River and came pretty near knocking down the whole of Manhattan Isle; then sunk a tug on the way out. Well, this time we pulled out at midnight, and you wouldn't know the thing was moving. Everybody received Flowers and Fruit and Candy. We were just steaming down the bay. If you sent anything it hasn't been sent to my stateroom yet. But there is a lot of Bundles and baskets up there yet that haven't been delivered, and I will give you the benefit of the doubt till I find out otherwise. I will send this back by the Pilot. Hope it reaches you in time to offset the Cabinet meeting.

Yours devotedly,
Col. William Rogers.

P.S. Have you done anything for the Farmers yet?

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* * * * *

A GREAT THINKER TURNS BOLSHEVIK

SOON OR LATE THE CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES WILL HAVE TO THROW OFF THE YOKELS WHO NOW PREY UPON THEM. IF THEY CAN'T DO IT BY CONSTITUTIONAL MEANS THEY WILL HAVE TO DO IT BY OTHER MEANS.

—H. L. Mencken in his *American Mercury*.

OF THE YEAR

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WHERE REPUBLICANS ARE SCARCE

By Irvin S. Cobb.

That famous wit, the late Private John Allen, of Mississippi, while a member of Congress used to tell a story illustrative of political conditions in his home State.

According to Allen, there was a man in his county who hankered to hold public office. "Every time we had a Democratic primary," said Allen, "this fellow turned up seeking the nomination for one job or another. But always he was turned down—he never made the grade.

"Finally, he just naturally abandoned the Democratic party. He said the Democrats didn't appreciate true worth; that they didn't know real merit when they saw it. So he turned Republican.

"At the next election he entered himself as a candidate for Sheriff on the Republican ticket. Well, sir, that fellow certainly made a spirited campaign. If ever a man worked to bring out the full strength of the white Republican vote he was the man. He canvassed the county from end to end. He spoke at every crossroads blacksmith shop and every county school house. He left no stone unturned.

"Well, election day came. He got exactly two votes—and was arrested that night for repeating!"

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FOG FILLS HALLS OF CONGRESS, BUT FAILS TO HALT SPEECHES

—N. Y. Times.

THE TRAGEDY OF PRIVATE O'FLYNNE

By Ron Everson

Private O'Flynnne was shy.

Private O'Flynnne was tough.

The Arabian ran

At Ondurman

When Private O'Flynnne grew rough.

In Major Kitchener's sight,

With a Maxim-Nordenfelt gun,

He made every Dervish

Lie straight or lie curvish,

And so the Sudan was won.

Then everyone cried, "O'Flynnne!"

And Kitchener said, "V. C."

And after a while

They steamed down the Nile

To Buckingham Palace by sea.

They were going to give him the Cross.

They told him he ought to be proud.

But Private O'Flynnne,

Growing sickly and thin,

Enquired: "Will there be a big crowd?"

They said, "On your tunic the queen

The magnificent medal will place,

While about you will be

His excellency,

His highness, his lordship, his grace.

*"In the hush you must bow very low.
In the hish you must bend to the floor."
O'Flynn shooke his head,
And mournfully said,
"Oh I'll never be brave any more."*

*Came the day and the dolorous hour.
O'Flynn was led up to the throne.
All soapy and bright,
But trembling with fright,
They left him standing alone.*

*All alone on the floor stood O'Flynn.
In the broad Palace throne-room he stood,
While marquee and baron,
Bald or with hair on,
Observed him bow low as he could.*

*O'Flynn made a beautiful bow,
But Alas! the unhappy mischance!
He broke his back gallus
And fled from the Palace
Convulsively clutching his pants.*

*Now Private O'Flynn was tough,
But Private O'Flynn was shy.
Far off in Japan,
A broken down man,
He died with a bottle of rye.*

Author's note: He died contemporaneously with the demise of the bottle of rye.

—*The Goblin (Toronto).*

Senator Borah said at a Washington banquet:

"Some of the poor mouth talk we hear from Europe nowadays reminds me irresistibly of little Willie. It's so easily seen through, you know.

"'Asleep, Willie?' whispered mother.

"'Yes, I am,' Willie whispered back without opening his eyes, 'an don't forget that Dr. Bolus said I wasn't to be woke up to take any medicine, neither.'"

—*Wall Street Journal.*

* * * * *

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

THE UNITED STATES *maintains constant relationship with other peoples and countries of the so-called civilized world.* To quote Mrs. Llewelyn T. Hoosengumpf, wife of Llewelyn T. Hoosengumpf, Esq., and president of the Oak Junction (Minnesota) Tuesday Afternoon Ladies' Current Events Club, a woman who is perhaps the most prominent student of international affairs in Henderson County, "the relationship of the United States with other countries is perfectly fascinating."

In addition to the usual official relations between governments, a large portion of the population have relations ranging from, say, fifth or six cousins to great-uncles-by-marriage, in all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Zantipodes, including the Scandinavian.

IT HAPPENED IN GRAUSTARK

Charles Hanson Towne, the editor of Harpers' Bazaar, told the following in the course of an address before the faculty of Columbia University:—

A friend of mine, named James I. King, who lives in Buffalo, went on a grand tour through Europe, just before the war. He came to a small town in Roumania, and found the leading inn, where he registered and went to his room.

Soon he heard bands playing. Going to his balcony window, he looked out, to behold a great procession passing, soldiers marching, and a great crowd of the local citizenry waving and cheering, and looking—directly up at him, as he stood on the balcony!

He retreated from the window, in great dismay. Presently, there came a knock at his door, and there appeared two gorgeously attired gentlemen, who bowed low before him and presented him with some very official looking documents.

In despair, and almost alarm, wondering what it was all about, he yelled for the manager, and, through an interpreter, demanded to know what all this meant.

The manager explained: “Are you not a great monarch?”

“No!” shouted Jimmy, indignantly, “What made you think that?”

The bewildered host then produced the hotel register

on which Jimmy had written his full name and address, and the inn-keeper demanded,—

“Did you not sign yourself ‘JAMES I, KING OF BUFFALO, NEW YORK?’”

The famous Peabody Fourth of July letter imploring the American people to forgive Europe all her war debts led Senator Smoot to say at a Provo dinner:

“Hysterical. That hysterical letter reminds me of a Congressman who was wined and dined by some French friends last month at Larue’s in Paris.

“The Congressman appreciated the exquisite food, but he appreciated the exquisite wines still more, and at the end of the feast he grabbed up his hat and said:

“‘Friends, I’m off to the Chamber of Deputies to find Joe Caillaux and tell him—hic—that France doesn’t owe America one darn cent.’”

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle and Telegraph.*

What Europe seems to want is handouts across the sea.

—*Wall Street Journal.*

An infant swallowed a lira. All medical resources proved futile and the child was regarded as lost until the father thought of the Finance Ministry. An experienced official was brought from that institution and in a very short time he had succeeded in extracting two lira from the tiny sufferer.

—*Il Traverso, Rome.*

Italy may be said to be dictated but not red.

—*Copyright, 1926, Judge, New York.*

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL CONFLICT

FOR BREAKFAST—

Cuban Pineapple.
Scotch Oatmeal.
Spanish Omelet.
Vienna Rolls.
Ceylon Tea.

FOR LUNCHEON—

Hungarian Goulash.
Russian Caviar.
Yorkshire Pudding.
Turkish Dates.
English Walnuts.
Rhine Wine.

FOR DINNER—

Australian Lamb.
Mexican Frijoles.
Macaroni a la Italienne.
French Fried Potatoes.
Swiss Cheese.
Neapolitan Cream.
Java Coffee.

This was his on the first day
and—

This was his on the second day:
A severe case of American indigestion.

—*N. Y. Medley.*

TOUCHING ON LONDON WEATHER

By Irvin S. Cobb

Jokes aimed at the London Climate always are in order among Americans; but Britishers are not averse either to poking fun at this institution of theirs.

Only the other day *Punch* had a picture of an old gentleman about to climb into a taxi to escape a terrific snowstorm.

"Cabby," he says, "it's miserable weather, isn't it?"

"Guviner," answers the frost-bitten taxi driver, "I pass you my word I've been out since early morning and I ain't seen a single butterfly."

By this I am reminded of Bob Davis, on a visit abroad, standing under a dripping portico of a London hotel to be out of the drizzle which had continued without abatement then for three days, and saying to the carriage starter:—

"Tell me, does it always rain here at this season of the year?"

"No, sir," answered the functionary promptly, "sometimes it 'ails."

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Her Majesty has seen so many fine clothes worn in Europe that she would be delighted to see Americans in their native dress.

—*Royal Announcement in the New York World.*

In coming to America 434 years before Queen Marie, Columbus missed a lot of publicity.

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

OVER THERE AND OVER HERE

Vicarious Bravery.—

VALET—"Your bawth is ready, sir."

"Aw, I say, Hawkins, take the bawth for me—and, Hawkins, make it a cold plunge!"

—*Copyright, 1926, Judge, New York.*

Have you heard the story about the Scotchman who went crazy trying to shoot off a cannon a little at a time?

—*Karl Kitchen in the N. Y. Evening World.*

For genuine obscurity, suppose there were a vice president of Italy.

—*Detroit News.*

SOCIETY HOME JAMES!

VARIOUS forms of social intercourse are indulged in. "Tea" may apply to anything from a meeting of the local ladies-aid-society to a bacchanal given by the town cut-ups. "Dances" are enjoyed by the younger element and attended as a duty by their elders.

A "party" may mean practically any gathering of two or more persons for purposes of merriment, innocent or otherwise.

The capital "S" is used in the word Society whenever the term refers to those who live on the right side of the railroad tracks.

SOCIAL NOTES

The Culture Club of Monmouth met on the sixteenth at the home of Mattie Boore, with Mayme Kennedy and Helen Calhoun assisting hostesses. Twenty seven members were present and exchanged towels.

—*Cherokee (Kansas) Sentinel.*

The new queen of beauties is eighteen years old, weighs eighteen pounds, and is five feet, four inches tall.

—*Massachusetts paper.*

Mrs. J. P. Mathis gave a number of young men here a slumber party on Tuesday night.

—*Illinois paper.*

A feature of the evening's entertainment was the "bobbing" of Mrs. Reid's long tresses. Refreshments in harmony with the occasion were served.

—*Pawnee (Neb.) Chief.*

C. F. Cady returned from where he has been for some time.

—*Dover (Minn.) Independent.*

Odo Slobodskaja assisted by Bamboschek sang in six languages during her recent song recital in New York. Two of the languages was English.

—*Kansas paper.*

"A jolly bunch of our young people went on a kodaking expedition Sunday that resulted in many exposures and a very enjoyable time.

—*Bald Knob (Arkansas) Eagle.*

SORRY SHE SPOKE

MRS. NIPPER—"I'm so sorry I couldn't come to your party."

MRS. CUTTING—"Oh, weren't you there?"

—*Allston Recorder.*

Waiters Invite Coolidge; Ask Him To Annual Ball Without Dress Clothes.

—*New York Times, January 30.*

Practically all the Summer residences in or about Williamstown are now opened for the season. The Summer residents, accompanied by their servants, come to town early each morning to do their shopping and then return to their respective homes, where they seem to remain in seclusion until the following morning.

—*North Adams Mass. Transcript.*

MORALITY OUR SHORTEST CHAPTER

THIS fascinating race of people (*American*) is also interesting to the scientific world because of its large and imposing collection of Moral Standards. Some of these are extremely quaint and rare, differing in various parts of the country, representing a wide range and diversity, and running the whole gamut of Human Ethics. The saying, "the conventions must be preserved," originated, it is said, with Americans, and with this thought in mind the government has preserved a large quantity in the archives at Washington. In fact, conventions are likely to spring up overnight in any city, to the consternation of travelers and the delight of hotel-keepers and band-leaders.

Sin has been developed to an admirable degree and records show there are 1,006,682 specialists (called reformers) whose business it is to find and create new sins each year.

**PRIZE EXHIBIT OF THE MORAL
SPIRIT ABROAD IN 1926**

CAMP FIRE GIRLS ALL

*By Emma Sink (*Camp Scribe*)*

Oh gladsome day, of merriment,
Of cool clear nights and days well spent,
With songs of joy we beckon all
To come to Aweelowalala.

We swim each stream, we ride each trail,
We play at tennis, watch the quail,
And when our day of sport is through
We write to tell of it to you.

So come to camp, and give a cheer,
For though we have no use for beer
We have our fun in a good clean way,
To all that's fine we point the way.

So if you want to lead the life
That would make of you a dandy wife
To some fine man who loves his "ma,"
Then come, I pray, to Aweelowalala.

—*California Pelican*.

WE WILL
NOW SING
HYMN No. 62

THERE are 600,000 ministers of the gospel of both sexes in the U. S., representing 590,000 types of religious thought. There are only several thousand child evangelists, a numerical discrepancy, however, which is offset by a far greater ability to annoy.

The term “modernist” is applied to clerical gentlemen who read the papers, smoke cigars, follow the stock-market reports, wear colored neckties, advertise, and indulge in other forms of iconoclasm; while “fundamentalist” is the term used to designate those who practice the good old-fashioned type of godliness, believe in hell, visit their parishioners, pat children on the head, and give their seats to ladies when traveling. Either school is correct.

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS

“I THINK it’s perfectly AWFUL the way everybody you know is sort of giving up RELIGION and only the LOWER classes keep going to CHURCH—I mean I ACTUALLY do, don’t you? Because I HONESTLY think RELIGION is NECESSARY somehow because I mean it’s a sort of DISCIPLINE for a girl when it makes her get up at ten o’clock to go to CHURCH—Don’t you REALLY think so? Of course I think most sermons are simply OBNOXIOUS because they’re too LONG or something but I HONESTLY think you sort of GET something out of going to church, just the same—I mean I think it sort of INSPIRES you with sort of NOBLE thoughts and everything and I mean KNEELING and getting UP every minute is really CORKING exercise for a girl and trying to remember those RESPONSES is sort of FUN, I think—I mean I HONESTLY do. Heavens, no, my dear—I haven’t been to church this entire YEAR but neither has anybody else I know and I mean I ACTUALLY think it’s perfectly DISGUSTING the way everybody you KNOW is sort of giving up religion.”

—*Lloyd Mayer in Life.*

THE VICAR (to unsatisfactory parishioner)—How is it I haven’t seen you in church lately, Gubbins?

UNSATISFACTORY PARISHIONER (shortly)—I ain’t been.

—*Punch.*

**PLATINUM MEDAL AWARD FOR
EVANGELICAL FERVOR, 1926**

The following circular letter was sent to visitors to Jacksonville:

If *you* are a spineless—"molly-coddled"—long-faced—pious geezer that would give anybody the "doldrums" and Sunday morning "Blues"—then this warm-blooded-heart-throbbing-sincere—"with-a-ring-of-cordiality"-message—wasn't intended for *you*.

But if *you* are the real honest-to-goodness-red-blooded-virile "he-man" sort of fellow, that we think *you* are—*you* are the one and only particular person—that we want this urgent-cogent-effulgent—and 100 per cent sincere and cordial invitation to reach.

Listen—Last Sunday *three hundred and forty-one* of the happiest—jolliest—finest—peppiest—worth-whilest—regular fellows—that ever rubbed shoulders with each other in Florida's Metropolis—had the most informal—joy-bringing—soul-stirring—mind-illuminating—inspiring good time—at the Big Brotherhood Men's Class of the Riverside Presbyterian Church—of which that human-dynamo—that wonderful "go-getter"—remarkable personality—"Bob" McCaslin is teacher.

We want *you* to come out and "mix-it" for an hour with *Five Hundred* other real men *next* Sunday morning at 9.30. Come and be *our guest*—Come and *sing* with us—Come and hear "Bob" give his never-to-be-forgotten talk "The Face at the Window." Come and visit a *real live-wire* men's class.

Yes—you are *right*—"There's a reason." We are having a *red-hot* attendance contest between the Boosters led by Milton E. Bacon—and the Crusaders—led by *us*—*us winners*. The losers are to furnish *us* a Big Free Feed next week. We want *you* there too—Now Listen—"snap-out-of-it" *early* next

Sunday—put a *Crusaders Tag* in your “button hole” and come out and help us make next Sunday a *real Red Letter Day*—for the Crusaders—for “Bob”—and for yourself.

Expecting you and all your Pals—neighbors and relatives—we are

Crusadingly yours,

MARCUS C. FAGG, Major.

FRANK STEWART, Captain.

* * * * *

Psychic Law Aided Joshua; Dr. Eisler Of Chicago Explains Halting of The Sun and Moon.

—*N. Y. Times, January 24.*

The only way a minister can meet his flock is to join a golf club.

—*Ted Osborne in The American Golfer.*

* * * * *

An amiable drunk sagged down upon the lobby lounge beside a dignified clergyman.

“Thish’s fine hotel,” he began.

“Yes, I’ve found it very comfortable,” said the curate icily.

“Whadya say to havin’ a drink?” asked the boozy one genially.

The clerical’s face set severely. “No, thank you, I never taste the vile stuff.”

“Shay,” chortled the other, leering triumphantly, “whatcha givin’ us. You gotcha hic collar on backwards right now.”

—*Everybody’s.*

MOST INTERESTING PROPHECY OF 1926

Predicts Nude Beauty Contests by 1935

PITTSBURGH, Sept. 10 (U.P.).—A belief that by 1935 girls will be nude during bathing beauty contests was voiced in a sermon on "Atlantic City" by the Rev. Dr. James R. Cox of St. Patrick's Catholic Church here.

"The bathing beauty contests and the pageant at Atlantic City are the adoration of the nude in a barbarian state of present day society. Rome in its worst days was an example of modesty in comparison with the present day monkey shines," Dr. Cox said.

After a bitter denunciation of drinking and petting among young folks, Dr. Cox wound up by saying:

"The modern girl is the greatest marvel of the twentieth century. Let the Mother Grundys rave as they will, let the reformers howl, but that does not alter the fact that never before in the history of the race has the unmarried girl been so splendid as she is to-day."

—*N. Y. Sun.*

So far as we know there have been no births, deaths or marriages within the congregation during the interim. But we have good reason for believing that one of our young persons stayed out too long under the moonlight during the vacation period.

—*New Jersey Church Bulletin.*

A PAGE ABOUT PREACHERS

* * * * *

The Rev. Dr. J. Luther Sieber, pastor of St. Mark's
Lutheran Church, Roanoke, Va.;—

“David was the first boy scout.”

* * * * *

Bishop Lester Smith said at a Methodist service in
Helena:

“I heard a Methodist Conference story the other day.
Two elderly women were talking and one said:

“‘I am entertaining two locust preachers in my home.’”
The other woman laughed.

“‘You mean two local preachers, not two locust preachers, don’t you?’ she asked.

“‘No, I mean locust preachers’ insisted the first woman.

“‘But locusts’—and the other woman could hardly keep
from laughing—‘locusts are things that come in swarms
and eat everything up and—’”

“‘That’s them’ said the first woman, nodding her head
triumphantly, ‘and I’m entertaining two of them in my
home this week!’”

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

In order to carry out the theme of his sermon, says
a Los Angeles paper, The Rev. D. Lloyd Morgan, of
Marysville, Cal., stood upon a huge cake of ice in his
pulpit Sunday in the First Christian Church. The
subject of his sermon was, “Though Your Sins Be As
Scarlet, They Shall Be As White As Snow.”

DIAMOND BELT DEBATE OF 1926

The Rev. Mr. Taylor and the Rev. Mr. Dick conducted a public debate at Edenton on the question: "Will the Negro retain his present color in heaven?" Mr. Taylor contended the Negro's color will change.

—*Charlotte Observer.*

* * * * *

An English clergyman tells this one on himself. A dignified old lady, ascending the steps of his church, had difficulty with her breathing and asked his assistance. He offered her his arm and, on reaching the church door, she thanked him and inquired, "Do you happen to know who is preaching this morning?"

"The rector, madam," he replied.

"Oh," she said, "then might I beg you to do me yet another favor?"

"Certainly," replied the rector once more, "what else can I do for you?"

"Would you," said the old lady, "be good enough to assist me down the steps again?"

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

* * * * *

The evening lesson was from the book of Job and the minister had just read, "Yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out," when immediately the church was in total darkness.

"Brethren," said the minister with scarcely a moment's pause, "in view of the sudden and startling ful-

fillment of this prophecy, we will spend a few minutes in silent prayer for the electric light company."

—*Boston Transcript.*

* * * * *

Barefaced Mendacity.—“A gentleman called me handsome yesterday,” said a rather elderly lady to her minister. “Do you think it is sinful of me to feel a little proud of the compliment?”

“Not at all, ma’am,” replied the minister. “It’s the gentleman who is the sinner, not you.”

United Effort (Pittsburgh).

The Year’s Most Touching Farewell

A minister in a certain town in Alabama took permanent leave of his congregation in the following manner:

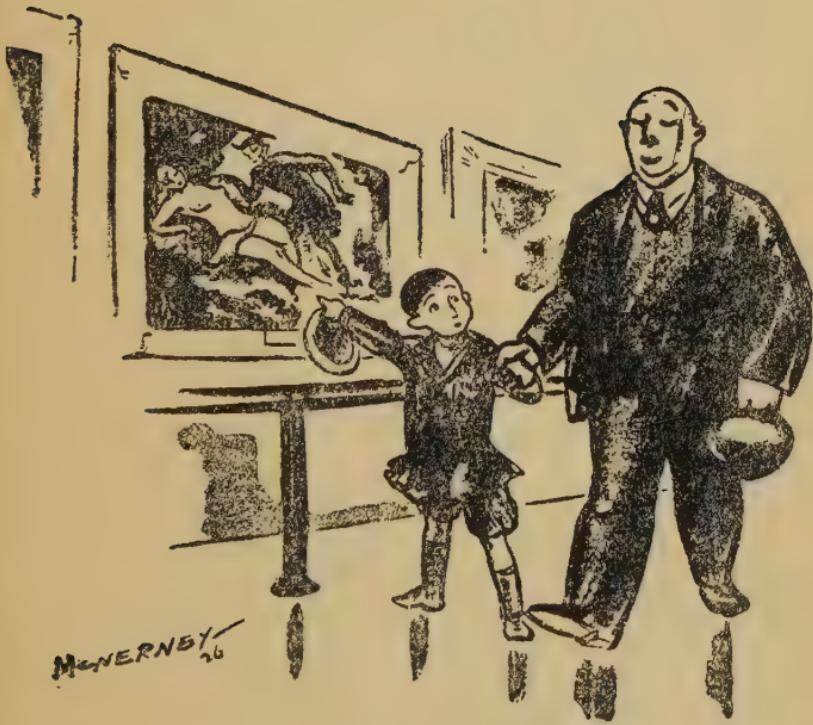
“Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-by. I don’t think God loves this Church, because none of you ever die. I don’t think you love each other because I never marry any of you. I don’t think you love me for you have not paid my salary. Your donations are mouldy fruit and wormy apples, and, ‘by their fruits ye shall know them.’

“Brethren I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. ‘Where I go ye cannot come, but I go to prepare a place for you,’ and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good-by.”

—*Fashion Magazine.*

ARTS AND LETTERS

EXTRAORDINARY things have been done in the United States in recent years in the realm of Arts and Letters. Artists, musicians, and writers are allowed to walk abroad in the streets as freely as the more fortunate classes, without fear of molestation. They are even invited to the homes of the upper classes, where they are permitted to discourse and are given tea, little square cakes, and beverage alcohol. Some of the more highly developed followers of the muses, however, form clans or guilds, and meet at hotels or clubhouses to converse about themselves.



“Sh-h! Dun’t esk!”

—From the *New Yorker*.

**ALL-AMERICA GOLD MEDAL PRIZE
LITERARY ITEM OF THE YEAR**

The writer of poetry requires a suitable brain and sensitive nervous system in order to be keenly sensitive to all external influences. Persons with a natural talent for poetry and who especially love it, require a broad and warm sympathetic nature in order to portray the tender emotions and love sentiments. Therefore, a writer of poetry must possess the capacity of feeling, must have strong love for home and of the opposite sex. The latter trait is large in all of the great original writers, for this faculty assists creative efforts.

The writer must not only be able to feel and portray these sentiments, but also to reproduce them upon paper. They are possessed of remarkable features, their hair generally is dark and fine, often inclined to curl. The skin is clear and white, the eyes dark and full, the forehead high and full, especially in the mid region and the top. The nose is of the Grecian type, the lips long and full, and the expression mild and kind. Look at the photograph of any great poet and sentimental and you will see the striking resemblance to the above description.

—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

WHAT THE PUBLISHERS WOULD SAY TODAY

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. By Dean Swift. (Special Tourist Edition with 4 maps in gift box marked "Bon Voyage.") Amusing adventures of a typical Briton in the Europe that's not in the guidebooks, with serious consideration of economic conditions in England.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI. The thrilling story of an Italian who came to America in the steerage twenty years ago, and who is now editor of *The Youth's Companion*. Told with straight forward frankness by a profound critic of our social life.

LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. When this genial philosopher lights his pipe and takes his pen in hand to describe, in mellow and whimsical essays, his nightly explorations of the ice-box, the reader is completely and arrestingly charmed.

THE ODYSSEY. By Homer. The story of post-war youth, striving to find in the chaos of modern civilization a new theory of life. Odysseus, a young college man of Ithaca, tramps through war-torn Greece and reports his sensations in graphic terms and forceful language. His detention on the Island of Ogydia, his subsequent return to Ithaca, and his punishment of the slackers who stayed home and tried to win his girls away from him—all this is told with the frankness and zest of youth.

—*Norman R. Jaffrey in Life.*

THE MOST POPULAR SONG OF THE YEAR



THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

—Copyright, 1926, Judge, New York.

EDGAR A. GUEST IS THE POET-LAUREATE OF GOD.

—*Rev. Edwin Holt Hughes, D.D., in Chicago Public address.*

* * * * *

One half of the world does not know how the other
half lives but—

Give the confession magazines time!

—*New Yorker.*

* * * * *

From the Modern Tragic School

RUTHLESS RHYMES

(from *Collier's Weekly*)

When she fell into the water,
Death removed our seventh daughter.
Said her sister, "Why this fuss?"
There are plenty more of us!"

—*Anna B. Sell.*

Johnny feeling frolicsome
Threw at Uncle Ned a bomb.
Though results were quite bewilderin'
Ma said, "Children will be children."

—*Carolyn Wells.*

Willie at Play in the street alone
Fell in a hopper for crushing stone.
The foreman disgustedly shook his head.
"That's mighty poor ballast for roads," he said.

—*Burges Johnson.*

INTER-STATE AWARD FOR
PRIZE SONG OF LAST
12 MONTHS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS FIRST
SWEETHEART, ANN RUTLEDGE

By Dr. William H. Gilbertson, of Plymouth, Pa.

I

"Twas many years ago from history we know,
There lived a man who loved a maiden true.
His love for her was pure and destined to endure,
He loved her just as all true lovers do;
She said she loved him too and promised to be true
To him as long as life on earth shall last,
But soon there came a day, in death she passed away,
And then he cried while tears were falling fast:—

CHORUS

Please dont leave me, Ann, dont leave me,
Your love was always noble sweet and true.
If you leave me, it will grieve me
And yet I do not know what I shall do.
If death should make us part, I know 'twill break my
heart,
But death can never kill my love for you.

II

His heart with grief did burn, with sadness he did yearn
For that sweet maid whom God had called away.
We know that he did grieve when she this earth did
leave
To live in mansions bright above for aye;
And yet he did not shirk but bravely did his work,
And ushered in for us a better day,
And now that he is gone, his plans we carry on,
And still we seem to hear him sadly say:—

CHORUS

Please dont leave me, &c.

—Quoted by F. P. A. in the N. Y. World.

* * * * *

A SYNOPSIS OF ALL GRAND OPERA

The heroine's husband bestows his affection upon another. He is discovered by the heroine's lover and promptly strangled. Heroine then pursues dead husband's inamorata and stabs her in the stomach, after which she drinks poison, and checks out. Her lover then sings himself to death and the plot ends for lack of further material.

Line o' type or two (Chicago Tribune).

* * * * *

VISITOR TO NEWSPAPER PLANT: And so you work in the composing room! Isn't that fine. Won't you sing something you've composed?"

—*St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

* * * * *

There was a young lady of Rio
Who tried to play Hummel's Grand Trio;
But her skill was so scanty
She played it andante
Instead of Allegro Con Brio.

—*Musical Courier.*



Signor Profundo, before signing the lease of his new residence, tests the acoustic properties of the bathroom.

—*London Opinion.*

MUSIC CRITIC (to sweet young thing): "How did you like the barcarolle at the musicale last night?"

SWEET YOUNG THING: "I didn't stay for the refreshments, Mr. Cleff."

—*Life.*

* * * * *

ADD SONG TITLES

"You may be a boon to your Mother, but you're just a baboon to me."

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

"I didn't raise my shades to be a spectacle."

—*Grinnell Malteaser.*

* * * * *

The village band had just finished a vigorous and not too harmonious selection, but the villagers fairly boiled over with enthusiasm.

As the musicians sank perspiring to their seats, after bowing for the applause, the trombonist asked hoarsely, "what's the next one?"

"Washington Post March," answered the leader, consulting his program.

"Good Lord," ejaculated the trombonist. "I just got through playing that!"

—*Illinois Central.*

* * * * *

Ralph Adams Cram, the architect, was deriding post-cubism at a banquet in New York.

"Cubism," he said, "was bad enough, but post-cubism!"

"A notorious post-cubist was painting a farm scene

in the Adirondacks one day when a farmer came up and watched him a while.

"Gosh all hemlock!" said the farmer. "Paintin' two pictures at once, ain't ye? Wall, these here scientific management idears take the cake for fair?"

"The post-cubist gave the farmer a puzzled and disdainful look. What did the old fool mean?

"Two pictures at once!" the farmer repeated. "I like the one ye got yer thumb through best."

—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

* * * * *

A CALL ON A FAMOUS LADY



Mr. Carlyle drops in to spend a pleasant evening with Mrs. Whistler.

—Haldeumann-Julius Monthly.

"Does my daughter's practicing bother you very much?"

"No, but tell me, why doesn't she take her mittens off?"

—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.

DILEMMA

*When cosmic themes pervade my verse,
The public elevates an eyebrow
And promulgates this dreadful curse:
"Too highbrow!"*

*But when to humbler things I stoop
And sign a diffident initial
The critics cry: "He's merely sup-
Erficial!"*

*When brisk I tap my Underwood
Until its ancient carcass tingles,
They say: "Oh yes, he's fairly good
At jingles."*

*But if I write with pensive pen,
Lines slow and sweet as oozing honey,
The cry goes up: "He's better when
He's funny!"*

*Like the old tyrant's head, with knife
Hung by a single hair above it,
Such is your humble servant's life—
I love it!*

-Stoddard King in the Spokane Spokesman-Review.

WHY THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY HAS GONE TO THE DOGS

(A tragedy in one act, which deals with an isolated case.)

The Author sits, immersed in thought, and stares at the Typewriter, on which there is a piece of clean white paper. Suddenly the Author springs forward and slaps the Typewriter on the keys.

The Typewriter (stung by the blows): Marvin pulled his hat down over his eyes and stepped out into the dust-laden gale that

A Voice from the Street:—Acquit 'em sure. They got infloo'nce. They got money. How's this guy goin'—

There is silence for thirty-three seconds. Then the Author lashes out at the Typewriter again.

The Typewriter: swept the deserted street. He

The Radio (becoming suddenly active in the next apartment): moonun a quawtuh er evenone shawtuh asken nyones dawtuh is bet whooooozheeee

The Author (using one of his strongest oaths): —
— the — — — — !

There is a silence that lasts forty-two seconds. Once more the Author goes after the Typewriter and does some clever in-fighting.

The Typewriter: lowered his head and made his way up the hill with

The telephone rings in the next room. The Author doubles the vigor of his blows on the keys of the Typewriter.

Voice in Next Room: Hello . . . Oh, hel-lo, Helen.

How'r— . . . To-night? I don't know . . . Yes, that would be— . . . I'll have to ask Harry . . .

Yes. Of course. Love to . . . Just a minute, now . . . Hold the wire . . .

The Typewriter: difficulty. It seemed symbolic of his life, almost. Always he seemed to be

There is a knock at the door.

The Author: Yes?

The door opens a little and She appears.

She: I'm sorry to interrupt you but——

The Author: Not at all. Just working out a little thing.

She: You see, Helen wants to know if we'll go up to her apartment for cocktails and go out to dinner with them. I told her I'd ask you.

The Author: Whatever you say. I'm not going very well. I suppose we might as well go up.

She: You're sure it won't interrupt your work?

The Author: Oh, no. I'll have to knock off anyway.

She: All right.

She goes out, closing the door softly after her. The Author shoves the typewriter carriage back to the right and stops after the word "difficulty." He wallops the keys.

The Typewriter (*going over several words*): xm xm xm-
xm xm xm xm xm

Voice in Next Room: Hello, Helen? . . . We'd love to come . . . Yes. What time do you want us? . . . Oh, all right. . . . All right, then . . .

The Author smashes into the typewriter once again.

The Typewriter: This time he would settle it. No more dodging, evading. This time he would.

There is a knock at the door.

The Author: Yes?

The door opens a little and She appears.

She: I'm sorry to interrupt you, but——

The Author: Not at all. Just working out a little thing.

She: Helen wants us up there at quarter past six, and she wants us to stop for Marian. And we're dressing. So I think you'd better start to dress by five.

The Author: Yes. All right. Whatever you say. I'm not going very well.

She (*going out, closing door softly after her*): All right.

The Author rips the paper out of the Typewriter, runs in another clean sheet and stares at it for five minutes. Then he goes for the keys again.

The Typewriter: Mechanically Marvin whirled the muffler around his neck, climbed into his overcoat, put on his hat and pulled it

A bell rings insistently in the next room, or elsewhere near at hand. The Author pauses, then plunges on.

The Typewriter: down over his eyes. He stepped out into the dust-laden

Voice (Male) in Next Room: They tol' me at the office I was to come this afternoon 'n' I come. I can't do what they don't tell me, can I? I ain't no mind reader, am I?

The Author goes back at the story.

The Typewriter: gale that swept down the hill. This time, he told himself, the thing would be settled, once and for all. This time

There is a knock at the door.

The Author: Yes?

The Maid enters, followed by a Laborer.

The Maid: Sorry, but the man is here about the shelves in the closet. They made a mistake about the day.

The Author: Oh.

The Laborer: Dis closet?

The Maid: Yeah.

The Laborer goes into the closet on a tour of inspection. The Maid leaves. The Author stands for twenty minutes and watches the Laborer labor. The Laborer emerges from the closet.

The Laborer: This ain't the kind of a job they tol' me it was. You can't fix them shelves right without you use braces. I got to go back and get braces. I could come back tomorrow . . .

The Author: By all means come tomorrow.

Presently the Laborer goes and the Author is left alone.

He closes the door, returns to the Typewriter, reads what he has written. He rips the paper out of the Typewriter and inserts a new sheet. He stares at this for ten minutes, then beats the keys.

The Typewriter: Marvin, his soft gray hat pulled down over his eyes, drove his way up the hill into the full force

The Radio Next Door: Some one whose hair's growing whiter—

The Typewriter: of the dust-laden gale. He was scarcely conscious of the rush of air that would have swept a smaller man

Voice of Child in Street Under Window: Yaa-aaa! Yaa-aaa! Ya-aaa! Fraidy-cat! Fraidy-cat! Yaa-aaa!

Author rises, stares out window at crowd of children, seats himself once more, reads what he has written, rips out paper and inserts new. Looks at paper fifteen minutes, then attacks keys.

The Typewriter: Jerry Marvin's mind was made up. At last, after two months of indecision, his mind was made up about Phryne Phillips.

The Author: Ah! That's it! That's it!

He goes at the keys more savagely than ever before.

The Typewriter: Now, this very afternoon, this very minute

There is a knock at the door.

The Author: What is it?

Voice Without: It's nearly five.

The Author: Yes, I know. (*He works on.*)

The Typewriter: she should hear what he had to

The Radio Next Door: When the red red robin comes
bob bob bob ina lawoooooooooooooshoooooooo—

The Typewriter: say. Whether she liked

Voice of Child in Street: Yaa-aaa! Fraidy-cat!
Yaa-aaa!

The Author springs up, yanks the Typewriter from the table and hurls it through the window pane at the child. There is a knock at the door . . .

—Edward Hope in the N. Y. Herald Tribune.

* * * * *

BUSINESS MAN (to futurist painter)—Say do you sell these paintings?

ARTIST CHAP—Why certainly, sir, of course.

“Name your salary; I've been looking for a salesman like you for years.”

—California Pelican.

HIGHER EDUCATION —AND HOW!

THERE are 1,000,000 inmates of colleges in the United States. The chief occupations among this important and peculiar class of inhabitants are party-hounding, pansy-petting, and raising mischief in general. In winter they hunt for dears and grow long shaggy coats much too large for them, so as to allow for flask-bulkage round the hips. In the summer they carry ice. The older “college men” (alumni) become normal inhabitants, except at intervals in the fall and spring when they gather in large numbers for the purpose of reverting to type.

THE YOUNG IDEA IN ENGLAND

Speaking from the famous Radio Station 2LO London, Lord Asquith, on the subject of childish distortion of knowledge, cited the following from examination papers he had read:

"The Christians are only permitted to have one wife. This is called Monotony."

"Queen Elizabeth rode on horseback through Coventry with nothing on, so Raleigh offered her his cloak."

"Habeas Corpus was a phrase used during the great plague of London, and means: 'Bring out your dead.'"

"The Mediterranean and Red Seas are connected by the Sewage Canal."

—*N. Y. Evening World.*

MAME:—I went out with a collitch feller last night.

MAZIE:—Yeh? Didja hafta pay the cover charge?

Nah!

Did he go batty on two sniffs of juniper juice?

Uh-huh.

Did he get throwed off the floor for indecent dancing?

Nope.

Did he run out of gas thirty miles from nowhere?

No.

Say, kid, that may have been a big hook-and-eye man from Peoria, but take it from me, it wasn't no collitch feller.

—*Stanford Chaparral.*

ANCIENT HISTORY PROFESSOR: "If Caesar were alive today would he be as famous as he was?"

SWEET YOUNG THING: "Surely. He'd be famous for his old age."

—*N. Y. American.*

A college course for washerwomen, designed to do away with all knuckle-scraping rubbing over wash tubs, is being organized by the State university extension division in Boston, Mass.

CONSIDER? NO; SUBMIT? YES

The sun has been invited by Charles T. Luthy of Peoria, Illinois, to consider and submit to its readers for their consideration "The Up-to-Date English Alphabet" devised by Mr. Luthy and by him "adapted for All Nations, All Languages, and All Time." We decline to consider it, but we lay before our readers the subjoined sample of its devastating processes:

UNITED STATS OV AMERIKA LINKOLN'S GETISBURG ADRES

Forskor and seven years ago our faders brot forth on dis kontinent a nu nashon, konsevd in liberty and dedikated tu de proposishon dat al men ar kreated ekwel.

Nou we ar engajd in a grat sivil war, testing hweder dat nashon, or eny nashon so konsevd and so dedikated, kan long endur. We ar met on a grat batelfeld ov dat war. We hav kom tu dedikat a porshon ov dat feld as a final resting-plas for dos hu her gav dar livs dat dat nashon mit liv. It is alto-geder fitting and proper dat we shud du dis.

But, in a larjer sens, we kannot dedikat—we kannot konsi-

krat—we kannot halo—dis ground. De brav men, living and ded, hu strogled her hav konsikrated it far abov our pur pouer to ad or ditrakt. De world wil litel not nor long rimeber hwot we sa her, bot it kan never forget hwot da did her. It is for os, de living, rader, tu be dedikater her tu di onfinishd werk hwhish da hu fat her hav dos far so nobly advansd. It is rader for os tu be her dedikated tu de grat task rimaning bifer os—dat from des onord ded we tak inkresd divoshon tu dat kas for hwhish de gav de last ful mezur ov divoshon, dat we her hily risalv dat des ded shal not hav did in van; dat dis nashon, onder Gad, shal have a nu berth ov fredom; and dat government ov de pepel, by de pepel, and for de pepel, shal not perish from di erth.

It is not necessary to say more. Even the immortal genius of mighty Lincoln could not survive the Up-to-date English Alphabet. We salute Mr. Luthy for his courage, but we deplore him for his indiscretion.

—*Editorial from N. Y. Evening Sun.*

Found on a Freshman's registration card:

QUESTION:—Give your parents' names.

ANSWER:—Mama and Papa.

—*The Outlaw.*

“Say pop,” inquired the young student, “was George Washington as honest as it says he was here?”

“Yes, my son.”

“Well, then how is it they close all the banks on his birthday?”

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

READY-MADE COLLEGE TYPES

“You Can Always Tell a Harvard Man; But You Can’t Tell Him Much!”—Old Saw.

By COREY FORD

THIS is the story of how a Mr. and a Mrs. Minnerly (or Mr. and Mrs. Average American Citizen, if you want to call them that) went into a big Department Store and selected the right College for their son Harold, much as you or I might have selected a suit of clothes. They simply stepped up to the Head Salesman and said: “We should like to send our son Harold to some College; but before we decide upon which one, we thought we’d like to look around and see what Type fits him.” So the Head Salesman showed them.

And it may as well be confessed right here at the outset that this whole story is entirely fictitious. There are no such persons as Mr. and Mrs. Minnerly. And there is really no Department Store that sells College Types like that; so of course the Minnerlys never went there at all. What is more, they never even *needed* to go there; because they have no son whatsoever named Harold, and consequently it would be quite idle to send him to College, even if they had.

But our Colleges have finally settled into their respective Types; they are standardized at last. Each campus has developed its characteristic accent, manner, flair, a certain cut to its clothes, a feather in its hat-band, a typical handshake, details that are its brand and its trademark. You would know a Yale man if you met him in Patagonia; or a Columbia man if you met

him at the Ritz. You can always recognize a Princeton man—usually in the nick of time.

American Colleges have been at it for years. They have weeded and they have pruned; they have selected and they have regulated. By Entrance Tests and financial hurdles, by iron-clad traditions, by Freshman rules and Sophomore Clubs, by Ideals and influences and that mysterious, jingoistic, indestructible, aggressive, all-pervasive College Spirit, they have managed to achieve their final expression in a Campus Type. Each College has evolved for itself a Model Collegian, a mold from which to cast more and more Model Collegians, all recognizable products of their respective Alma Maters, and all as similar as a standard make of automobiles or a brand of chewing gum. They dress alike, act alike, talk alike; and last but not least, they think alike.

It has not been an easy job, this matter of standardization. There would be occasional gawky individuals who ran to brains, hollow-chested youths with no social ambitions whatsoever, and no desire to be any more typical of one college than another. It took a great deal of discreet snubbing and suppression to eliminate these offensive individuals, and to obtain the tranquil, unbroken monotony that prevails today. In matters of religion and race it required considerable tact, you may be sure. Even now these unfortunate exceptions are forever cropping up in the College Annuals or the *Phi Beta Kappa* lists, to the acute embarrassment of the true sons of their Alma Mater.

Happily these sporadic growths are few and far between. The average College Man is a uniform product, a standard grade, typical of his College. You can pick him out much as you would select, say, a suit of clothes. In fact, much as Mr. and Mrs. Minnerly selected a College for their son Harold by stepping into a Department Store, provided there had been one, and asking the Head Salesman to show them what College Types there were. The Head Salesman rubbed his hands and nodded.

"Have you anything special in mind?" he inquired solicitously. "Any College that appeals to you?"

"Well, no, not exactly," admitted Mr. Minnerly. "I just thought that if we saw the more popular models . . . "

"Something smooth, perhaps? High-polished? Well-finished?" with a bright smile. "Or perhaps something a little more rugged and durable would appeal. . . ?"

"I don't know," repeated Mrs. Minnerly pettishly. "Suppose you show us four or five of your standard college types, and let us select our college from those."

"With pleasure," agreed the Salesman politely, clapping his hands; and as Mr. and Mrs. Minnerly stared in surprise, the curtains rose suddenly on a small raised dais, which was furnished simply with a huge easy chair, a mandolin, College Pennants, pillows, and a battered bureau decorated with bright-coloured neckties, actresses' pictures, several Art Studies in the nude, four pipes, and another mandolin.

"This is one of our most conservative models," indicated the Salesman approvingly. "Made in Cambridge."

A young man was sprawled in the easy-chair, his legs thrust out listlessly across the floor, a cigarette drooping from his limp fingers. He was tall, lean, pale and cadaverous, and he wore tortoise-shell spectacles, which gave him a cultured and studious look. His white sport-shirt was thrown open at the neck; and as he rose easily to his feet, Mrs. Minnerly noted that he wore tennis flannels and battered sneakers autographed with his class-numerals and initials. He surveyed Mr. and Mrs. Minnerly with a superior, detached air, as befits one who moves in the wealthy Back-Bay circles; and then, apparently spying someone over their heads, he called in a high-pitched, drawling voice: "O, I say, Cha'lie, half a mo' till I cut another notch in my sheik belt."

"That is the first type," whispered the Salesman. "Very exclusive; you can't go wrong with him. The broad 'A' and low-cut 'R' have always been special features of this model," he added.

Slowly the young man descended the stairs, swinging a tennis-racket aimlessly. He pirouetted languidly, advanced toward Mr. Minnerly and dangled his hand, grasping the tips of Mr. Minnerly's fingers for the fraction of a second and mumbling: "Cha'med." Then with a swooping, lymphatic motion he glided out through the door.

"What do you think, dear?" asked Mrs. Minnerly

anxiously; but Mr. Minnerly only shook his head, and wrung out his handkerchief significantly.

At this moment a short, stocky, heavy-set young man in a raccoon coat vaulted the arm-chair and landed with a bang on the front of the platform. There he balanced for a moment on his square-toed brogues, a stout pipe clamped between his teeth, his jaw thrust forward, nervously fingering a Senior Society charm and glancing about cautiously.

"That's the second type," whispered the Salesman, "Made in New Haven. Very smooth, don't you think?"

Whistling over his shoulder to a huge Bull-Dog, which followed him down the steps on a leash, and which resembled him in many ways, the young man stripped off his fur coat and displayed beneath it a long yellow slicker, covered with names and drawings and a prominent Bull-Dog in a blue "Y" painted just between his shoulder-blades. Advancing toward Mr. Minnerly in two short strides, he paused, studied him under scowling eye-brows, and then swooped up his hand suddenly from his side in a quarter-arc, grabbing Mr. Minnerly's hand and jerking it toward him as he muttered: "Hiya?", turned, and strode from the room.

Then, from the distance there sounded the low moaning of a saxophone and the primitive beat of a tom-tom; and a strange couple advanced slowly through the door of the showroom, pressing close to each other and wriggling their bodies convulsively now and then to the far-off jazz. Over the white shoulders of the little blonde girl, peered a pale, bored, sophisticated, cynical, sad young man in a Tuxedo, a dead cigarette clinging

to his lips. He studied Mr. Minnerly disdainfully through half-shut eyes, and danced slowly down the steps.

"He owns a yellow racer," explained the Salesman rapidly under his breath, "and he drives it all over New Jersey. They say it has a great pick-up."

"Tell him to move up his hand a little," grumbled Mr. Minnerly, craning his neck, "so I can see the girl."

Silently the sad young man removed a soft felt hat with a tiny orange-and-black feather in the band and extended his palm, at the same time making a noise in his throat that sounded like: "Aaa." As Mr. Minnerly seized his hand, the young man drew it back again slowly; it slipped from Mr. Minnerly's grasp like a dead fish. Then as the music began once more, the couple undulated slowly out through the door.

"That is one of our most popular college types," said the Salesman. "With the women," he added.

Suddenly there sounded a terrific clatter outside the showroom; and with a wild yell a clean-limbed, clear-eyed young man bounded through the window, his rosy cheeks glowing with health. He stamped his feet, brushed the snow from his collar vigorously, laid down a pair of skis, a pair of snow-shoes and a football, and then took off his sheepskin Baa-baa Coat with a prominent tag "Made in Hanover." Beneath it he wore a checkered lumber-jack shirt, corduroy breeches, hob-nailed boots and a dumb collegiate expression. As he stood for a moment on the platform with husky legs spread apart, grinning broadly, he spied Mr. Minnerly;

and clumping down the stairs he hailed him with a cheery: "Hi, brother, how goes it?" whamming him across the back and bringing tears to his eyes.

"Very tough and durable," admired the Salesman. "Just feel that grip. Why, he'll last forever."

"My," said Mr. Minnerly, working his fingers slightly.

Abruptly, behind the stage, there sounded several voices in excited conversation; then the door was flung open with a slam, and a tall, lantern-jawed, sandy-haired young man entered, clad in light grey tweeds and checkered golf-socks. He did not linger on the platform, but hurried down the stairs at once with a business-like, Babbitt intensity, shook hands swiftly with Mr. and Mrs. Minnerly and rapidly repeated: "Whaddye say, kid, whaddye say, Oscar, whaddye say, heh?" smiling affably. His air was breezy and flashy, as he continued without pausing: "Hurry up, kid, got to be getting back to Chicago, got a big proposition out West, let you in on the ground floor, think on your feet, well, so long, Oscar!" and then swerved and vanished through the door. Several pieces of paper lifted and fell in his wake, rocking in the draught.

"Good, durable, middle-west stock," admired the Salesman. "He could stand a lot of knocking around."

"Couldn't he, though," agreed Mr. Minnerly, mopping his forehead. "Are there any more?" anxiously.

"Well, there's one more," hesitated the Salesman, "but I'm not sure whether he could be called a real College Type or not." And he pointed to an inconspicuous stunted figure with black curly hair and un-

shaven chin, who pushed his way through the crowd carrying a brief-case and umbrella.

Mr. Minnerly glanced at his wife, and shook his head. "Frankly," he said glumly, "I'm afraid we didn't see just what we had in mind."

"Is this what you were thinking of, by any chance?" asked the Salesman suddenly; and all at once he produced a figure resembling all the other men, yet somehow exaggerating them all. He wore Oxford bags, a white turtleneck sweater with a prominent letter, a huge pipe with silver numerals, and a Varsity Hat with insignia; and in his hand he held a foaming beermug, which he waved aloft as he sang a College Song. Mr. Minnerly's eyes widened with pleasure and astonishment.

"That's it," he yelled with delight. "That's my idea to a 'T'. Where did you find him?"

"I cut him out of a newspaper," confessed the Salesman modestly. "He is a Comic-Strip College Boy."

"That is just what we would have selected for our son Harold," sobbed Mrs. Minnerly gently, "provided we *had* a son named Harold." And then she wiped her eyes and smiled bravely through her tears; because both Mr. and Mrs. Minnerly, although sincere enough in their recent efforts, realized perfectly well that they were only fictitious characters in a satirical sketch about Colleges in general, and consequently should not take themselves too seriously.

Vanity Fair.

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PRIIZE DEGREE OF 1926

Get's Degree of Ph. D. With Thesis on Hot Dog.

Chicago.—The bark of a "hot dog" won the degree of doctor of philosophy for Lee Miles Roderick, a student at the University of Chicago. Roderick turned in a thesis on the lowly frankfurter and the subject was so well handled that Roderick won the coveted honor.

—*N. Y. Evening Graphic.*

TOLD OVER THE
LUNCHEON TABLE—
PLEASE PASS THE
PEPPER

DINING and polite conversation are indulged in simultaneously by a large percentage of Americans. It is the custom among “certain people of importance” to cultivate a répertoire of one or more humorous anecdotes. These are told across the dining table or incorporated in after-dinner speeches. Frequently the name of a celebrity and a jest or bon-mot attributed to him appear in the public prints—to his immense discomfort, for Americans detest publicity.

A group of theatrical and moving picture magnates were discussing a certain Master Mind of Hollywood who walks among mere mankind with the mien of an avatar, but whose education is said to be limited.

One of them was reminded of an incident that had occurred only a short time previously. A young publicity man connected with the organization of this Master Mind had written a book on the movies. It was his intention to dedicate the book to the big boss, the Master Mind. He therefore approached the secretary of the great man and explained what he had in mind. The secretary promised to bring the matter up and a few days later the author received a memorandum giving him the required permission, most graciously.

Time passed. The book appeared. Then came a day, as they say in the movies. A memorandum was sent to the author, saying that the Master Mind had not forgotten the dedication, and desired to know when it would take place and what he should wear!

* * * * *

This reminded another man at the table of another story concerning the same great personage.

It seemed that a picture had been suggested to him, to be made from a musical comedy of a sweet and harmless nature; a comedy that had been popular some years before. The Master Mind asked what kind of play it was.

"It's a pastoral play," explained the agent hopefully.

"No!" thundered the producer. "I don't like to have preachers in my stories. It's bad for the business!"

* * * * *

Yet a third man at the table was reminded of a story about the dignitary under discussion.

It was during the great war and the question of filming Mark Twain's famous "Pudd'nhead Wilson" was up for discussion.

"No!" again thundered this producer. "Never shall I make a picture that would reflect upon the dignity of the president of the United States of America."

* * * * *

Gertrude Ederle had finished her glorious channel-swim and was homeward bound on the Berengaria, when she was told to don a life preserver for a ship drill.

"Why should I want one of those things?" said the natatorial 'whiz.'

"This is a drill, and we require all passengers to put on a life-belt, miss," explained the steward.

"Nope," and Trudy waved him away, "you can tell the captain that if his ship sinks he'll have to get some one else to carry his life preservers ashore—not me."

* * * * *

Al Jolson, while dining at the Astor, told one on the late Harry Houdini.

He said that Houdini arranged to be handcuffed and leg-ironed and then jump off a high bridge in Scotland. But when the magician stood on the bridge ready to do the trick, there was no one there to watch him.

"It was a toll bridge," explained Jolson.

One night in the National Vaudeville Club, in West Forty Sixth street, New York, Howard Thurston told the following story on himself:

"I was preparing to open my magic show in a theater in Milwaukee when one of my assistants was taken ill. It was a serious blow to me and I promptly inserted advertisements in all the Milwaukee papers stating that Thurston, the Magician, needed an assistant.

"I had only one reply.

"It was from a young Swede who had a consuming ambition to be an actor. And that was all he did have. However, I couldn't be particular. I engaged him and began to rehearse him. I explained that he was to be all dressed up in a devil's suit with horns and tail and trident. He was to stand near the footlights while I showed a large cabinet to the audience. Then I was to put him into the cabinet, and close the curtains. I was then to fire a pistol, open the cabinet and the devil would be gone. Then I would say, 'Where is the devil?' and to the amazement of the audience the devil would run down the aisle from the front doors of the theater and leap upon the stage.

"It sounds complicated but it was really very simple. All that my Swede had to do was to open a trap in the floor of the cabinet, go down a ladder behind the leg mirrors, and he would find himself in the cellar. Then all he had to do was go out the cellar door to the street and rush down the theater.

"It wasn't so simple to the Swede. He rehearsed and always made some mistake like falling down the stairs.

But finally Monday night came, we had fitted him into the devil suit and the performance was ready. In the beginning everything went off as per schedule—until we came to the trick of the devil and the cabinet. I put the Swedish Mephisto into the cabinet. I closed the doors. I fired the revolver. I showed the cabinet empty. And then I said, ‘Where is the devil?’

“No response. Just silence! ‘Where is the devil?’ I repeated loudly. Still no response. And no devil on the horizon.

“Meanwhile, a terrible thing had happened. The Swede in his red suit, with horns, and tail, and brandishing his trident had rushed out into the street and into the lobby of the theater. The doorman stared at him blankly and refused him admittance. The Swede was desperate. He hit the doorman in the nose and bowled him over. Then he rushed down the aisle of the theater, shouting, ‘Here I am! Here I am!’

“But he was in the wrong theater!

“He had blundered into the house next door, and rushed down the aisle at a terrible moment. For the show was ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’ and little Eva was just on her way up to heaven when the devil rushed down the aisle.”

* * * * *

“It was on an army transport during the War,” says Major General Summerall. “The ship was carrying across a contingent in which was a negro regiment. Half way across, a torpedo boat was sighted, and all troops were mustered on deck. Orders were given to don life preservers.

"There was a deathly hush after the order, but suddenly it was broken by a loud voice of one of the colored boys:

"Is dey anybody heah dat wants to buy a gold watch and chain?" "

* * * * *

It was Fulton Oursler, the novelist and playwright, who shelved his dramatic austerity and unbottled the one about the young colored man whose trial for divorce had reached the paper signing stage. Eager for freedom, Mose was ready to sign anything.

"But are you old enough to sign these papers?"

"Yassuh!"

"You are an adult?"

"Yassuh, Ah'm the mos' adulterous pusson in mah whole fam'ly, Jedge."

* * * * *

One can't go through the school of Broadway and emerge as one of its honor graduates without developing a sense of humor whether one wants it or not. Florence Reed had it before she entered the school. Witness the tale attributed to her of the kindly lady who was visiting a death house prisoner.

"Is there anything I can get for you, my good man?" she cooed benignly.

"Indeed there is, lady. For God's sake get me something to read. They've given me nothing but serial magazines and me being hanged next week."

A penchant for limericks has characterized many a brilliant mind. Among them is Ernest Hutcheson, the concert pianist, whose humor would of course strike a musical note. He was heard to submit:

There was a young woman from Sheen
Whose ear was not very keen.

She said, "It is odd,
I can never tell 'God
Save the Weasel' from 'Pop goes the Queen.'"

* * * * *

It is said that Otto Kahn told Dr. Alexis Carrel this one when he swapped financial yarns for the latter's medical tales.

A stock broker lay in delirium at the critical point of a serious illness. "Nurse," he cried, "what is my temperature?" "You're alright," she said soothingly, "it's still one hundred and one."

"Good!" raved the sick man, "when it reaches a hundred and one and a half, for God's sake sell."

* * * * *

The Capital for many weeks giggled at the story told of the irrepressible Will Rogers, who had been to pay his respects to the president. According to those present Will was, in the usual manner, received at the White House and introduced formally to Mr. Coolidge by a legislative friend. Mr. Rogers extended his hand and submitted his most engaging smile.

"I beg pardon," said he, "I didn't quite catch the name?"

There must be material for quite a book of anecdotes about Charles W. Eliot. Our favorite has always been that of the time the president of Harvard took the Reverend Edward Everett Hale to a Crimson and Blue football game.

"Where are you going, Charlie?" a passerby called.

"To yell with Hale," explained the prince of Prexies.

—*Chicago Evening Post.*

* * * * *

Broadway rocked at the tale of Grant Mitchell, one of its best known actors, whose use of the King's English is always fastidiously correct. At a Polo Grounds ball game Grant heard an excited club manager bawl to a nervous pitcher: "Watch them balls!"

"Watch them grammar!" yelled the actor.

A PAGE
OF
MISTAKES

WHY EDITORS LEAVE TOWN

Orders for products are now so numerous that the Central Worsted Co., Central Village, is on a day and night shirt.

—Connecticut paper.

“Capt. Dollar is also expected to give a luncheon to leading sipping men of the city.”

—N. Y. Herald Tribune.

CHEERING THEM UP

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. — — — will be relieved to learn that she and Mr. — — who live at Miami, Florida, were injured in the recent hurricane.

—Denver paper.

SLEIGHT-OF-HAND

Roberta Star Semple, Mrs. McPherson's daughter, celebrated her sixteenth birthday anniversary to-day . . . She appeared with Mrs. Kennedy on the balcony, carrying a large banquet.

—Los Angeles paper.

’TWILL REMAIN COOL UNLESS IT GETS WARMER

Pennsylvania paper.

GENERALLY FAIR FRIDAY, PROBABLY FOLLOWED BY SATURDAY.

—*Weather report in New Hampshire paper.*

“Owing to the lack of space and the rush of editing this issue, several births and deaths will be postponed until next week.”

—*Iowa paper.*

A CREDIT TO THEIR SEX.—

SASKATOON MEN SCORE IN EGG LAYING CONTEST.

—*Canadian paper.*

GRAND FINAL EXHIBITION!

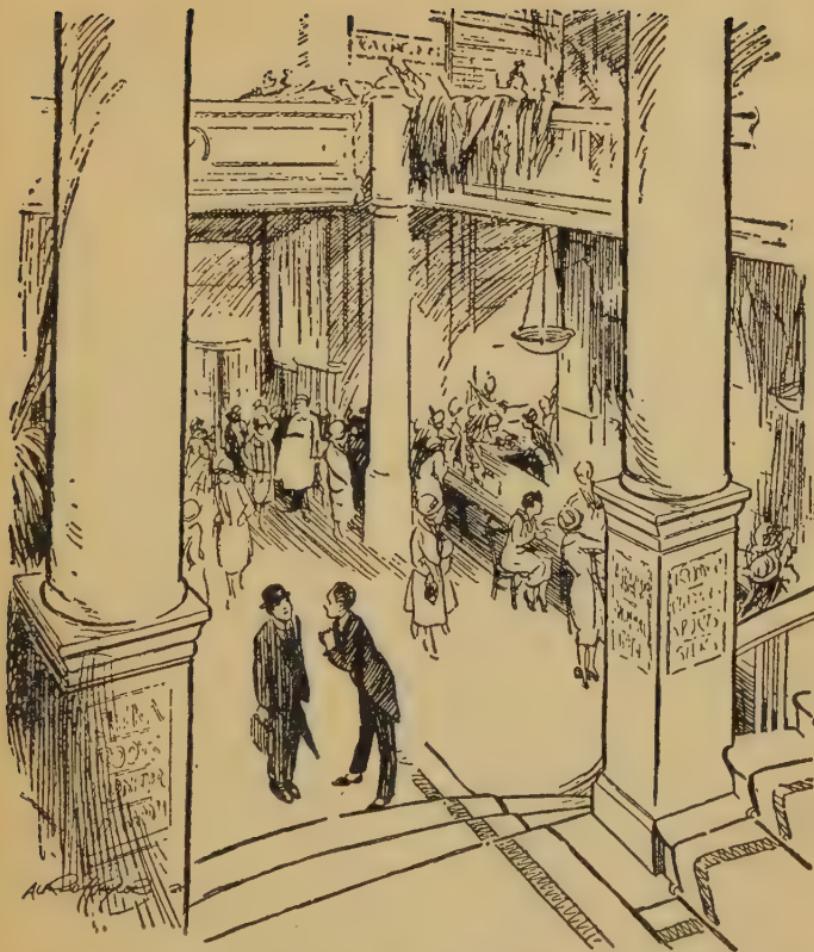
*What we laughed at
in 1926*

PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that the inhabitants of the United States possess a sense of humor. It is only fair to qualify the statement by reference to the point of view of the individual.

If the joke is on some one else, it is funny. If it involves the consternation, embarrassment, and even physical discomfort of others, it is uproarious.

The comic strip is the most popular of all schools of humor.

As Professor Otto J. Cumquat has so aptly put it, "Americans are human."



Customer: I don't quite know what I want, but it must be something quite suitable for a birthday present.

Shopwalker: Well, sir, we say that this store can supply anything from a pin to an elephant.

Customer: Well, perhaps you could show me something between the two.

—*Goblin.*

ASKS FOR A REVERSAL OF SOCRATES'S DOOM

ATHENS, March 31 (A. P.)—The death sentence passed against Socrates in 399 B. C., has been appealed to the Supreme Court.

M. Paradopoulos has undertaken to act as the philosopher's attorney. He says it was by a miscarriage of justice that Socrates was convicted of impiety and corrupting the young and drank the fatal hemlock.

He urges reconsideration of the death verdict passed by the judges of the Athenian democracy "against their better judgment."

"The honor of Greece requires a revision of the judgment and a judicial declaration of Socrates's innocence," says the attorney.

HOW TO GET THAT BEE OFF THE PIAZZA

Tell bee it is a bore. Bee will hang head. Will go away. Read Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book for Busy Bees.

Send telegram to bee. All is discovered. Bee will decamp. Turn up in Canada.

Inform bee better-class insects do not buzz. Bee will keep silent. Die of ennui.

Read works of H. L. Mencken to bee. Bee will become cynic. Will lose faith in hive. Lead bad life. Die of alcoholic poisoning.

Sprinkle garlic on bee. Bee will lose caste. Become mere hornet. Exit bee.

—W. W. Scott in Life.

* * * * *

A PAGE OF Nonsense

PANHANDLER—"Gimme a dime for a sandwich, mister?"

PASSER-BY—"Lemme see the sandwich first!"

* * * * *

—Clay Crouch & Co. (Loew's).

"What's a metaphor?"

"To keep cows in."

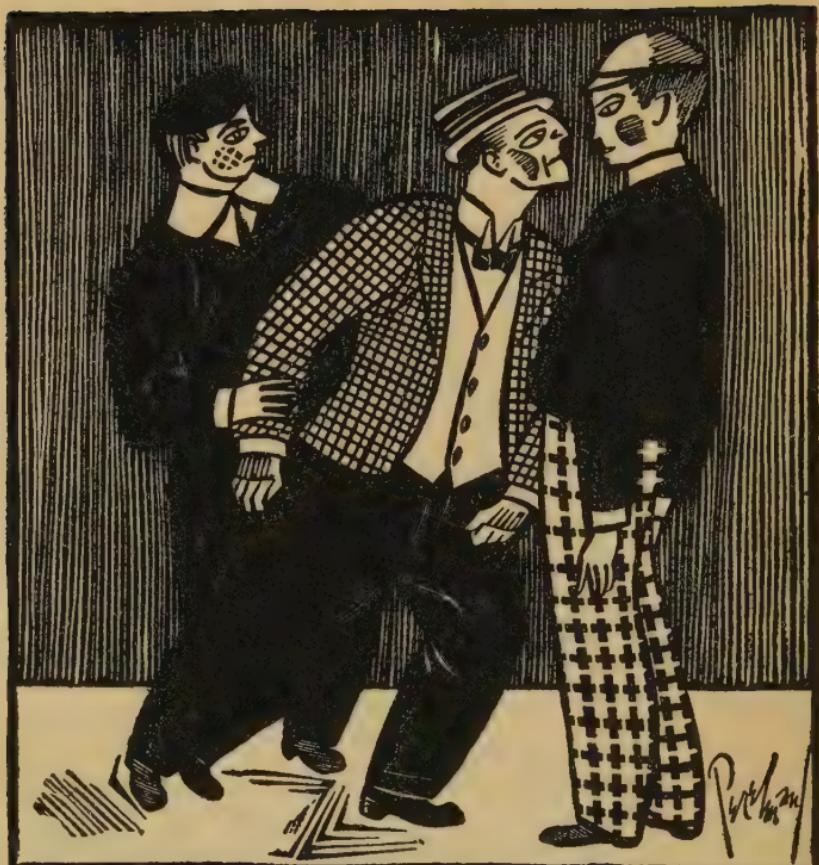
* * * * *

—Bobby Henshaw (Loew's).

"What would you call an aviator who fell in a sewer?"

"An ace in the hole."

—Same.



YOU BIG BULLY YOU SAID PAUL CONFRONTING MARK

HOW TO BUILD A TOY GIN MILL

"Tell us a story, auntie, and let it be a true one," said three little faces with merry brown eyes to me one day last week. "All right, bozos," I replied, and I told them this one. Said a butcher to his assistant, Beefy Joe, recently: "Now, Joe, step on it! Break the bones in Mr. Hinchey's chops and put Mrs. Gupp's ribs in the basket for her!" "All right," replied the humorous shop boy. "I'll do that as soon as I saw off Mrs. Garnick's leg!" Those little tots nearly burst a strap laughing at this "hot" one.

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HIS WILL

To Martha I leave my sense of humor. It may be a mite, but any girl who giggles when a tire goes flat is in dire need of all she can get.

To Joe my address book.

To Dad, my bills.

To Adele, I bequeath my empty purse. I have used it a great deal when ever I have dragged her anywhere, and I desire that it fall into hands that will love and respect it for its former prosperous self.

To Alice I give my blue bow tie to do and undo at leisure.

To Sam my unfinished bottle of Hairslick.

To Ruth a draft for \$0.75 on my New York Bank to purchase a record to substitute for that awful "My Sweetie ain't got Angel Eyes" that she sings.

To Betty I leave my love with the sincere hope that she will think as much of it as that dratted poodle of hers.

—*Princeton Tiger.*

* * * * *

"I work in a shirt factory."

"Well, why aren't you working today?"

"We're making night shirts."

—*Hill and Dale, Keith's.*

* * * * *

"Did you take your cold bath this morning?"

"No. There wasn't any hot water."

—*Forrest and Lake, Keith's.*



First Old Man (to second old man, referring to third old man)—Begins to look 'is age, don't 'e?

—*London Opinion.*

WORST PUNS OF 1926

“Dear!”

With a glance she tried to cow him.

But he only looked sheepish.

“Dog!” she exclaimed.

He choked—there was a frog in his throat.

Then, realizing that he had made a monkey of himself by acting like a bear, he ducked.

—*Chicago Herald and Examiner.*

A DOCTOR OF LITERATURE

“Dear Doctor:

My pet billy goat is seriously ill from eating a complete leather-bound set of Shakespeare. What do you prescribe?

INQUIRER.

“Dear Inquirer:—

Am sending the Literary Digest by return mail.

DOCTOR.”

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

* * * * *

Oh I never could believe it,
Though I've been often told,
That a fire's always hottest
Whenever it is coaled.

—*Stevens Stone Mill (Stevens Univ.).*

“Did you ever hear the story of The Golden Fleece?”
 “No, did they bite?”

—*Pitt Panther (Univ. of Pittsburgh).*

* * * * *

“Where are you from?”
 “Providence.”
 “Oh, are you?”
 “Nope, R. I.”

—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury.*

* * * * *

“Didn’t you have any luck at the races today?”
 “Luck! When my horse passed where I was sitting,
 I leaned over and hollered ‘They went up that way.’”

—*From “Tiptoes.”*

* * * * *

HE:—Do you know why cream is so expensive?

SHE:—Why?

HE:—Because it’s hard for the cows to sit on those
 little bottles.

—*From the Musical Comedy, “Queen High!”*

* * * * *

“Why is your face so red?”
 “’Cause.”
 “’Cause why?”
 “Causemetics.”

—*Buckeye BelleHop.*

* * * * *

“The doctor has ordered her to the seaside. Now
 they’re having a consultation.”

“Of doctors?”
 “No, of dressmakers.”

—*Cleveland Press.*

HEARD IN MUSICAL COMEDIES

From "THE GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES"

"The Doctor told me to take one pill three times a day. Now you know you can't do that."

"Where are you going with that shovel?"

"I've got a couple of girls and I'm going to dig up another man."

From "BY THE WAY"

"See this stickpin? It belonged to a millionaire."

"Who?"

"Woolworth."

From "KITTY'S KISSES"

"Well, now that we're engaged, how do you like your stone?"

"Give me a chance. I've only just started to look for it."

From "SUNNY"

Sweet young thing (extending contribution box):
"Will you help the Working Girl's Home, sir?"

Man in automobile: "Why sure. How far away do they live?"

From "THE COCOANUTS"

"Do you know what a blue print is?"

"Sure, it's an oyster."



"Puttin' on dog jest cos he's got adenoids, th' snob!"

—*Life.*

WAITER (to complaining patron): "Why all our quail turn red when they're boiled. You probably do yourself."

ARDOROUS LOVER: "Darling, your eyes shine like—like—er—the pants of a blue serge suit."

From "THE GIRL FRIEND"

"She's so dumb that when I took her to see "The Big Parade," she made me buy her a flag."

THESE MAD, MAD WAGS!

THE Boy—Poor Jones died last night of heart failure.

THE GIRL—You don't mean it?

THE BOY—Yeah, he tried to commit suicide and the gun didn't go off.

—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

* * * * *

HOT—I see where an Edinburgh woman 35 years old had her twenty-first child.

SHOT—Great Scot!

—*Sewanee Mountain Goat.*

AMERICAN—Is this a second-hand store?

JEWELER—Yes, sir.

“Well, I want one for my watch.”

—*Orange Owl.*

“Wont you join us in a game of bridge.”

“I don't play bridge.”

“I was under the impression that you did.”

“I was once under that impression myself.”

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

* * * * *

BEN—May I have the last dance with you?

HER—You've just had it.

—*Iowa Frivol.*

* * * * *

FOOT: “What would you expect to find at the end of the rainbow?”

LIGHTS: “Al Jolson.”

—*Penn State Froth.*

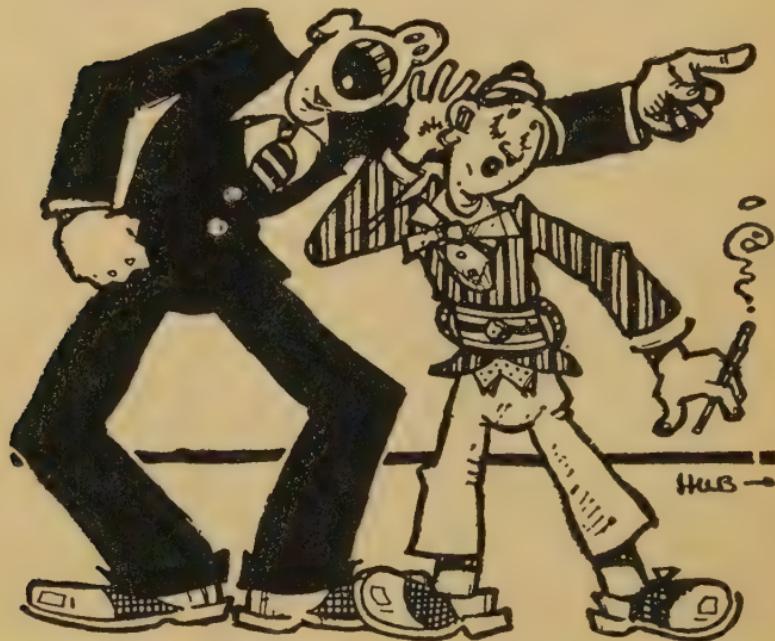
SOME WOMEN TALK THE WAY THIS LINE LOOKS.

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* * * * *

A thing of beauty is a great expense.

—*Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.*



Frosh: How do you suppose a fellow with two wooden legs can walk?

Soph: He probably just manages to lumber along.

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

* * * * *

CRACK: There goes one of those crowbar girls.

POT: Whatcha mean crowbar?

CRACK: Her face is nothing to crow about and she won't bar anything.

—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

"Smart piece of glass you have there, stranger," observed the farmer at a glazier's exhibit.

"Ought to be," agreed the latter. "It's a graduated glass."

—*Colorado Dodo*

* * * * *

BIRD CALLS

The gray geese honk with the coming of fall,

And when it gets hot the cardinals call,
And when it gets cold the chickadees sing;

But the bird that heralds the news of spring,
Is the bird next door who calls at dawn,
And borrows my lawnmower to cut his damn lawn.

—*J. S. in Judge*,

—Copyright, 1926, *Judge, New York*.



DRAMA BY THE SEA

Impecunious Hero (after thrilling rescue)—Good heavens! My tailor!

—*London Opinion*. 1

WARNING—THIS IS TERRIBLE!

“Have you seen Albert lately.”

“No, he died in the fall.”

“You don’t say. And how did he die?”

“He died in the spring.”

“But you just said he died in the fall.”

“Well, it was the fall that killed him; but he died in the spring.”

“Oh,” (unbelief).

“It wouldn’t have been so hard on his parents if he had died in the spring.”

“But you just said that he died in the spring.”

“Yes, he did. The fall must have been terrible.”

“The fall?” (Thinks he sees the light.)

“It was such a long fall. And to have the spring at the end of the fall might have saved his life if it had been deep enough. But he was dead, they say, before he ever reached the spring.”

(Feeling now that nothing can help his poor friend but sympathy.)

“Won’t you explain yourself? You say he died in the fall and then in the spring. You then said that it wouldn’t have been so bad if he had died in the spring, but that the fall was so long it killed him.”

“Well, you see—he fell in the spring in the fall—and died.”

—*Purple Parrot.*

* * * * *

Many a man has got the Golden Gate from a blonde.

—*Judge.*

JUDGE NEVER EXPECTS TO SEE

William Howard Taft race down Pennsylvania Avenue on a kiddie kar.

A negro playing solitaire in a cemetery.

President Coolidge go over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

A vaudeville show without acrobats.

A load of hay at Forty-second and Broadway.

Secretary Mellon on roller skates.

A boxer who admits the other bird should have got the decision.

A bathing girl who takes a cold plunge every morning.

Gas at five cents a gallon.

A clam in a bowl of chowder.

The end of a perfect day.

Socks on a rooster.

Eggs in coffee.

—*Chet Johnson in Judge.*
—*Copyright, 1926, Judge, New York.*

* * * * *

THE BOSTON TOUCH

“There’s a man outside who wants something to eat.”

“Give him some doughnuts and coffee, Jane.”

“He seems to have seen better days, ma’am.”

“Poor fellow! Give him a finger bowl too, Jane.”

—*Boston Transcript.*

“I don’t want my husband hanging around society people. He’s got enough common habits now.”



One After Each Meal

—*Lemon Punch.*

FIRST PORTER: "Boy, yo' sho' has got a big mouf."

SECOND: "Fool nigger, that ain't no keyhole in the front of yo' face."

—*Kansas Sour Owl (U. of Kansas).*

* * * * *

NEWLY MARRIED: "I'd like to see your stockings."

SWEET YOUNG CLERK: "Sir —"

NEWLY MARRIED: "That are on sale."

SWEET YOUNG CLERK: "——tainly."

—*Colgate Banter.*

THE HAROURTS OF KENSINGTON

*or,**How the Roguish Ned Returned from the Surf-Side**By Percy Crosby*

"Good Morrow," greeted Ned; "may I invite Wentworth to go wading in the brook with me?"

"Gracious!" replied Mrs. Harcourt. "You mean to go without foot apparel?"

"I was about to suggest such a procedure," Ned confessed.

Mrs. Harcourt was troubled, for Ned had just returned from the seaside. She secretly felt that his nurse had allowed him to wade at the surf-side with pail and shovel. Mother-like, she feared that he had rolled and tossed sea shells into the waves on more than one occasion. Even so, Mrs. Harcourt could not help liking the fun-loving playmate, as did pussy tip-toes, but he, sly fellow, remained hiding. Now Ned was not a bad boy, gentle reader, but the roguish little fellow dearly loved a prank. At this point, Wentworth approached.

"Ah, Ned, what wild adventure are you suggesting to Mother?"

"I did hope," and Ned lowered his eyes, "I did hope that you might participate in a little adventure—namely, to go wading in the brook."

Wentworth paled at the daring suggestion; however, it must be confessed that the allusion to crime deepened his admiration for Ned.

"What does Mother say?" asked Wentworth, aghast.

"I fear Mrs. Harcourt does not think well of the proposed peccadillo, do you, madam?"

"I could never consent to having my child and his manly little playmate wander to the brook without bootgear," said Mrs. Harcourt. "Suppose Mr. Hollingsworth and Mr. Harcourt, on their return from the counting-house, should perchance witness the spectacle?"

"Perish the illusion!" sobbed Ned.

"However," added Mrs. Harcourt, "I do consent to having you both romp in the orchard without your hats, but only for five minutes."

"Oh, jolly for Mother!" cried Wentworth, gleefully.

"Thrice jolly!" reiterated Ned.

Frisk, the meddlesome fellow, wagged his tail in approval, as much as to say, "Ah, there, what mischief is this afoot?"

Excited beyond all measure, the boys repaired to Wentworth's chamber in order to brush their stray locks, and then the fun-loving pair descended to the library.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" they chorused, as hand in hand they passed Mrs. Harcourt.

"Bow! Wow!" barked Frisk, doglike, as much as to say, "Ah, there, everybody."

Out in the orchard, Wentworth and Ned ran hither and thither, emitting shouts of merriment as they ran. Small wonder that Frisk was beside himself in an overflow of pure animal spirits. "Bow! Wow!" he barked. In sheer delight, he bounded at the heels of the frolic-

some boys, intent upon circling every tree in the orchard.

Knowing that uncompromising obedience was the watchword in the Harcourt household, the boys were fearful lest during the excitement they had overstayed their leave. Therefore, there was no delay in returning to the house. It was well, because Mrs. Harcourt had kept strict track of the time, and was relieved when they returned with fully twenty seconds to spare.

“One—two—three,” called Ned, winking suspiciously.

“Three cheers for Mrs. Harcourt! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!” (This had been concocted in the orchard.)

Mrs. Harcourt more than suspected Ned; however, not to be outdone, she had also prepared a surprise. There, before their very eyes, a pitcher of loganberry juice and two slices of angel cake had been placed. When toilets had been readjusted, you may rest assured little time was lost in disposing of the delicious repast.

—*Life.*

* * * * *

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES SERVES A
FOUR-YEAR TERM, BUT GETS NOTHING OFF FOR GOOD
BEHAVIOUR.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

ANOTHER PAGE OF NONSENSE

A buxom Irish girl approached the manager of the carnival sideshow and said: "I want to speak to the Hindoo mystic. Please tell her that it's her sister Bridget calling."

—*The Outlook.*

* * * * *

JESSE—Hear about Billy's father striking it rich?

JESSICA—Yes, but how did he manage it?

"Got a first mortgage on a flower pot in Palm Beach."

—*Penn Punch Bowl.*

* * * * *

STUDENT—"I want a pillow case."

SWEET YOUNG THING—"What size?"

"I don't know, but I wear a size six and seven-eighths hat."

—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

* * * * *

MAID: "There's a man at the door with a package marked C.O.D."

BRIDE: "Tell him to take it back. I ordered salmon."

—*Goblin (Toronto).*

* * * * *

FAIR CUSTOMER (to piano salesman)—"My husband is contemplating buying a new piano. Would you kindly send a few samples to this address please?"

—*Passing Show.*

INVOCATION

(From "READ 'EM AND WEEP" by Sigmund Spaeth)

Sing like they used to in Grandpapa's time,
Don't think of grammar or rhyming each line,
Drag in poor Mother and white-nightied tots,
Wrongoed ladies, gold-slaves, in nice sorted lots.
Maudlin, macabre, let death be your joy,
Sigh sentimentally! Whoops! Attaboy!
Go get that urn, kid, across the dark tarn,
Put in some naughty words, "devil" or "darn".
Tickle that lute, it's a beaut! Toot, toot!
Taking a boat or a train would be cute—
Any old place with a "home town" appeal,
Lyric geography needn't be real.
Get up some dialect, Irish or Dutch,
Jokes done in black-face don't have to be much.
Jump in the slush-pond, it ain't very deep!
Songs haven't changed a lot! "Read 'em and Weep!"

—Copyright 1926, Doubleday Page & Co.

* * * * *

Probably no man ever got so much conversation out
of an operation as Adam did.

—Arkansas Gazette.

* * * * *

What our industrial democracy really longs for is a
five-month year.

—Norfolk-Virginia Pilot.]



**I WILL NEVER ASSIST YOUR
WICKED DESIGNS DEFIED THE
HONEST STABLE-BOY FIRMLY**
HER JAZZ-MAD MOTHER

Speaking of wild orgies, you should have seen the one I was on last week, but that is another tale. This one concerns Miss Pussy Gimblewitch, 2356 Plaza Road, Jamaica, who is a "home girl" and makes swell bean soup. Come around sometime, folks. Anyway, Pussy was out with a friend and they saw a couple cows in a field. Said the friend, "Oo, look at the pretty white cow! She's the one that gives white milk!" "Yeh," replied Pussy, peeling a banana, "in a minute I suppose you'll tell me that the brown one over there gives coffee!" The friend was so abashed that he nearly got lockjaw.

—Copyright, 1926, Judge, New York.

* FURTHER NONSENSE *

As lazy as a man who sits up all night to keep from washing his face in the morning.

—*Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.*

* * * * *

As commonplace as garters to a bus-conductor.

—*Life.*

* * * * *

Works as perfectly as a fountain pen in the demonstration window.

—*Life.*

* * * * *

As out of date as a parody on the style of Michael Arlen.

—*N. Y. World.*

* * * * *

She's so homely she looks like seven miles of bad road.

—*Boston Transcript.*

* * * * *

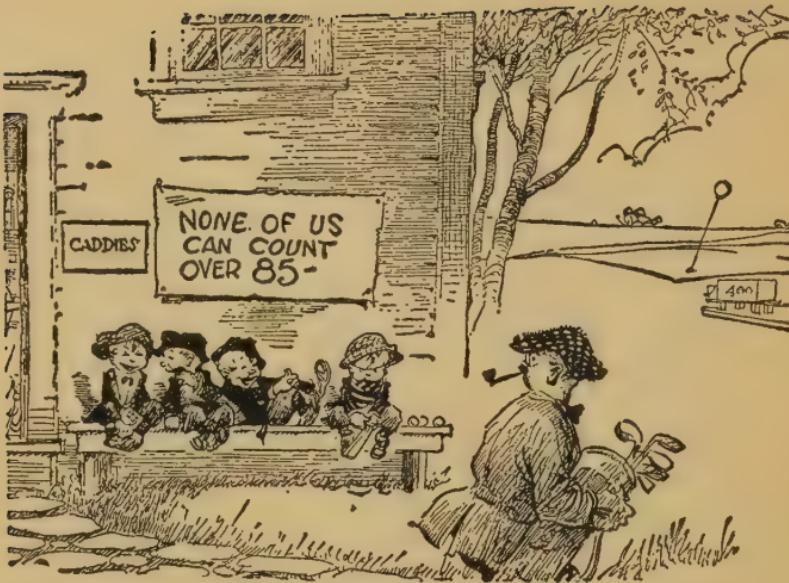
Many a chorus girl who cares little for a man lives on his account.

—*Stevens Stone Mill.*

* * * * *

Never shoot pool with an actor. He's too darned sure of his cues.

—*Carnegie Puppet.*



GO-GETTERS

—From "Life."

* * * * *

The streets of New York are so torn up for new subway construction that the wags are beginning to speak of it as the holey city.

—H. I. Phillips in N. Y. Eve. Sun.

* * * * *

"You're dumb, but I don't mind that. It's all right to be dumb, but don't cultivate it! . . . Pay as you go is all right too, but I ain't going nowhere!"

—Moss and Frye, the originators of "How High Is Up?"

AND STILL MORE NONSENSE

Los Angeles, Oct. 25.—Mrs. Walter Mumford dropped dead today as a collector for a gas company presented a bill at the door of her home.

—*N. Y. American.*

* * * * *

STRANGER—Tell me, have any big men been born in this city.

NATIVE—Nope. Only babies.

—*Die Meskete.*

* * * * *

BARBER (*to customer*): “What will you have on your hair, sir?”

CUSTOMER (*in a very bland voice*): “A wreath of smilax.”

—*Life.*

* * * * *

“I don’t care if you do hire a thousand men. You can’t hold a candle to what I make.”

“No? What is it?”

“Gunpowder.”

—*Yale Record.*

* * * * *

QUICK AND DIRTY: “I ordered strawberry shortcake. Where are the strawberries?”

JUST DIRTY: “That’s what it’s short of.”

—*Middlebury Blue Baboon.*

About the wettest job on record is being street
sprinkler in Venice.

—*U. of Wash. Columns.*

WHAT THIS ISN'T

This isn't a story of Sam McGee,
Or dangerous Dan McGrew.
There's nobody killed by old Jack Frost,
And no lady whom you could call Lou.
There's no daring rescue,
No breaking of hearts,
Not even a thrill to enthrall.
It's not in the city,
Nor yet in the wilds.
There's not even a party or ball.
And if you should ask me
I'll tell you the truth,
This isn't a story at all.

—*Rutgers Chanticleer.*

CODA OF INFAMOUS PUNS

PI—"Jack has asked me to the hop."

PHI—"Well, I'd say that was an opportunity to be embraced."

—*Middlebury Blue Baboon.*

* * * * *

As Queen Elizabeth might have said to Sir Walter Raleigh: "Keep your shirt on."

* * * * *

One would hardly suppose
I've not seen enough of you.
That I want more, Lord knows,
One would hardly suppose
With this modern exposé—
Ure of kneecaps above view,
One would hardly suppose
I've not seen enough of you.

—*Columbia Jester.*

WAITER: "Order please."

STEW: "Whazzamatter? I ain't making any noise."

—*Pitt Panther.*

'TISN'T WHAT YOU KNOW BUT ARE YOU INTELLIGENT?

An Intelligence Test with a Prefatory Note by

HOWARD W. HAGGARD

*Department of Applied Physiology
Yale University*

YOU may not know what Leonardo da Vinci's two most famous paintings are, or who designed the Parthenon. Still you may be *intelligent*. This book will tell you *how intelligent you are*. It contains a list of 212 questions that will test your intelligence. If you can answer 135 or more of them within the time limits given you have very superior intelligence—an intelligence possessed by probably less than 5 per cent of the population of this country. If you can answer from 45 to 74 of the questions correctly you have an average intelligence. If you cannot answer more than 24 of the questions correctly . . . don't ask.

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